

THE LIFE

OF Mr.

JONATHAN WILD

THE GREAT.

A JOURNEY *from this World to the next.*

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;



D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL,

For JOHN SMITH, at the *Philosophers*
Heads, on the *Blind-Kay*, Bookseller.

M, DCC. LIV.]

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Mr. JONATHAN WILD the Great.

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THE





THE
HISTORY
OF THE
LIFE
OF THE LATE
Mr. JONATHAN WILD the Great.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*Shewing the wholesome Uses drawn from recording
the Achievements of those wonderful Productions
of Nature called GREAT MEN.*

AS it is necessary that all great and surprizing
Events, the Designs of which are laid,
conducted, and brought to Perfection
by the utmost Force of human Inven-
tion and Art, should be managed by great and
eminent Men, so the Lives of such may be justly
and properly styled the Quintessence of History.

VOL. II.

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In

In these, when delivered to us by sensible Writers, we are not only most agreeably entertained, but usefully instructed; for besides the attaining hence a consummate Knowledge of human Nature in general; its secret Springs, various Windings, and perplexed Mazes; we have here before our Eyes, lively Examples of whatever is amiable or detestable, worthy of Admiration or Abhorrence, and are consequently taught in a Manner infinitely more effectual than by Precept, what we are eagerly to imitate or carefully to avoid.

But besides the two obvious Advantages of surveying as it were in a Picture, the true Beauty of Virtue, and Deformity of Vice, we may moreover learn from *Plutarch*, *Nepos*, *Suetonius*, and other Biographers this useful Lesson, not too hastily, nor in the Gross, to bestow either our Praise or Censure: Since we shall often find such a Mixture of Good and Evil in the same Character, that it may require a very accurate Judgment and elaborate Inquiry to determine which Side the Ballance turns: for tho' we sometimes meet with an *Aristides* or a *Brutus*, a *Lysander* or a *Nero*, yet far the greater Number are of the mixt Kind; neither totally good nor bad; their greatest Virtues being obscured and allayed by their Vices, and those again softened and coloured over by their Virtues.

Of this Kind was the illustrious Person whose History we here now undertake; who, as he was embellished with many of the greatest and noblest Endowments, so these could not well be said to be absolutely pure and without Allay. If we view one Side of his Character only, he must be acknowledged equal, if not superior to most of the Heroes of Antiquity: But if we turn the Reverse, it must be confessed our Admiration will be a little abated, and his Character will favour rather of the Weak-

ness

ness of modern than the uniform Greatness of ancient Heroes.

We would not therefore be understood to affect giving the Reader a perfect or consummate Pattern of human Virtue; but rather by faithfully recording the little Imperfections which somewhat darkened the Lustre of his great Qualities, to teach the Lesson we have above-mentioned, and induce our Reader with us to lament the Frailty of human Nature, and to convince him that no Mortal, after a thorough Scrutiny, can be a proper Object of our Adoration.

But before we enter on this great Work, we must endeavour to remove some Errors of Opinion which Mankind have by the Disingenuity of Writers contracted: For those from their Fear of attacking or contradicting the obsolete Doctrines of a Set of simple Fellows called, in Derision, Sages or Philosophers, have endeavoured as much as possible, to confound the Ideas of Greatness and Goodness, whereas no two Things can possibly be more distinct from each other. For Greatness consists in bringing all Manner of Mischief on Mankind, and Goodness in removing it from them. Now, tho' the Writer, if he will confine himself to Truth, is obliged to draw a perfect Picture of the former in all the Actions which he records of his Hero, yet to reconcile his Work with those absurd Doctrines above-mentioned, he is ever guilty of interspersing Reflections in Reality to the Disadvantage of that great Perfection, Uniformity of Character; for Instance, in the Histories of *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, we are frequently reminded of their Benevolence and Generosity. When the former had with Fire and Sword over-run a whole Empire, and destroyed the Lives of Millions of innocent People, we are told as an Example of his Benevolence, that he did not cut the Throat of an old Woman, and re-

with her Daughters whom he had before undone : And when the mighty *Cæsar* had with wonderful Greatness of Mind destroyed the Liberties of his Country, and gotten all the Power into his own Hands, we receive, as an Evidence of his Generosity, his Largesses to his Followers and Tools, by whose Means he had accomplished his Purpose, and by whose Assistance he was to establish it.

Now who doth not see that such sneaking Qualities as these are rather to be bewailed as Imperfections than admired as Ornaments in those Great Men, rather obscuring their Glory and holding them back in their Race to Greatness, and unworthy the End for which they seem to have come into the World, viz. of perpetrating vast and mighty Mischief?

We hope our Reader will have Reason justly to acquit us of any such confounding Ideas in the following Pages, in which, as we are to record the Actions of a Great Man, so we have no where mentioned any spark of Goodness which hath discovered itself either faintly in him, or more glaringly in any other Person, but as a Meanness and Imperfection, disqualifying them for Undertakings which lead to Honour and Esteem among Men.

As our Hero had as little as perhaps is to be found of that Meanness, indeed only enough to make him Partaker of the Imperfection of Humanity, and not the Perfection of *Demonism*, we have ventured to call him THE GREAT ; nor do we doubt but our Reader will, when he hath perused his Story, concur with us in allowing him that Title.

CHAP. II.

Giving an Account of as many of our Hero's Ancestors as can be gathered out of the Rubbish of Antiquity, which hath been carefully sifted for that Purpose.

MR. Jonathan Wild, or Wyld (for he himself did not always agree in one Method of Spelling his Name) was descended from the Great *Wolfstan Wild*, who came over with *Hen-gist*, and distinguished himself very eminently at that famous Festival where the *Britons* were so treacherously murdered by the *Saxons*; for when the Word was given, *i. e. Nemet eour Saxes, Take out your Swords*, this Gentleman being a little hard of hearing, mistook the Sound for *Nemet her Sacs, Take out their Purfes*; instead therefore of applying to the Throat, he immediately applied to the Pocket of his Guest, and contented himself with taking all that he had, without attempting his Life.

The next Ancestor of our Hero, who was remarkably eminent, was *Wild*, surnamed *Langfinger* or *Longfinger*. He flourished in the Reign of *Henry III.* and was strictly attached to *Hubert de Burgh*, whose Friendship he was recommended to by his great Excellence in an Art, of which *Hubert* was himself the Inventor: He could, without the Knowledge of the Proprietor, with great Ease and Dexterity draw forth a Man's Purse from any Part of his Garment where it was deposited, and hence he derived his Surname. This Gentleman was the first of his Family who had the Honour to suffer for the Good of his Country: On whom a Wit of that Time made the following Epitaph.

*O Shame o' Justice, Wild is bang'd,
For that'n hath a Pocker fang'd,*

*While safe old Hubert, and his Gang,
Doth the Pocket of the Nation fang.*

Langfanger left a Son named *Edward*, whom he had carefully instructed in the Art for which he himself was so famous. This *Edward* served as a Volunter under the famous Sir *John Falstaffe*, and by his gallant Demeanor so recommended himself to his Captain, that he would have certainly been promoted by him, had *Harry* the Fifth kept his Word with his old Companion.

After the Death of *Edward*, the Family remained in some Obscurity down to the Reign of *Charles* the First, when *James Wild* distinguished himself on both Sides the Question in the Civil Wars, passing from one to t'other, as Heaven seemed to declare itself in Favour of either Party. At the End of the Wars, *James*, not being rewarded according to his Merits, as is usually the Case of such impartial Persons, he associated himself with a brave Man of those Times, whose Name was *Hind*, and declared open War with both Parties. He was successful in several Actions, and spoiled many of the Enemy; till at length, being over-powered and taken, he was, contrary to the Law of Arms, put basely and cowardly to death, by a Combination between twelve Men of the Enemy's Party, who after some Consultation unanimously agreed on the said Murder.

This *Edward* took to Wife *Rebecca* the Daughter of the abovementioned *John Hind* Esq; by whom he had Issue *John*, *Edward*, *Thomas* and *Jonathan*, and three Daughters, namely *Grace*, *Charity*, and *Honour*. *John* followed the Fortunes of his Father, and suffering with him, left no Issue. *Edward* was so remarkable for his compassionate Temper, that he spent his Life in soliciting the Causes of the distressed Captives in Newgate,

Ch. 13. Mr. JONATHAN WILD.

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gate, and is reported to have held a strict Friendship with an eminent Divine, who solicited the spiritual Causes of the said Captives. He married *Edithe* Daughter and Coheiress of *Geoffry Snap*, Gent. who long enjoyed an Office under the High Sheriff of *London* and *Middlesex*, by which with great Reputation he acquired a handsome Fortune; by her he had no Issue. *Thomas* went very young abroad to one of our *American* Colonies, and hath not been since heard of. As for the Daughters, *Grace* was married to a Gentleman of *Yorkshire*, who dealt in Horses. *Charity* took to Husband an eminent Broker of *Change-Alley*: And *Honour* the youngest, died unmarried. She lived many Years in this Town, was a great frequenter of Plays, and used to be remarkable for distributing Oranges to all who would accept of them.

Jonathan married *Elizabeth* Daughter of *Ralph Hollow Esq*; and by her had *Jonathan*, who is the illustrious Subject of these Memoirs.

C H A P. III.

The Birth, Parentage, and Education of Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great.

IT is observable that Nature seldom produces any one who is afterwards to act a notable Part on the Stage of Life, but she gives some Warning of her Intention; and as the dramatic Poet generally prepares the Entry of every considerable Character, with a solemn Narrative, or at least a great Flourish of Drums and Trumpets; so doth this our *Alma Mater* by some shrewd Hints, pre-admonish us of her Intention. Thus *Astyages*, who was the Grandfather of *Cyrus*, dreamed that his Daughter was brought to Bed of a Vine whose Branches over-

spread all *Asia*; and *Hecuba*, while big with *Paris*, dreamed that she was delivered of a Firebrand that set all *Troy* in Flames; so did the Mother of our Great Man, while she was with child of him, dream that she was enjoyed in the Night by the Gods *Mercury* and *Priapus*. This Dream puzzled all the learned Astrologers of her Time, seeming to imply in it a Contradiction; *Mercury* being the God of Ingenuity, and *Priapus* the Terror of those who practised it. What made this Dream the more wonderful, and perhaps the true Cause of its being remembered, was a very extraordinary Circumstance, sufficiently denoting something preternatural in it; for tho' she had never heard even the Name of either of these Gods, she repeated these very Words in the Morning, with only a small Mistake of the Quantity of the latter, which she chose to call *Priapus* instead of *Priāpus*; and her Husband swore, that tho' he might possibly have named *Mercury* to her, for he had heard of such an Heathen God, he never in his Life could have any wise put her in Mind of that other Deity, with whom he had no Acquaintance.

Another remarkable Incident was, that during her whole Pregnancy, she constantly longed for every Thing she saw; nor could be satisfied with her Wish unless she enjoyed it clandestinely; and as Nature by true and accurate Observers is remarked to give us no Appetites without furnishing us with the Means of gratifying them; so had she at this Time a most marvellous glutinous Quality attending her Fingers, to which, as to Birdlime, every Thing closely adhered that she handled.

To omit other Stories, some of which may be perhaps the Growth of Superstition, we proceed to the Birth of our Hero, who made his first Appearance on this Great Theatre, the very Day when the Plague first broke out in 1665. Some say his Mother

Mother was delivered of him in an House of an orbicular or round Form in *Covent-Garden*; but of this we are not certain. He was some Years afterwards baptized by the famous Mr. *Titus Oates*.

Nothing very remarkable past in his Years of Infancy; save, that as the Letters *Th* are the most difficult of Pronunciation, and the last which a Child attains to the Utterance of, so they were the first that came with any Readiness from young Master *Wild*. Nor must we omit the early Indications which he gave of the Sweetness of his Temper; for tho' he was by no Means to be terrified into Compliance, yet might he by a Sugar-plumb be brought to your Purpose: Indeed, to say the Truth, he was to be bribed to any Thing, which made many say, he was certainly born to be a Great Man.

He was scarce settled at School before he gave Marks of his lofty and aspiring Temper; and was regarded by all his School-Fellows with that Defe-rence which Men generally pay to those superior Genius's who will exact it of them. If an Or-*chard* was to be robb'd, *Wild* was consulted, and tho' he was himself seldom concerned in the Exe-cution of the Design, yet was he always Concenter of it, and Treasurer of the Booty; some little Part of which he would now and then, with won-derful Generosity, bestow on those who took it; he was generally very secret on these Occasions: But if any offered to plunder of his own Head, without acquainting Master *Wild*, and making a Deposit of the Booty, he was sure to have an In-formation against him lodged with the School-Master, and to be severely punished for his Pains.

He discovered so little Attention to School-Learning, that his Master, who was a very wise and worthy Man, soon gave over all Care and Trouble on this Account, and acquainting his Pa-

rents that their Son proceeded extremely well in his Studies, he permitted his Pupil to follow his own Inclinations; perceiving they led him to nobler Pursuits than the Sciences, which are generally acknowledged to be a very unprofitable Study, and greatly to hinder the Advancement of Men in the World: But tho' Master *Wild* was not esteemed the readiest at making his Exercise, he was universally allowed to be the most dextrous at stealing it of all his School-Fellows: Being never detected in such furtive Compositions, nor indeed in any other Exercitations of his great Talents, which all inclined the same Way, but once, when he had laid violent Hands on a Book called *Gradus ad Parnassum*, i. e. *A Step towards Parnassus*; on which Account his Master, who was a Man of most wonderful Wit and Sagacity, is said to have told him, he wished it might not prove in the Event, *Gradus ad Patibulum*, i. e. *A Step towards the Gallows*.

But tho' he would not give himself the Pains requisite to acquire a competent Sufficiency in the learned Languages, yet did he readily listen with Attention to others, especially when they translated the Classical Authors to him; nor was he in the least backward at all such times, to express his Approbation. He was wonderfully pleased with that Passage in the Eleventh *Iliad*, where *Achilles* is said to have bound two Sons of *Priam* upon a Mountain, and afterwards released them for a Sum of Money. This was, he said, alone sufficient to refute those who affected a Contempt for the Wisdom of the Ancients, and an undeniable Testimony of the great Antiquity of * *Priggism*. He was ravished with the Account which *Nestor* gives in the same Book, of the rich Booty which he bore off (i. e. stole) from the *Eleans*. He was desirous of having this often repeated to him, and at the End

* Thievery.

of every Repetition, he constantly fetched a deep Sigh, and said, *It was a glorious Booty.*

When the Story of *Cacus* was read to him out of the Eighth *Aeneid*, he generously pitied the unhappy Fate of that Great Man, to whom he thought *Hercules* much too severe: One of his School-Fellows commending the Dexterity of drawing the Oxen backward by their Tails into his Den, he smiled, and with some Disdain said, *He could have taught him a better Way.*

He was a passionate Admirer of Heroes, particularly *Alexander* the Great, between whom and the late King of *Sweden* he would frequently draw Parallels. He was much delighted with the Accounts of the *Czar's* Retreat from the latter, who carried off the Inhabitants of great Cities to people his own Country. *This*, he said, *was not once thought of by Alexander; but*, added, *perhaps he did not want them.*

Happy had it been for him, if he had confined himself to this Sphere; but his chief, if not only, Blemish was, that he would sometimes, from an Humility in his Nature, too pernicious to true Greatness, condescend to an Intimacy with inferior Things and Persons. Thus the *Spanish* Rogue was his favourite Book, and the Cheats of *Scapin* his favourite Play.

The young Gentleman being now at the Age of seventeen, his Father, from a foolish Prejudice to our Universities, and out of a false, as well as excessive Regard to his Morals, brought his Son to Town, where he resided with him till he was of an Age to travel. Whilst he was here, all imaginable Care was taken of his Instruction, his Father endeavouring his utmost to inculcate Principles of Honour and Gentility into his Son.

all
CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Mr. Wild's first Entrance into the World. His Acquaintance with Count La Rufe.

AN Accident happened soon after his Arrival in Town, which almost saved him his whole Labour on this Head, and provided Master *Wild* a better Tutor than any Care or Expence could have furnished him with. The old Gentleman, it seems, was a FOLLOWER of the Fortunes of Mr. *Snap*, Son of Mr. *Geoffry Snap*, whom we have before mentioned to have enjoyed a reputable Office under the Sheriff of *London* and *Middlesex*, whose Daughter, the Sister of this Gentleman, had intermarried with the *Wilds*. Mr. *Snap*, being thereto well warranted, had laid violent Hands on, or, as the Vulgar express it, arrested one Count *La Rufe*, a Man of considerable Figure in those Days, and had confined him to his own House, till he could find two Seconds who would in a formal Manner give their Words that the Count should, at a certain Day and Place appointed, answer all that one *Thomas Thimble* a Taylor had to say to him; which *Thomas Thimble*, it seems alledged that the Count had, according to the Law of the Realm, made over his Body to him as a Security for some Suits of Cloaths to him delivered by the said *Thomas Thimble*. Now, as the Count, tho' perfectly a Man of Honour, could not immediately find these Seconds, he was obliged for some Time to reside at Mr. *Snap's* House; for it seems the Law of the Land is, that whoever owes another 10 *l.* may be on the Oath of that Person, immediately taken up and carried away from his own House and Family, and kept abroad till he is made to owe 50 *l.* whether he will or no; for which he is, perhaps, afterwards obliged to lie

lie in Gaol; and all this without any Trial had, for any other Evidence of the Debt than the abovesaid Oath, which if untrue, as it often happens, you have no Remedy against the Perjurer; he was, forsooth! mistaken.

But tho' Mr. *Snap* would not (as perhaps by the nice Rules of Honour he was obliged) discharge the Count on his Parole; yet did he not (as by the strict Rules of Law he was enabled) confine him to his Chamber. The Count had his Liberty of the whole House, and Mr. *Snap* using only the Precaution of keeping his Doors well lock'd and barr'd, took his Prisoner's Word that he would not go out.

Mr. *Snap* had, by his second Lady, two Daughters, who were now in the Bloom of their Youth and Beauty. These young Ladies, like Damsels in Romance, compassionated the captive Count, and endeavoured, by all Means, to make his Confinement less irksome to him; which, tho' they were both very beautiful, they could not attain by any other Way so effectually, as by engaging with him at Cards, in which Contentions, as will appear hereafter, the Count was greatly skilful.

As Whisk and Swabbers was the Game then in the chief Vogue, they were oblig'd to look for a fourth Person, in order to make up their Parties. Mr. *Snap* himself would sometimes relax his Mind, from the violent Fatigues of his Employment, by these Recreations; and sometimes a neighbouring young Gentleman, or Lady, came in to their Assistance. But the most frequent Guest was young Master *Wild*, who had been educated from his Infancy with the Miss *Snaps*, and was, by all the Neighbours, allotted for the Husband of Miss *Tisby*, or *Latitia*, the younger of the two; for though, being his Cousin-German, she was perhaps, in the Eye of a strict Conscience, somewhat too nearly related

related to him; yet the old People on both Sides, tho' sufficiently scrupulous in nice Matters, agreed to overlook this Objection.

Men of great Genius as easily discover one another as Free-Masons can. It was therefore no Wonder that the Count soon conceived an Inclination to an Intimacy with our young Hero, whose vast Abilities could not be concealed from one of the Count's Discernment; for though this latter was so expert at his Cards, that he was proverbially said, to play the whole Game, he was no Match for Master Wild, who inexperienced as he was, notwithstanding all the Art, the Dexterity, and often the Fortune of his Adversary, never failed to send him away from the Table with less in his Pocket than he brought to it; for indeed Langsanger himself could not have extracted a Purse with more Ingenuity than our young Hero.

His Hands made frequent Visits to the Count's Pocket, before the latter had entertained any Suspicion of him, imputing the several Losses he sustained rather to the innocent and sprightly Frolick of Miss Dofy, with which, as she indulged him with little innocent Freedoms about her Person in Return, he thought himself obliged to be contented; but one Night, when Wild imagined the Count asleep, he made so unguarded an Attack upon him, that the other caught him in the Fact: However, he did not think proper to acquaint him with the Discovery he had made; but, preventing him from any Booty at that Time, he only took Care for the future to button his Pockets, and pack the Cards with double Industry.

So far was this Detection from causing any Quarrel between these two Prigs, that these and many other such Instances of his Ingenuity, operated so violently on the Count, that, notwithstanding the Disparity which Age, Title, and above

all

all Dress, had set between them, he resolv'd to enter into an Acquaintance, which soon produced a perfect Intimacy, and that a Friendship which had a longer Duration than is common to that Passion between Persons, who only propose to themselves the common Advantage of eating, drinking, whoring, or borrowing Money; which Ends as they soon fail, so doth the Friendship founded upon them.

C H A P. V.

A Dialogue between young Master Wild and Count La Ruse, which, having extended to the Rejoinder, had a very quiet, easy, and natural Conclusion.

ONE Evening after the Miss Snaps were retired to Rest, the Count thus address'd himself to young Wild: "You cannot, I apprehend, Mr. Wild, be such a Stranger to your own great Capacity, as to be surprized when I tell you, I have often viewed, with a Mixture of Astonishment and Concern, your shining Qualities confined to a Sphere, where they can never reach the Eyes of those who would introduce them properly into the World, and raise you to an Eminence, where you may blaze out to the Admiration of all Men. I assure you I am pleas'd with my Captivity, when I reflect, I am likely to owe to it an Acquaintance, and I hope Friendship, with the greatest Genius of my Age; and, what is still more, when I indulge my Vanity with a Prospect of drawing from Obscurity (pardon the Expression) such Talents as were, I believe, never before like to have been buried in it; for I make no Question, but, at my Discharge from Confinement, which

" will

“ will now soon happen, I shall be able to intro-
 “ duce you into Company, where you may reap
 “ the Advantage of your superior Parts.

“ I will bring you acquainted, Sir, with those,
 “ who, as they are capable of setting a true Value
 “ on such Qualifications, so they will have it both
 “ in their Power and Inclination to prefer you for
 “ them. Such an Introduction is the only Advan-
 “ tage you want, without which your Merit might
 “ be your Misfortune; for those Abilities which
 “ would entitle you to Honour and Profit in a
 “ superior Station, may render you only obnoxious
 “ to Danger and Disgrace in a lower.

Mr. Wild answered: “ Sir, I am not insensible
 “ of my Obligations to you, as well for the over-
 “ value you have set on my small Abilities, as the
 “ Kindness you express in offering to introduce
 “ me among my Superiors. I must own, my Fa-
 “ ther hath often persuaded me to push myself into
 “ the Company of my betters; but to say the
 “ Truth, I have an aukward Pride in my Nature,
 “ which is better pleased with being at the Head
 “ of the lowest Class, than at the bottom of the
 “ highest. Permit me to say, tho’ the Idea may
 “ be somewhat coarse, I had rather stand on the
 “ Summit of a Dunghil, than at the bottom of a
 “ Hill in Paradise; I have always thought it sig-
 “ nifies little into what Rank of Life I am thrown,
 “ provided I make a great Figure therein; and
 “ should be as well satisfied with exerting my
 “ Talents well at the Head of a small Party or
 “ Gang, as in the Command of a mighty Army;
 “ for I am far from agreeing with you, that great
 “ Parts are often buried in Oblivion; on the con-
 “ trary, I am convinced it is impossible they
 “ should be so. I have often persuaded myself
 “ that there were not fewer than a thousand in

“ Alex-

“ Alexander’s Troops capable of performing what
“ Alexander himself did.

“ But because such Spirits were not elected or
“ destined to an Imperial Command, are we
“ therefore to imagine they came off without a
“ Booty? Or that they contented themselves with
“ the Share in common with their Comrades?
“ Surely no. In *Civil* Life, doubtless, the same
“ Genius, the same Inducements have often com-
“ posed the Statesman and the *Prig*, for so we
“ call what the Vulgar name a *Thief*. The same
“ Parts, the same Actions often promote Men to
“ the Head of superior Societies, which raise them
“ to the Head of lower; and where is the essential
“ Difference if the one ends on *Tower-Hill*, and
“ the other at *Tyburn*? Hath the Block any Pre-
“ ference to the Gallows, or the Ax to the Halter,
“ but what is given them by the ill-guided Judg-
“ ment of Men? You will pardon me therefore
“ if I am not so hastily enflamed with the common
“ Out-side of things, nor join the general Opi-
“ nion in preferring one State to another. A
“ Guinea is as valuable in a Leathern as in an em-
“ broidered Purse; and a Codshead is a Codshead
“ still, whether in a Pewter or a Silver Dish.

The Count replied as follows: “ What you
“ have now said doth not lessen my Idea of your
“ Capacity; but confirms my Opinion of the ill
“ Effects of bad and low Company. Can any Man
“ doubt, whether it is better to be a prime Mini-
“ ster, or a common Thief? I have often heard
“ that the Devil used to say, where, or to whom,
“ I know not, *That it was better to reign in Hell,*
“ *than be a Valet de Chambre in Heaven,* and
“ perhaps he was in the right; but sure if he had
“ had the Choice of both, he would have chosen
“ better. The Truth therefore is, that, by low
“ Conversation, we contract a greater Awe for
“ high

" high Things than they deserve. We decline
 " great Pursuits not from Contempt, but Despair.
 " The Man who prefers the High-road to a more
 " reputable Way of making his Fortune, doth it
 " because he imagines the one easier than the
 " other: But you yourself have asserted, and with
 " undoubted Truth, that the same Abilities qualify
 " you for undertaking, and the same Means will
 " bring you to your End in both Journeys; as,
 " in Musick, it is the same Tune whether you
 " play it in a higher or a lower Key. To instance
 " in some Particulars: Is it not the same Qualifi-
 " cation which enables this Man to hire himself
 " as a Servant, and get into the Confidence and
 " Secrets of his Master, in order to rob him, and
 " that to undertake Trusts of the highest Nature
 " with a Design to break and betray them? Is it
 " less difficult, by false Tokens, to deceive a Shop-
 " keeper into the Delivery of his Goods, which
 " you afterwards run away with, than to impose
 " upon him by outward Splendour and the Appear-
 " ance of Fortune, into a Credit, by which you
 " gain, and he loses twenty Times as much.
 " Doth it not require more Dexterity in the Fingers
 " to draw out a Man's Purse from his Pocket, or
 " to take a Lady's Watch from her Side, without
 " being perceiv'd of any, an Excellence in which,
 " without Flattery, I am persuaded you have no
 " Superior, than to cog a Die, or shuffle a Pack
 " of Cards? Is not as much Art, as many excel-
 " lent Qualities, required to make a pimping
 " Porter at a common Bawdy-House, as would
 " enable a Man to prostitute his own or his Friend's
 " Wife or Child? Doth It not ask as good a Me-
 " mory, as nimble an Intention, as steady a
 " Countenance, to forswear yourself in *Westmin-*
 " *ster-Hall*, as would furnish out a complete Mini-
 " sterial Tool, or perhaps a prime Minister him-
 " self?

“ self? It is needless to particularize every In-
 “ stance; in all we shall find, that there is a
 “ nearer Connection between high and low Life
 “ than is generally imagined, and that a Highway-
 “ man is entitled to more Favour with the Great
 “ than he usually meets with. If therefore, as
 “ I think I have proved, the same Parts which
 “ qualify a Man for Eminence in a low Sphere,
 “ qualify him likewise for Eminence in a higher,
 “ sure it can be no Doubt in which he should
 “ chuse to exert them. Ambition, without which
 “ no one can be a great Man, will immediately
 “ instruct him, in your own Phrase, to prefer a
 “ Hill in Paradise to a Dunghil; nay, even Fear,
 “ a Passion the most repugnant to Greatness, will
 “ shew him how much more safely he may indulge
 “ himself in the full and free Exertion of his
 “ mighty Abilities in the higher, than the lower
 “ Rank: Since Experience teaches him, that there
 “ is a Crowd oftener in one Year at Tyburn, than
 “ on Tower-Hill in a Century.” Mr. Wild re-
 joined: “ That the same Capacity which qualifies
 “ a * *Mill-ben*, a † *Bridle-cull*, or a § *Buttock* and
 “ *File*, to arrive at any Degree of Eminence in his
 “ Profession, would likewise raise a Man in what
 “ the World esteem a more honourable Calling, I
 “ do not deny; nay, in many of your Instances it
 “ is evident, that more Ingenuity, more Art are
 “ necessary to the lower, than the higher Profi-
 “ cients. If therefore you had only contended,
 “ that every *Prig* might be a Statesman if he
 “ pleased, I had readily agreed to it; but when
 “ you conclude, that it is his Interest to be so,
 “ that Ambition would bid him take that Alterna-
 “ tive; in a Word, that a Statesman is greater or
 “ happier

* A House-breaker. † A Highway-man. § A Shop-
 lifter; Terms used in the *Cant* Dictionary.

“ happier than a *Prig*, I must deny my Assent.
“ But, in comparing these two together, we must
“ carefully avoid being misled by the vulgar erroneous
“ Estimation of Things; for Mankind err
“ in Disquisitions of this Nature, as Physicians do,
“ who, in considering the Operations of a Disease,
“ have not a due Regard to the Age and Complexion
“ of the Patient. The same Degree of
“ Heat which is common in this Constitution,
“ may be a Fever in that; in the same manner,
“ that which may be Riches or Honour to me,
“ may be Poverty or Disgrace to another; for all
“ these Things are to be estimated by Relation to
“ the Person who possesses them. A Booty of
“ 10 l. looks as great in the Eye of a *Bridle-cull*,
“ and gives as much real Happiness to his Fancy,
“ as that of as many thousands to the Statesman;
“ and doth not the former lay out his Acquisitions
“ in Whores and Fiddles, with much greater Joy
“ and Mirth, than the latter in Palaces and Pictures?
“ What are the Flattery, the false Compliments
“ of his Gang to the Statesman, when he himself
“ must condemn his own Blunders, and is obliged
“ against his Will to give Fortune the whole
“ Honour of his Success; what is the Pride
“ resulting from such sham Applause, compared
“ to the secret Satisfaction which a *Prig* enjoys in
“ his Mind, in reflecting on a well-contrived and
“ well-executed Scheme. Perhaps indeed the greater
“ Danger is on the *Prig*’s Side; but then you must
“ remember, that the greater Honour is so too.
“ When I mention Honour, I mean that which
“ is paid them by their Gang; for that weak Part
“ of the World, which is vulgarly called THE
“ WISE, see *both* in a disadvantageous and disgraceful
“ Light: And as the *Prig* enjoys (and merits too)
“ the greater Degree of Honour from his Gang,
“ so doth he suffer the less Disgrace from

“ from the World, who think his Misdeeds, as
 “ they call them, sufficiently at least punished with
 “ a Halter, which at once puts an End to his Pain
 “ and Infamy; whereas the other is not only hated
 “ in Power, but detested and contemned at the
 “ Scaffold; and future Ages vent their Malice on
 “ his Fame, while the other sleeps quiet and for-
 “ gotten. Besides, let us a little consider the se-
 “ cret Quiet of their Consciences; how easy is
 “ the Reflection of having taken a few Shillings or
 “ Pounds from a Stranger, without any Breach of
 “ Confidence, or perhaps any great Harm to the
 “ Person who loses it, compared to that of having
 “ betrayed a publick Trust, and ruined the For-
 “ tune of thousands. How much braver is an At-
 “ tack on the High-way, than at a Gaming-table;
 “ and how much innocenter the Character of a
 “ B——y-House than a C——t-Pimp? ” He
 was eagerly proceeding when, casting his Eyes on
 the Count, he perceived him to be fast asleep,
 wherefore having gently jogged him, in order to
 take his Leave, and promised to return to him the
 next Morning to Breakfast, they separated; the
 Count retired to Rest, and Master *Wild* to a Night-
 Cellar.

CH A P. VI.

*Farther Conferences between the Count and Master
 Wild, with other Matters of the GREAT Kind.*

BEING met the next Morning, the Count
 (who, though he did not agree with the whole
 of his Friend's Doctrine, was, however, highly
 pleased with his Argument) began to bewail the
 Misfortune of his Captivity, and the Backwardness
 of Friends to assist each other in their Necessities;
 but

but what vexed him, he said, most, was the Cruelty of the Fair; for he entrusted *Wild* with the Secret of his having had an Intrigue with Miss *Theodora*, the eldest of the Miss *Snaps*, ever since his Confinement, but could not prevail with her to set him at Liberty. *Wild* answered, with a Smile; "It was no Wonder a Woman should wish to confine her Lover, where she might be sure of having him entirely to herself; but added, he believed he could tell him a Method of certainly procuring his Escape." The Count eagerly besought him to acquaint him with it. *Wild* told him: "Bribery was the surest Means, and advised him to apply to the Maid." The Count thanked him, but returned: "That he had not a Farthing left besides one Guinea, which he had then given her to change." To which *Wild* said; "He must make it up with Promises, which he supposed he was Courtier enough to know how to put off." The Count greatly applauded the Advice, and said, he hoped he should be able in Time to persuade him to condescend to be a great Man, for which he was so perfectly well qualified.

This Method being concluded on, the two Friends sat down to Cards, a Circumstance which I should not have mentioned but for the sake of observing the prodigious Force of Habit; for, though the Count knew, if he won never so much of Mr. *Wild*, he should not receive a Shilling, yet could he not refrain from packing the Cards; nor could *Wild* keep his Hands out of his Friend's Pockets, though he knew there was nothing in them.

When the Maid came home, the Count began to put it to her; offered her all he had, and promised Mountains *in futuro*; but all in vain, the Maid's Honesty was impregnable. She said,

"She

“She would not break her Trust for the World;
 “no, not if she could gain a Million of Money
 “by it.” Upon which *Wild* stepping up, and
 telling her; “She need not fear losing her Place,
 “for it would never be found out; that they
 “could throw a Pair of Sheets into the Street, by
 “which it might appear he got out at a Window;
 “that he himself would swear he saw him descen-
 “ding; that the Money would be so much Gains
 “in her Pocket; that, besides his Promises,
 “which he might depend on being performed, she
 “would receive from him twenty Shillings and
 “Nine-pence in ready Money, (for she had only
 “laid out Three-pence in plain *Spanish*) and that
 “besides his Honour, the Count should leave a
 “Pair of Gold Buttons (which afterwards turned
 “out to be Brass) of great Value in her Hands as
 “a farther Pawn; and, lastly, that he himself
 “would lend his Friend Eighteen-pence, being all
 “he had about him, to deposit in *presenti*.”

These Arguments at length prevailed with the
 Maid, who had always the Reputation of a very
 honest Servant; and she promised faithfully in the
 Evening to open the Door to the Count. *Thus*
 Thus did our young Hero, not only lend his
 Rhetorick, which few People care to do without a
 Fee, but his Money too, Eighteen-pence, a Sum
 which many a good Man would have made eighteen
 Excuses before he would have parted with to his
 Friend, and procured him his Liberty.

But it would be highly derogatory from the
 GREAT Character of *Wild*, should the Reader
 imagine he lent such a Sum as Eighteen-pence to a
 Friend without the least View of serving himself.
 As, therefore, he may easily account for it in a
 manner more advantageous to our Hero's Reputati-
 on, by concluding that he had some interested View
 in the Count's Enlargement, we hope he will judge
 with

with Charity, especially as the Sequel makes it not only reasonable but necessary to suppose he had some such View.

A long Intimacy and Friendship subsisted between the Count and Mr. *Wild*, who, being by the Advice of the Count dressed in good Cloaths, was by him introduced into the best Company. They constantly frequented the Assemblies, Auctions, Gaming-Tables, and Play-Houses; at which last they saw two Acts every Night, and then retired without paying, being it seems an immemorial Privilege which the Beaus of the Town prescribe for to themselves. This, however, did not suit *Wild's* Temper who called it a Cheat, and objected against it, as requiring no Dexterity but what every Blockhead might put in Execution. He said it was a Custom very much favouring of the *Sneaking-Budge*, but neither so honourable nor so ingenious.

Wild now made a considerable Figure, and passed for a Gentleman of great Fortune in the Funds. Women of Quality treated him with great Familiarity, young Ladies began to spread their Charms for him, when an Accident happened that put a Stop to his Continuance in a Way of Life too insipid and inactive to afford Employment for those great Talents, which were designed to make a much more considerable Figure in the World than attends the Character of a Beau or a pretty Gentleman.

C H A P. VII.

Master Wild sets out on his Travels, and returns home again. A very short Chapter, containing infinitely more Time and less Matter than any other in the whole Story.

WE are sorry we cannot indulge our Reader's Curiosity with a full and perfect Account of this Accident; but as there are such various Accounts, one of which only can be true, and possibly, and, indeed, probably, none; instead of following the general Method of Historians, who, in such Cases, set down the various Reports, and leave to your own Conjecture which you will chuse, we shall pass them all over.

Certain it is, that whatever this Accident was, it determined our Heroe's Father to send his Son immediately abroad, for seven Years; and, which may seem somewhat remarkable, to his Majesty's Plantations in *America*. That Part of the World being, as he said, freer from Vices than the Courts and Cities of *Europe*, and consequently less dangerous to corrupt a young Man's Morals. And as for the Advantages, the old Gentleman thought they were equal there with those attained in the politer Climates; for travelling, he said, was travelling in one Part of the World as well as another: It consisted in being such a Time from home, and in traversing so many Leagues; and appealed to Experience, whether most of our Travellers in *France* and *Italy*, did not prove at their Return, that they might have been sent as profitably to *Norway* and *Greenland*?

According to these Resolutions of his Father, the young Gentleman went aboard a Ship, and with a

great deal of good Company set out for the *American* Hemisphere. The exact Time of his Stay is somewhat uncertain; most probably longer than was intended: But howsoever long his Abode there was, it must be a Blank in this History; as the whole Story contains not one Adventure worthy the Reader's Notice; being, indeed, a continued Scene of whoring, drinking, and removing from one Place to another.

To confess a Truth, we are so ashamed of the Shortness of this Chapter, that we would have done a Violence to our History, and have inserted an Adventure or two of some other Traveller: To which Purpose we borrowed the Journals of several young Gentlemen who have lately made the Tour of *Europe*; but, to our great Sorrow could not extract a single Incident strong enough to justify the Theft to our Consciences.

When we consider the ridiculous Figure this Chapter must make, being the History of no less than eight Years, our only Comfort is, that the History of some Mens Lives, and, perhaps, of some Men who have made a Noise in the World, are in Reality as absolute Blanks as the Travels of our Hero. As, therefore, we shall make sufficient Amends in the Sequel for this Inanity, we shall hasten on to Matters of true Importance, and immense Greatness. At present we content ourselves with setting down our Hero where we took him up, after acquainting our Reader that he went abroad, staid seven Years, and then came home again.

C H A P. VIII.

An Adventure where Wild, in the Division of the Booty, exhibits an astonishing Instance of GREATNESS.

THE Count was one Night very successful at the Hazard-Table, where *Wild*, who was just returned from his Travels, was then present; as was likewise a young Gentleman whose Name was *Bob Bagshot*, an Acquaintance of Mr. *Wild*'s, and of whom he entertained a great Opinion; taking therefore Mr. *Bagshot* aside, he advised him to provide himself (if he had them not about him) with a Case of Pistols, and to attack the Count, in his Way home, promising to plant himself near with the same Arms, as a *Corps de Reserve*, and to come up on Occasion. This was accordingly executed, and the Count obliged to surrender to savage Force what he had in so genteel and civil a Manner taken at Play.

And as it is a wise and philosophical Observation, that one Misfortune never comes alone, the Count had hardly passed the Examination of Mr. *Bagshot*, when he fell into the Hands of Mr. *Snap*, who, in Company with Mr. *Wild* the elder, and one or two more Gentlemen, being it seems thereto well warranted, laid hold of the unfortunate Count, and conveyed him back to the same House from which, by the Assistance of his good Friend he had formerly escaped.

Mr. *Wild* and Mr. *Bagshot* went together to the Tavern, where Mr. *Bagshot*, generously (as he thought) offered to share the Booty, and having divided the Money into two unequal Heaps, and added a golden Snuff-Box to the lesser Heap, he desired Mr. *Wild* to take his Choice.

Mr. *Wild* immediately conveyed the larger Share of the Ready into his Pocket, according to an excellent Maxim of his: "First secure what
 " Share you can, before you wrangle for the rest."
 And then, turning to his Companion, he asked him, with a stern Countenance, whether he intended to keep all that Sum to himself? Mr. *Bagshot* answered, with some Surprize, that he thought Mr. *Wild* had no Reason to complain; for it was surely fair, at least on his Part, to content himself with an equal Share of the Booty, who had taken the whole. I grant you took it, replied *Wild*,
 " but, pray who proposed or counselled the tak-
 " ing it? Can you say, that you have done more
 " than executed my Scheme, and might not I, if
 " I had pleased, have employed another? since
 " you well know there was not a Gentleman in
 " the Room but would have taken the Money, if
 " he had known how conveniently and safely to
 " do it. That is very true (returned *Bagshot*) but
 " did not I execute the Scheme, did not I run the
 " whole Risk? Should not I have suffered, have
 " the whole Punishment if I had been taken, and
 " is not the Labourer worthy of his Hire? Doubt-
 " less (says *Jonathan*) he is so, and your Hire I
 " shall not refuse you, which is all that the La-
 " bourer is entitled to, or ever enjoys. I remem-
 " ber when I was at School to have heard some
 " Verses, which for the Excellence of their Doc-
 " trine, made an Impression on me, purporting
 " that the Birds of the Air, and the Beasts of the
 " Field, work not for themselves. It is true, the
 " Farmer allows Fodder to his Oxen, and Pasture
 " to his Sheep; but it is for his own Service, not
 " theirs. In the same Manner the Plowman, the
 " Shepherd, the Weaver, the Builder and the
 " Soldier, work not for themselves but others;
 " they are contented with a poor Pittance (the La-
 " bourer's

“bourer’s Hire) and permit us the GREAT to enjoy the Fruits of their Labours. *Aristotle*, as my Master told us, hath plained proved, in the first Book of his Politicks, that the low, mean, useful Part of Mankind, are born Slaves to the Wills, and for the Use of their Superiors, as well as the Cattle. It is well said of us, the higher Order of Mortals, that we are born only to devour the Fruits of the Earth; and it may be as well said of the lower Class, that they are born only to produce them for us. Is not the Battle gained by the Sweat and Danger of the common Soldier, is not the Honour and Fruit of the Victory the General’s who laid the Scheme? Is not the House built by the Labour of the Carpenter, and the Bricklayer? Is it not built for the Profit only of the Architect, and for the Use of the Inhabitant, who could not easily have placed one Brick upon another? Is not the Cloth, the Silk, wrought into its Form, and variegated with all the Beauty of Colours, by those who are forced to content themselves with the coarsest and vilest Part of their Work, while the Profit and Enjoyment of their Labours fall to the Share of others. Cast your Eye abroad, and see who is it lives in the most magnificent Buildings, feasts his Palate with the most luxurious Dainties, his Eyes with the most beautiful Sculptures, and delicate Paintings, and clothes himself in the finest and richest Apparel; and tell me if all these do not fall to his Lot, who had not any the least Share in producing all these Conveniencies, nor the least Ability so to do? Why then should the State of a *Prig* differ from all others? Or why should you, who are the Labourer only, the Executor of my Scheme, expect a Share in the Profit. Be advised, therefore, deliver the whole Booty to me, and trust

"to my Bounty for your Reward." Mr. *Bagshot* was some Time silent, and looked like a Man Thunder-struck: But at last recovering himself from his Surprise, he thus began. "If you think, "Mr. *Wild*, by the Force of your Arguments to "get the Money out of my Pocket, you are greatly mistaken. What is all this Stuff to me? "D—n me, I am a Man of Honour, and tho' I "can't talk as well as you, by G— you shall not "make a Fool of me; and if you take me for "one, I must tell you, you are a Rascal." At which Words, he laid his Hand to his Sword. *Wild*, perceiving the little Success the great Strength of his Arguments had met with, and the hasty Temper of his Friend, gave over his Design for the present, and told *Bagshot*, he was only in Jest. But this Coolness had rather the Effect of Oil than Water thrown on the Flames of the other, who replied, in a Rage, "D—n me, I don't like such "Jests; I see you are a pitiful Rascal, and a "Scoundrel." *Wild*, with a Philosophy worthy of great Admiration, returned: "As for your "Abuse, I have no Regard to it; but to convince "you, I am not afraid of you, let us lay the whole "Booty on the Table, and let the Conqueror take "it all." And having so said, he drew out his shining Sword, whose glittering so dazzled the Eyes of *Bagshot*, that in a Tone entirely altered, he said, "No, he was contented with what he "had already; that it was mighty ridiculous in "them to quarrel among themselves; that they "had common Enemies enough abroad, against "whom they should unite their common Force; "that if he had mistaken *Wild*, he was sorry for "it, and as for a Jest, he could take a Jest as well "as another." *Wild*, who had a wonderful Knack of discovering and applying to the Passions of Men, beginning now to have a little Insight into his Friend,

Friend, and to conceive what Arguments would make the quickest Impression on him, cried out in a loud Voice, "That he had bullied him into drawing his Sword, and since it was out, he would not put it up without Satisfaction. What Satisfaction would you have, (answered the other); your Money or the Sword, said *Wild*. Why, lookye Mr. *Wild*, (said *Bagshot*), if you want to borrow a little of my Part, since I know you to be a Man of Honour, I don't care if I lend you:—For tho' I am not afraid of any Man living, yet rather than break with a Friend, and as it may be necessary for your Occasions."—*Wild*, who often declared that he looked upon borrowing to be as good a Way of taking as any, and, as he called it, the genteelest Kind of *Sneaking-Budge*, putting up his Sword, and shaking his Friend by the Hand, told him, he had hit the Nail on the Head; it was really his present Necessity only that prevailed with him against his Will; for that his Honour was concerned to pay a considerable Sum the next Morning. Upon which, contenting himself with one Half of *Bagshot's* Share, so that he had three Parts in four of the whole, he took leave of his Companion, and retired to Rest.

CHAP. IX.

Wild pays a Visit to Miss Lætitia Snap. A Description of that lovely young Creature, and the successful Issue of Mr. *Wild's* Addresses.

THE next Morning when he waked, he began to think of paying a Visit to Miss *Fisby Snap*; for tho' she was really a Woman of Merit, and great Generosity, yet Mr. *Wild* found a Present

was ever most welcome to her, as being a Token of Respect in her Love. He therefore went directly to a Toy-Shop, and there purchased a genteel Snuff-Box, with which he waited upon his Mistress; whom he found in the most beautiful Deshabille. Her lovely Hair hung wantonly over her Forehead, being neither white with, nor yet free from Powder; a neat double Clout which seemed to have been worn a few Times only, was pinned under her Chin; some Remains of that Art which Ladies improve Nature with, shone on her Cheeks. Her Body was loosely attired, without Stays or Jumps; so that her Breasts had uncontroulled Liberty to display their beauteous Orbs, which they did as low as her Girdle, a thin Covering of a rumpled Muzlin Handkerchief almost hid them from the Eyes, save in a few Parts where a good-natured Hole gave Opportunity to the naked Breast to appear, and put us in Mind by its Whiteness of the Fault in the Handkerchief, which might have otherwise past unobserved. Her Gown was a Sattin of a whitish Colour, with about a dozen little Silver Spots upon it, so artificially interwoven, that they looked as if they had fallen there by Chance. This flying open, discovered a fine white Petticoat beautifully edged round the Bottom with a narrow Piece of half Gold-Lace, beneath this appeared another Petticoat stiffened with Whalebone, vulgarly called a Hoop, which was six Inches at least below the other; and under this again appeared a red Stuff. She likewise displayed two pretty Feet covered with Silk, and adorned with Lace, and tied the right with a handsome Piece of blue Ribband; the left, as more unworthy, with a Piece of red Stuff, which seemed to have been a Strip of her Under-Petticoat. Such was the lovely Creature whom Mr. *Wild* attended. She received him at first with some Coldness, which

Women

Women of strict Virtue by a commendable, tho' sometimes painful Restraint, enjoin themselves to their Lovers. The Snuff-Box being produced, was at first civilly, and indeed, gently refused: But on a second Application accepted. The Tea-Table was soon called for, at which a Discourse passed between these young Lovers, which could we set down with any Accuracy, would be very edifying as well as entertaining to our Reader; let it suffice then that the Wit, together with the Beauty of this young Creature, so inflamed the Passion of *Wild*, which, tho' an honourable Sort of a Passion, was at the same Time so extremely violent, that it transported him to Freedoms too offensive to the nice Chastity of *Latitia*, who was, to confess the Truth, more indebted to her own Strength for the Preservation of her Virtue, than to the awful Respect or Backwardness of her Lover; for he was indeed so very urgent in his Addresses, that had he not with many Oaths promised her Marriage, we could scarce have been justified in calling his Passion strictly honourable; but he was so remarkably attached to Decency, that he never offered any Violence to a young Lady without the most earnest Promises of that kind, being, he said, a Ceremonial due to their Modesty, and which was so easily performed, that the Omission could arise from nothing but the mere Wantonness of Brutality. The lovely *Latitia*, either out of Prudence, or perhaps Religion, of which she was a liberal Professor, was deaf to all his Promises, and luckily invincible by his Force; for though she had not learnt the vulgar Art of clenching her Fist, Nature had not, however, left her defenceless; for at the Ends of her Fingers she wore Arms, which she used with such admirable Dexterity, that the hot Blood of Mr. *Wild* soon began to appear in several little Spots on his

his Face, and his full-blown Cheeks to resemble that Part which Modesty forbids a Boy to turn up any where but in publick School, after some Pedagogue, strong of Arm, hath exercised his Talents thereon. *Wild* now retreated from the Conflict, and the victorious *Lætitia*, with becoming Triumph and noble Spirit, cried out, “D——n you, if this be your Way of shewing your Love, I’ll warrant I give you enough on’t.” She then proceeded to talk of her Virtue, which *Wild* bid her carry to the Devil with her; and thus our Lovers parted.

CHAP. X.

A Discovery of some Matters concerning the chaste Lætitia, which must wonderfully surprize, and perhaps affect our Reader.

MR. *Wild* was no sooner departed, than the fair Conqueress opening the Door of a Closet, called forth a young Gentleman, whom she had there enclosed at the Approach of the other. The Name of this Gallant was *Tom Smirk*. He was Apprentice to a Tallow-Chandler, and was indeed the greatest Beau, and the greatest Favourite of the Ladies, at the End of the Town where he lived. As we take Dress to be the Characteristic or efficient Quality of a Beau, we shall, instead of giving any Character of this young Gentleman, content ourselves with describing his Dress only to our Readers. He wore, then, a Pair of white Stockings on his Legs, and Pumps on his Feet; his Buckles were a large Piece of *Pinchbeck* Plate, which almost covered his whole Foot. His Breeches were of red Plush, which hardly reached his Knees;

Knees; his Waistcoat was a white Dimity richly embroidered with yellow Silk; over which he wore a blue Plush Coat with Metal Buttons; a smart Sleeve, and a Cape reaching half way down his Back. His Wig was of a brown Colour, covering almost half his Pate, on which was hung on one Side a little laced Hat, but cocked with great Smartness. Such was the accomplished *Smirk*, who, at his issuing forth from the Closet, was received with open Arms by the amiable *Lucretia*. She addressed him by the tender Name of Dear *Tommy*; and told him she had dismiss the odious Creature whom her Father intended for her Husband, and had now nothing to interrupt her Happiness with him.

Here, Reader, thou must pardon us if we stop a while to lament the Capriciousness of Nature in forming this charming Part of the Creation, designed to complete the Happiness of Man; with their soft Innocence to allay his Ferocity, with their Sprightliness to sooth his Cares, and with their constant Friendship to relieve all the Troubles and Disappointments which can happen to him. Seeing, then, that this is universally certain, that these are the Blessings chiefly sought after, and generally found in every Wife, how must we lament that Disposition in these lovely Creatures, which leads them to prefer in their Favour those individuals of the other Sex, who do not seem intended by Nature as her greatest Master-piece. For surely, however useful they may be in the Creation, as we are taught, that nothing, not even a Louse, is made in vain; yet these Beaus, even that most splendid and honoured Part, which, in this our Island, Nature loves to distinguish in Red, are not, as some think, the noblest Part of the Creation. For my own Part, let any Man chuse to himself two Beaus, let them be Captains or Colonels, as well dressed
Men

Men as ever lived, really as fine Men, I would venture to oppose a single Sir *Isaac Newton*, a *Shakespear*, a *Milton*, or perhaps some few others, to both these Beaus; nay, and I very much doubt, whether it had not been better for the World in general, that neither of these Beaus had ever been born, than that it should have wanted the Benefit arising to it from the Labour of any one of those Persons.

If this be true, how melancholy must be the Consideration, that any single Beau, especially if he have but half a Yard of Ribbon in his Hat, shall weigh heavier, in the Scales of Female Affection, than twenty Sir *Isaac Newtons*. How must our Reader, who perhaps had wisely accounted for the Resistance which the chaste *Lætitia* had made to the violent Addresses of the ravished (or rather ravishing) *Wild*, from that Lady's impregnable Virtue; how must he blush, I say, to perceive her quit the Strictness of her Carriage, and abandon herself to those loose Freedoms which she indulged to *Smirk*. But, alas! when we discover all, as, to preserve the Fidelity of our History, we must, when we relate that every Familiarity had past between them, and that the FAIR *Lætitia* (for we must, in this single Instance, imitate *Virgil*, where he drops the *pius* and the *pater*, and drop our favourite Epithet of *chaste*) the FAIR *Lætitia* had, I say, made *Smirk* as happy as *Wild* desired to be; what must then be our Reader's Confusion? We will therefore, draw a Curtain over this Scene, from that Philogyny which is in us, and proceed to Matters, which, instead of dishonouring the human Species, will greatly raise and ennoble it.

C H A P. XI.

Containing as great and as noble Instances of human Greatness as are to be met with in ancient or modern History. Concluding with some wholesome Hints to the gay Part of Mankind.

WILD no sooner parted from the chaste *Lotitia*, than recollecting that his Friend the Count was returned to his Lodgings in the same House, he resolved to visit him; for he was none of those half-bred Fellows, who are ashamed to see their Friends when they have plundered and betrayed them: From which base and pitiful Temper many monstrous Cruelties have been transacted by Men, who have sometimes carried their Modesty so far as to the Murther, or utter Ruin of those against whom their Consciences have suggested to them, that they have committed some small Trespas, either by the debauching a Wife or Daughter, belying or betraying, or some other such trifling Instance. In our Hero there was nothing not truly GREAT: He could, without the least Abashment, drink a Bottle with the Man who knew he had the Moment before picked his Pocket; and, when he had stript him of every thing he had, never desired to do him any farther Mischief; for he carried Good-nature to that wonderful and uncommon Height, that he never did a single Injury to Man or Woman, by which he himself did not expect to reap some Advantage.

Our Hero found the captive Count not basely lamenting his Fate, nor abandoning himself to Despair, but, with due Resignation, employing himself in preparing several Packs of Cards for future Exploits. The Count, little suspecting that *Wild* had been the sole Contriver of the Misfortune which

which had befallen him, rose up, and eagerly embraced him; and *Wild*, who well knew the whole, returned his Embrace with equal Warmth. They were no sooner seated than *Wild* took an Occasion, from seeing the Cards lying on the Table, to inveigh against Gaming, and, with an usual, and highly commendable Freedom, after first exaggerating the distressed Circumstances in which the Count was then involved, imputed all his Misfortunes to that cursed Itch of Play, which he said, he concluded had brought his present Confinement upon him, and must unavoidably end in his Destruction. The other, with great Alacrity, defended his favourite Amusement (or rather Employment) and having told him the great Success he had after his unluckily quitting the Room, acquainted him with the Accident which followed, and which the Reader, as well as Mr. *Wild*, hath had some Intimation of before; adding, however, one Circumstance not hitherto mentioned, viz. that he had defended his Money with the utmost Bravery, and had dangerously wounded at least two of the three Men who had attacked him. This Behaviour *Wild*, who not only knew the extreme Readiness with which the Booty had been delivered, but also the constant Frigidity of the Count's Courage, highly applauded, and wished he had been present to assist him. The Count then proceeded to animadvert on the Carelessness of the Watch, and the Scandal it was to the Laws, that People could not walk the Streets in Safety, and, after expatiating some Time on that Subject, he asked Mr. *Wild* if he ever saw so prodigious a Run of Luck (for so he chose to call his Winning, though he knew *Wild* was well acquainted with his having loaded Dice in his Pocket) the other answered, it was indeed prodigious, and almost sufficient to justify any Person, who did not know him better, in suspecting his fair Play.

Play. No Man, I believe, dares call that in Question, replied he. No surely, says *Wild*, you are well known to be a Man of more Honour: But pray, Sir, continued he, did the Rascals rob you of all? Every Shilling, cries the other with an Oath; they did not leave me a single Stake.

While they were thus discoursing, Mr. *Snap*, with a Gentleman who followed him, introduced Mr. *Bagshot* into the Company. It seems Mr. *Bagshot*, immediately after his Separation from Mr. *Wild*, returned to the Gaming-Table, where, he having trusted to Fortune that Treasure which he had procured by his Industry, the faithless Goddess committed a Breach of Trust, and sent Mr. *Bagshot* away with as empty Pockets as are to be found in any laced Coat in the Kingdom. Now as that Gentleman was walking to a certain reputable House or Shed in *Covent-Garden* Market, he fortunately met with Mr. *Snap*, who had just returned from conveying the Count to his Lodgings, and was then walking to and fro before the Gaming-House Door; for you are to know, my good Reader, if you have never been a Man of Wit and Pleasure about Town, that as the voracious Pike lieth snug under some Weed before the Mouth of any of those little Streams which discharge themselves into a large River, waiting for the small Fry which issue thereout; so hourly before the Door or Mouth of these Gaming-Houses doth Mr. *Snap*, or some other Gentleman of his Occupation, attend the issuing forth of the small Fry of young Gentlemen, to whom they deliver little Slips of Parchment, containing Invitations of the said Gentlemen to their Houses, together with one Mr. *John Doe*, a Person whose Company is in great Request. Mr. *Snap*, among many others of these Billets, happened to have one directed to Mr. *Bagshot*, being at the Suit or Solicitation of one Mrs. *Anne Sample*,
Spinster,

Spinster, at whose House the said *Bagshot* had lodged several Months, and whence he had inadvertently departed without taking a formal Leave; on which Account Mrs. *Anne* had taken this Method of speaking with him.

Mr. *Snap's* House being now very full of good Company, he was obliged to introduce Mr. *Bagshot* into the Count's Apartment, it being, as he said, the only Chamber he had to lock up in. Mr. *Wild*, no sooner saw his Friend than he ran to embrace him, and immediately presented him to the Count, who received him with great Civility.

C H A P. XII.

Further Particulars relating to Miss Tisby, which perhaps may not greatly surprize after the former. The Description of a very fine Gentleman. And a Dialogue between Wild and the Count, in which publick Virtue is just hinted at, with &c.

MR. *Snap* had turned the Key a very few Minutes before a Servant of the Family called Mr. *Bagshot* out of the Room, telling him, there was a Person below who desired to speak with him; and this was no other than Miss *Laetitia Snap*, whose Admirer Mr. *Bagshot* had long been, and in whose tender Breast his Passion had raised a more ardent Flame than that of any of his Rivals had been able to raise. Indeed she was so extremely fond of this Youth, that she often confessed to her female Confidants, if she could ever have listened to the Thought of living with any one Man, Mr. *Bagshot* was he. Nor was she singular in this Inclination, many other young Ladies being her Rivals in this Lover, who had all the great and noble Qualifications necessary to form a true Gallant, and which

Nature

Nature is seldom so extremely bountiful as to indulge to any one Person. We will endeavour, however, to describe them all with as much Exactness as possible. He was then six Feet high, had large Calves, broad Shoulders, a ruddy Complexion, with brown curled Hair, a modest Assurance, and clean Linen. He had indeed, it must be confest, some small Deficiencies to counterbalance these heroic Qualities, for he was the silliest Fellow in the World, could neither write nor read, nor had he a single Grain or Spark of Honour, Honesty, or Good-nature in his whole Composition.

As soon as Mr. *Bagshot* had quitted the Room, the Count, taking *Wild* by the Hand, told him he had something to communicate to him of very great Importance; he then proceeded to inform him, he was very well convinced that *Bagshot* was the Person who robbed him. *Wild* started with great seeming Amazement at this Discovery, and told the Count with a most serious Countenance, he advised him to take Care how he cast any such Reflections on a Man of Mr. *Bagshot's* nice Honour; for he was certain he would not bear it. D—n his Honour, quoth the enraged Count, nor can I bear being robbed; I will apply to a Justice of Peace. *Wild* replied with great Indignation, since he durst entertain such a Suspicion against his Friend, he would henceforth disclaim all Acquaintance with him; that he knew Mr. *Bagshot* was a Man of Honour, and his Friend, and consequently it was impossible he should be guilty of a bad Action; with much more to the same Purpose, which had not the expected Weight with the Count; for the latter seemed still certain as to the Person, and resolute in applying for Justice, which, he said, he thought he owed to the Public, as well as to himself. *Wild* then changed his Countenance into a kind of Derision, and spoke as follows; “Sup-
“pose

" pose it should be possible that Mr. *Bagshot* had,
 " in a Frolic, (for I will call it no other) taken
 " this Method of borrowing your Money, what
 " will you get by prosecuting him? Not your
 " Money again; for you hear he was stript at the
 " Gaming-Table;" (of which *Bagshot* had, du-
 " ring their short Confabulation, informed them)
 " you will get then an Opportunity of being still
 " more out of Pocket by the Prosecution. Ano-
 " ther Advantage you may promise yourself is the
 " being blown up at every Gaming-House in
 " Town, for that I will assure you of; and then
 " much Good may it do you to sit down with the
 " Satisfaction of having discharged what it seems
 " you owe the Public. I am ashamed of my own
 " Discernment, when I mistook you for a great
 " Man. Would it not be better for you to re-
 " ceive Part (perhaps all) of your Money again
 " by a wise Concealment; for however *seedy*
 " Mr. *Bagshot* may be now, if he has really plaid
 " this Frolic with you, you may believe he will
 " play it with others, and when he is in Cash, you
 " may depend on a Restoration; the Law will be
 " always in your Power, and that is the last Re-
 " medy which a brave or a wise Man would resort
 " to. Leave the Affair therefore to me; I will
 " examine *Bagshot*, and if I find he hath plaid
 " you this Trick, I will engage my own Honour,
 " you shall in the End be no Loser." The Count
 " answered: " If I was sure to be no Loser, Mr.
 " *Wild*, I apprehend you have a better Opinion
 " of my Understanding than to imagine I would
 " prosecute a Gentleman for the sake of the
 " Public. These are foolish Words of Course,
 " which we learn a ridiculous Habit of speaking,
 " and will often break from us without any Design
 " or Meaning. I assure you all I desire is a Reim-
 " bursment, and if I can, by your Means, obtain
 " that,

“that, the Public may——” concluding with a Phrase too coarse to be inserted in a History of this kind.

They were now informed that Dinner was ready, and the Company assembled below Stairs, whither the Reader may, if he please, attend these Gentlemen.

There sat down at the Table Mr. *Snap*, and the two young Ladies his Daughters, Mr. *Wild* the elder, Mr. *Wild* the younger, the Count, Mr. *Bagshot*, and a grave Gentleman, who had formerly had the Honour of carrying Arms in a Regiment of Foot, and now engaged in the Office (perhaps a more reputable one) of assisting or following Mr. *Snap* in the Execution of the Laws of his Country.

Nothing very remarkable passed at Dinner. The Conversation (as is usual in polite Company) rolled chiefly on what they were then eating, and what they had lately eaten. In which the military Gentleman, who had served in *Ireland*, gave them a very particular Account of a new manner of roasting Potatoes, and others gave an Account of other Dishes. In short, an indifferent By-stander would have concluded from their Discourse, that they had all come into this World for no other purpose, than to fill their Bellies; and indeed if this was not the chief, it is probable it was the most innocent Design Nature had in their Formation.

As soon as the *Dish* was removed, and the Ladies retired, the Count proposed a Game at Hazard, which was immediately assented to by the whole Company, and the Dice being immediately brought in, the Count took up the Box, and demanded who would set him: To which no one made any Answer, imagining perhaps the Count's Pockets to be more empty than they were; for, in Reality, that Gentleman (notwithstanding what he had

heartily

heartily swore to Mr. *Wild*) had since his Arrival at Mr. *Snap's*, conveyed a Piece of Plate to pawn, by which Means he had furnished himself with ten Guineas. The Count, therefore, perceiving this Backwardness in his Friends, and probably somewhat guessing at the Cause of it, took the said Guineas out of his Pocket, and threw them on the Table; when lo! (such is the Force of Example) all the rest began to produce their Funds, and immediately a considerable Sum glittering in their Eyes, the Game began.

CH A P. XIII.

A Chapter, of which we are extremely vain, and which indeed we look on as our Chef d'Oeuvre, containing a wonderful Story concerning the Devil, and as nice a Scene of Honour as ever happened.

MY Reader, I believe, even if he be a Gamester, would not thank me for an exact Relation of every Man's Success; let it suffice then that they played till the whole Money vanished from the Table; and whether the Devil himself carried it away, I will not determine; but very surprizing it was, that every Person protested he had lost, nor could any one guess who, but the Devil, had won.

But though very probable it is, that this Arch-Fiend had some Share in the Booty, it is likely he had not all; Mr. *Bagshot* being imagined to be a considerable Winner, notwithstanding his Assertions to the contrary; for he was seen by several to convey Money often into his Pocket, and what is still a little stronger Presumption is, that the grave Gentleman whom we have mentioned to have served his Country in two honourable Capacities,

not

not being willing to trust alone to the Evidence of his Eyes, had frequently dived into the said *Bagshot's* Pocket, whence tho' he might extract a few Pieces, he was very sensible he had left many behind.

The Gentleman had long indulged his Curiosity in this Way before Mr. *Bagshot*, in the Heat of Gaming, had perceived him: But as he was now leaving off Play, he discovered this ingenious Feat of Dexterity; upon which, leaping up from his Chair in a violent Passion, he cried out, "I thought
" I had been among Gentlemen, and Men of Honour, but d—n me, I find we have a Pick-pocket in Company." The scandalous Sound of this Word extremely alarmed the whole Board, nor did they all shew less Surprize than the *Convent* (whose not sitting of late is much lamented) would express at hearing there was an *Atheist* in the Room: But it more particularly affected the Gentleman; who likewise started from his Chair, and with a fierce Countenance and Accent, said, "Do you mean Me? D—n your Eyes, you are
" a Rascal and a Scoundrel." Those Words would have been immediately succeeded by Blows, had not the Company interposed, and with strong Arm with-held the two Antagonists from each other. It was, however, a long Time before they could be prevailed on to sit down, which being at last happily brought about, Mr. *Wild* the elder, who was a well disposed old Man, advised them to shake Hands and be Friends: but the Gentleman, who had received the first Affront, absolutely refused it, and swore, *He would have the Villain's Blood.* Mr. *Snap* highly applauded the Resolution, and affirmed, that the Affront was by no Means to be put up by any who bore the Name of a Gentleman, and that unless his Friend resented it properly, he would never execute another Warrant in his Company; that he had always looked upon him as

a Man of Honour, and doubted not but he would prove himself so; and that if it was his own Case, nothing should persuade him to put up such an Affront without proper Satisfaction. The Count likewise spoke on the same Side, and the Parties themselves muttered several short Sentences, purporting their Intentions. At last, Mr. *Wild*, our Hero, rising slowly from his Seat, and having fixed the Attention of all present, began as follows:

“ I have heard, with infinite Pleasure, every Thing
 “ which the two Gentlemen who spoke last have
 “ said, with Relation to Honour, nor can any
 “ Man possibly entertain a higher and nobler Sense
 “ of that Word, nor a greater Esteem of its in-
 “ estimable Value than myself. If we have no
 “ Name to express it by in our Cant Dictionary,
 “ it were well to be wished we had. It is, indeed,
 “ the essential Quality of a Gentleman, and which
 “ no Man who ever was great in the Field, or on
 “ the Road (as others express it) can possibly be
 “ without. But alas! Gentlemen, What Pity is
 “ it, that a Word of such sovereign Use and Vir-
 “ tue should have so uncertain and various an Ap-
 “ plication, that scarce two People mean the same
 “ Thing by it. Do not some by Honour mean
 “ Good-Nature and Humanity, which weak Minds
 “ call Virtues? How then! Must we deny it to
 “ the Great, the Brave, the Noble, to the Sackers
 “ of Towns, the Plunderers of Provinces, and the
 “ Conquerors of Kingdoms? Were not these Men
 “ of Honour? And yet they scorned those pitiful
 “ Qualities I have mentioned. Again, some few
 “ (or I am mistaken) include the Idea of Honesty
 “ in their Honour. And shall we then say, that
 “ no Man who witholds from another what Law
 “ or Justice perhaps calls his own, or who GREATLY
 “ and boldly deprives him of such Property, is a Man
 “ of Honour? G— forbid I should say so in this,
 “ or,

“ or, indeed, in any other good Company. Is
“ Honour Truth? No. It is not in the Lie’s go-
“ ing from us, but in its coming to us our Honour
“ is injured. Doth it then consist in what the
“ Vulgar call Cardinal Virtues? It would be an
“ Affront to your Understandings to suppose it;
“ since we see every Day so many Men of Honour
“ without any. In what then doth the Word Ho-
“ nour consist? Why, in itself alone. A Man
“ of Honour is he that is called a Man of Honour;
“ and while he is so called, he so remains, and
“ no longer. Think not any Thing a Man com-
“ mits can forfeit his Honour. Look abroad into
“ the World, the PRIG while he flourishes is a
“ Man of Honour; when in Goal, at the Bar,
“ or the Tree, he is so no longer. And why is this
“ Distinction? Not from his Actions; for those
“ are often as well known in his flourishing Estate,
“ as they are afterwards; but because Men call
“ him a Man of Honour in the former, and cease
“ to call him so in the latter Condition. Let us
“ see then, how hath Mr. *Bagshot* injured the
“ Gentleman’s Honour? Why, he hath called
“ him a Pick-pocket, and that probably, by a
“ severe Construction and a long round about
“ Way of Reasoning, may seem a little to dero-
“ gate from his Honour, if considered in a very
“ nice Sense. Admitting it, therefore, for Ar-
“ gument’s Sake, to be some small Imputation on
“ his Honour, let Mr. *Bagshot* give him Satisfac-
“ tion; let him doubly and triply repair this
“ oblique Injury by directly asserting, that he
“ believes he is a Man of Honour.” The Gen-
“ tleman answered, he was content to refer it to
“ Mr. *Wild*, and whatever Satisfaction he thought
“ sufficient, he would accept. Let him give me my
“ Money again first, said *Bagshot*, and then I will
“ call

call him a Man of Honour with all my Heart. The Gentleman then protested he had not any, which *Snap* seconded, declaring he had his Eyes on him all the while; but *Bagshot* remained still unsatisfied, till *Wild*, rapping out a hearty Oath, swore he had not taken a single Farthing, adding that whoever asserted the contrary gave him the Lie, and he would resent it. And now, such was the Ascendency of this GREAT MAN, that *Bagshot* immediately acquiesced, and performed the Ceremonies required: And thus, by the exquisite Address of our Hero, this Quarrel, which had so fatal an Aspect, and which between two Persons so extremely jealous of their Honour, would most certainly have produced very dreadful Consequences, was happily concluded.

Mr. *Wild* was indeed a little interested in this Affair, as he himself had set the Gentleman to work, and had received the greatest Part of the Booty, and as to Mr. *Snap's* Deposition in his Favour, it was the usual Height to which the Ardour of that worthy Person's Friendship too frequently hurried him. It was his constant Maxim, That he was a pitiful Fellow who would stick at a little * *Rapping* for his Friend.

C H A P. XIV.

In which the History of GREATNESS is continued.

MATTERS being thus reconciled, and the Gaming over, from Reasons before hinted, the Company proceeded to drink about with the utmost Chearfulness and Friendship, drinking Healths, shaking Hands, and professing the most perfect
* *Rapping*, is a Cant-Term for Perjury.

perfect Affection for each other. All which were not in the least interrupted by some Designs which they then agitated in their Minds, and which they intended to execute as soon as the Liquor had prevailed over some of their Understandings. *Bagshot* and the Gentleman intending to rob each other; Mr. *Snap* and Mr. *Wild* the elder, meditating what other Creditors they could find out, to charge the Gentlemen then in Custody with; the Count hoping to renew the Play, and *Wild* our Hero, laying a Design to put *Bagshot* out of the Way, or as the Vulgar express it, to hang him with the first Opportunity. But none of these great Designs could at present be put in Execution, for Mr. *Snap* being soon after summoned abroad on Business of great Moment, which required likewise the Assistance of Mr. *Wild* the elder, and his other Friend, and as he did not care to trust to the Nimbleness of the Count's Heels, of which he had already had some Experience, he declared he must *lock up* for that Evening. And now, Reader, if thou pleasest, as we are in no great Haste, we will stop and make a Simile. As when their Lap is finished, the cautious Huntsman to their Kennel gathers the nimble-footed Hounds, they with lank Ears and Tails slouch sullenly on, whilst he with his Whippers-in, follows close at their Heels, regardless of their dogged Humour, till having seen them safe within the Door, he turns the Key, and then retires to whatever Business or Pleasure calls him thence: So with louting Countenance, and reluctant Steps mounted the Count and *Bagshot* to their Chamber, or rather Kennel, whither they were attended by *Snap*, and those who followed him, and where *Snap* having seen them deposited, very contentedly locked the Door and departed.

And now, Reader, if you please we will, in Imitation of the truly laudable Custom of the World, leave these our good Friends to deliver themselves as they can, and pursue the thriving Fortunes of *Wild* our Hero, who with that great Aversion to Satisfaction and Content, which is inseparably accident to GREAT Minds, began to enlarge his Views with his Prosperity : For this restless amiable Disposition, this noble Avidity which encreases with Feeding, is the first Principle or constituent Quality of these our GREAT MEN, to whom, in their Passage on to Greatness, it happens to a Traveller over the *Alps* ; or if this be a too far fetched Simile, to one who travels over the Hills near *Bath*, where the Simile was indeed made. He sees not the End of his Journey at once ; but passing on from Scheme to Scheme, and from Hill to Hill, with noble Constancy, resolving still to attain the Summit on which he hath fixed his Eye, however dirty the Roads may be through which he struggles, he at length arrives at——some vile Inn, where he finds no Kind of Entertainment nor Conveniency for Repose. I fancy, Reader, if thou hast ever travelled in these Roads, one Part of my Simile is sufficiently apparent, (and indeed, in all these Illustrations one Side is generally much more apparent than the other) but believe me, if the other doth not so evidently appear to thy Satisfaction, it is from no other Reason than because thou art unacquainted with these GREAT MEN, and hast not had sufficient Instruction, Leisure, or Opportunity to consider what happens to those who pursue what is generally understood by GREATNESS : For surely if thou hadst animadverted not only on the many Perils to which GREAT MEN are daily liable while they are in their Progress, but hadst discerned

as it were through a Microscope (for it is invisible to the naked Eye) that diminutive Speck of Happiness which they attain even in the Consummation of their Wishes, thou wouldst lament with me, the unhappy Fate of these GREAT GENIUS's on whom Nature hath set so superior a Mark, that the rest of Mankind are born for their Use and Emolument only, and be apt to cry out, "It is Pity that THOSE for whose Pleasure and Profit Mankind are to labour and sweat, to be hacked and hewed, to be pillaged, plundered, and every Way destroyed, should reap so LITTLE Advantage from all the Miseries they occasion to others." For my Part, I own myself of that humble Kind of Mortals who consider themselves born for the Bechoof of some GREAT Man or other, and could I behold his Happiness carved out of the Labour and Ruin of a thousand such Reptiles as myself, I might with Satisfaction exclaim, *Sic, sic juvat*: But when I behold one GREAT MAN starving with Hunger and freezing with Cold in the Midst of fifty thousand, who are suffering the same Evils for his Diversion; when I see another whose own Mind is a more abject Slave to his own Greatness, and is more tortured and wrecked by it than those of all his Vassals: Lastly, when I consider whole Nations extirpated only to bring Tears into the Eyes of a GREAT MAN, that he hath no more Nations to extirpate, then indeed I am almost inclined to wish that Nature had spared us this her MASTER-PIECE, and that no GREAT MAN had ever been born into the World.

But to proceed with our History, which will, we hope, produce much better Lessons and more instructive than any we can preach: *Wild* was no sooner retired to a Night-Cellar, than he began to

reflect on the Sweets he had that Day enjoyed from the Labours of others, viz. First, from Mr. *Bagshot*, who had for his Use robbed the Count; and Secondly, from the Gentleman, who for the same good Purpose had picked the Pocket of *Bagshot*. He then proceeded to reason thus with himself.

“ The Art of Policy, is the Art of Multiplication;
“ the Degrees of GREATNESS being constituted
“ by those two little Words *More* and *Less*.
“ Mankind are first properly to be considered under two grand Divisions, those that use their
“ Hands, and those who employ Hands. The
“ Former are the Base and Rabble; the latter,
“ the genteel Part of the Creation. The mercantile Part of the World, therefore, wisely uses
“ the Term *Employing of Hands*, and justly prefer each other, as they employ more or fewer;
“ for thus one Merchant says he is greater than another, because he employs more Hands. And
“ now indeed the Merchant should seem to challenge some Character of GREATNESS, did we
“ not necessarily come to a second Division, viz.
“ Of those who employed Hands for the Use of the Community in which they live, and of those
“ who employ Hands merely for their own Use, without any Regard to the Benefit of Society.
“ Of the former Sort are the Yeoman, the Manufacturer, the Merchant, and, perhaps, the Gentleman. The first of these being to manure
“ and cultivate his native Soil, and to employ
“ Hands to produce the Fruits of the Earth. The
“ second being to improve them by employing
“ Hands likewise and to produce from them those
“ useful Commodities, which serve as well for the
“ Conveniencies as Necessaries of Life. The
“ third is to employ Hands for the Exportation of
“ the

the Redundance of our own Commodities; and to exchange them with the Redundancies of foreign Nations, that thus every Soil and every Climate may enjoy the Fruits of the whole Earth. The Gentleman is, by employing Hands likewise, to embellish his Country with the Improvement of Arts and Sciences, with the making and executing good and wholesome Laws for the Preservation of Property and the Distribution of Justice, and in several other Manners to be useful to Society. Now we come to the second Part of this Division, viz. Of those who employ Hands for their own Use only: And this is that noble and GREAT Part, who are generally distinguished into Conquerors, absolute Princes, Prime Ministers, and Prigs. Now all these differ from each other in GREATNESS only, as they employ more or fewer Hands. And Alexander the Great was only greater than a Captain of one of the Tartarian or Arabian Hords, as he was at the Head of a larger Number. In what then is a single Prig inferior to any other GREAT Man, but because he employs his own Hands only; for he is not on that Account to be levelled with the base and vulgar, because he employs his Hands for his own Use only. Now, suppose a Prig had as many Tools as any Prime Minister ever had, would he not be as GREAT as any Prime Minister whatsoever? Undoubtedly he would. What then have I to do in the Pursuit of GREATNESS, but to procure a Gang, and to make the Use of this Gang center in myself. This Gang shall rob for me only, receiving very moderate Rewards for their Actions; out of this Gang I will prefer to my Favour the boldest and most

“ iniquitous (as the Vulgar express it;) the rest I
“ will, from Time to Time, as I see Occasion,
“ transport and hang at my Pleasure; and thus
“ (which I take to be the highest Excellence of a
“ *Prig*) convert those Laws which are made for
“ the Benefit and Protection of Society, to my
“ single Use.”

Having thus pre-conceived his Scheme, he saw nothing wanting to put it in immediate Execution, but that which is indeed the Beginning as well as End of all human Devices: I mean Money. Of which Commodity he was possessed of no more than sixty-five Guineas, being all that remained from the double Benefits he had made of *Bagshot*, and which did not seem sufficient to furnish his House, and every other Convenience necessary for so grand an Undertaking. He resolved therefore to go immediately to the Gaming-House, which was then sitting, not so much with an Intention of trusting to Fortune, as to play the surer Card of attacking the Winner in his Way home. On his Arrival, however, he thought he might as well try his success at the Dice, and reserve the other Recourse as his last Expedient. He accordingly sat down to play, and as Fortune no more than others of her Sex, is observed to distribute her Favours with strict Regard to great mental Endowments, so our Hero lost every Farthing in his Pocket. He then resolved to have immediate Recourse to his surer Stratagem; and casting his Eyes round the Room, he soon perceived a Gentleman sitting in a disconsolate Posture, who seemed a proper Instrument or Tool for his Purpose. In short (to be as concise as possible in these least shining Parts of our History) he accosted him, sounded him, found him fit to execute, proposed the Matter, received a ready Assent,

Assent, and having fixed on the Person who seemed that Evening the greatest Favourite of Fortune, they posted themselves in the most proper Place to surprize the Enemy as he was retiring to his Quarters, where he was soon attacked, subdued and plundered, but indeed of no considerable Booty ; for it seems this Gentleman played on a common Stock, and had deposited his Winnings at the Scene of Action.

This was so cruel a Disappointment to *Wild*, and so sensibly affects us, as no doubt it will the Reader ; that, as it must disqualify us both from proceeding any farther at present, we will now take a little Breath ; and therefore we shall here close this Book.



THE HISTORY

OF THE LIFE

OF THE LATE

Mr. JONATHAN WILD the Great.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Characters of silly People, with the proper Uses for which such are designed.

ONE Reason why we chose to end our first Book as we did with the last Chapter, was that we are now obliged to produce two Characters of a Stamp entirely different from what we have hitherto dealt in. These Persons are of that pitiful Order of Mortals, who are in Contempt called *Good-natured*; being, indeed, sent into the World by Nature, with the same Design as Men put little Fish into a Pike-Pond, in order to be devoured by that voracious Water-Hero.

But

But to proceed with our History, *Wild* having shared the Booty in much the same Manner as before, i. e. taken three Fourths of it, amounting to eighteen Pence, was now retiring to rest, in no very happy Mood, when by Accident he met a young Fellow, who had formerly been his School-Fellow. This Person had a Regard for our Hero, as he had more than once, for a small Reward, taken a Fault on himself, for which the other, who had more Regard for his Skin than *Wild*, was to have been whipp'd. He therefore accosted *Wild* in the most friendly Manner, and invited him home with him to Breakfast, it being now near Nine in the Morning, which our Hero, with no great Difficulty consented to. This young Man, who was about *Wild*'s Age, had some Time before set up in the Trade of a Jeweller, in the Materials or Stock for which, he had laid out the greatest Part of a little Fortune, and had married a very agreeable Woman for Love, by whom he then had two Children. As our Reader is to be more acquainted with this Person, it may not be improper to open somewhat of his Character, especially as it will serve as a Kind of Foil to the noble and GREAT Disposition of our Hero, and as the one seems sent into this World as a proper Object on which the GREAT Talents of the other were to be displayed with a proper and just Success.

Mr. *Thomas Heartfree* then (for that was his Name) was of an honest and open Disposition. He was of that Sort of Men, whom Experience only, and not their own Natures, must inform, that there are such Things as Deceit and Hypocrisy in the World; and who, consequently, are not at five and twenty as difficult to be imposed upon as the oldest and most subtle. He was possessed of several great Weaknesses of Mind; being good-natured,

natured, friendly, and generous to a great Excess. He had, indeed, too little Regard to common Justice, for he had forgiven some Debts to his Acquaintance, only because they could not pay him; and had entrusted a Bankrupt on his setting up a second Time, from having been convinced, that he had dealt in his Bankruptcy with a fair and honest Heart, and that it was owing to Misfortune, and not to Neglect or Imposture. He was withal so silly a Fellow that he never took the least Advantage of the Ignorance of his Customers, and contented himself with very moderate Gains on his Goods; which he was the better enabled to do, notwithstanding his Generosity, because his Life was extremely temperate, his Expences being solely confined to the cheerful Entertainment of his Friends at Home, and now and then a moderate Glass of Wine, in which he indulged himself in the Company of his Wife, who was a mean-spirited, poor, domestic, low-bred Animal, who confined herself mostly to the Care of her Family, placed her Happiness in her Husband and her Children; followed no expensive Fashions or Diversions, and, indeed, rarely went abroad, unless to return the Visits of a few plain Neighbours, and twice a Year at farthest afforded herself in Company with her Husband the Diversion of a Play, where she never sat in a higher Place than the Pit.

To this silly Woman did this silly Fellow introduce the GREAT *WILD*, informing her at the same Time of their former Acquaintance, and the Obligations he had received from him; for, as it often happens, that he who confers the Obligation, forgets the Price paid for it, so it sometimes, but very seldom, falls out with him who receives it. This simple Woman no sooner heard her Husband had been obliged to her Guest, than her Eyes
sparkled

sparkled on him with a Benevolence which is an Emanation from the Heart, and of which GREAT and NOBLE MINDS, whose Hearts never swell but with an Injury, can have no very adequate Idea; it is therefore no Wonder that our Hero should misconstrue as he did, the poor, innocent, and simple Affection of Mrs. *Heartfree* towards her Husband's Friend, for that great and generous Passion, which fires the Eyes of a modern Heroine, when the Colonel is so kind as to indulge his City Creditor with partaking of his Table to-day, and of his Bed to-morrow. *Wild* therefore instantly returned the Compliment, as he understood it, with his Eyes, and presently after bestowed many Encomiums on her Beauty, with which, perhaps, she, who was a Woman, though a good one, and misapprehended the Design, was not displeased any more than the Husband.

When Breakfast was ended, and the Wife retired to her household Affairs, *Wild*, who had a quick Discernment into the Weaknesses of Men, and who, besides the Knowledge of his good (or foolish) Disposition when a Boy, had now discovered several Sparks of Goodness, Friendship, and Generosity in his Friend, began to discourse over the Accidents which had happened in their Childhood, and took frequent Occasions of reminding him of those Favours which we have before mentioned his having conferred on him; he then proceeded to the most vehement Profession of Friendship, and to the most ardent Expressions of Joy in this Renewal of their Acquaintance. He at last told him with great seeming Pleasure, that he believed he had an Opportunity of serving him by the Recommendation of a Gentleman to his Custom, who was on the Brink of Marriage, and, if not already engaged, I will, says he, endeavour to prevail on him to furnish his Lady with Jewels at your Shop.

Heartfree

Heartfree was not backward in Thanks to our Hero, and, after many earnest Solicitations to Dinner, which were refused, they parted for the first Time.

But here, as it occurs to our Memory, that our Readers may be surprized (an Accident which sometimes happens in Histories of this kind) how Mr. *Wild* the elder, in his present Capacity, should have been able to maintain his Son at a reputable School, as this appears to have been, it may be necessary to inform him, that Mr. *Wild* himself was then a Tradesman in good Business; but, by Misfortunes in the World, to wit, Extravagance and Gaming, he had reduced himself to that honourable Occupation which we have formerly mentioned.

Having cleared up this Doubt, we will now pursue our Hero, who forthwith repaired to the Count, and having first settled preliminary Articles concerning Distributions, he acquainted him with the Scheme which he had formed against *Heartfree*; and after consulting proper Methods to put it in Execution, they began to concert Measures for the Enlargement of the Count; on which the first, and, indeed, only Point to be considered, was to raise Money, not to pay his Debts, for that would have required an immense Sum, and was contrary to his Inclination, or Intention, but to procure him Bail; for as to his Escape, Mr. *Snap* had taken such Precautions, that it appeared absolutely impossible.

CHAP. II.

Great Examples of GREATNESS in Wild, shewn as well by his Behaviour to Bagshot, as in a Scheme laid first to impose on Heartfree by Means of the Count, and then to cheat the Count of the Booty.

WILD undertook, therefore, to extract some Money from *Bagshot*, who, notwithstanding the Depredations made on him, had carried off a pretty considerable Booty from their Engagement at Dice the preceding Day. He found Mr. *Bagshot* in Expectation of his Bail, and, with a Countenance full of Concern, which he could at any Time, with wonderful Art, put on, told him, that all was discovered; that the Count knew him, and intended to prosecute him for the Robbery, had not I exerted, said he, my utmost Interest, and with great Difficulty prevailed on him in case you refund the Money.—“ Refund the Money, cry’d *Bagshot*, that
 “ is in your Power; for you know what an incon-
 “ siderable Part of it fell to my Share. How! re-
 “ ply’d *Wild*, is this your Gratitude to me for
 “ saving your Life? For your own Conscience
 “ must convince you of your Guilt, and with how
 “ much Certainty the Gentleman can give Evi-
 “ dence against you. Marry come up, quoth *Bag-*
 “ *shot*, I believe my Life alone will not be in Danger.
 “ I know those who are as guilty as myself. Do
 “ you tell me of Conscience?—Yes, Sirrah! an-
 “ swered our Hero, taking him by the Collar, and
 “ since you dare threaten me, I will shew you the
 “ Difference between committing a Robbery, and
 “ conniving at it, which is all I can charge myself
 “ with. I own indeed I suspected when you shew-
 “ ed me a Sum of Money, that you had not come
 “ honestly

“ honestly by it. How, says *Bagshot*, frightened
“ out of one half of his Wits, and amazed out of
“ the other, can you deny?—Yes, you Rascal,
“ answered *Wild*, I do deny every thing, and do
“ you find a Witness to prove it; and, to shew
“ you how little Apprehension I have of your
“ Power to hurt me, I will have you apprehended
“ this Moment.”—At which Words he offered
to break from him; but *Bagshot* laid hold of his
Skirts, and, with an altered Tone and Manner,
begged him not to be so impatient. “ Refund
“ then, Sirrah, cries *Wild*, and perhaps I may
“ take pity on you. What must I refund? an-
“ swered *Bagshot*. Every Farthing in your Pocket,
“ replied *Wild*; then I may have some Compas-
“ sion on you, and not only save your Life, but,
“ out of an Excess of Generosity, may return you
“ something.” At which Words *Bagshot* seem-
ing to hesitate, *Wild* pretended to make to the
Door, and rapt out an Oath of Vengeance with so
violent an Emphasis, that his Friend no longer pre-
sumed to ballance, but suffered *Wild* to search his
Pockets, and draw forth all he found, to the Amount
of twenty-one Guineas and an half, which last
Piece our generous Hero returned him again; tell-
ing him, he might now sleep secure, but advised
him for the future never to threaten his Friends.

Thus did our Hero execute the greatest Exploits
with the utmost Ease imaginable, by Means of those
transcendent Qualities which Nature had indulged
him with, viz. a bold Heart, a thundering Voice,
and a steady Countenance.

Wild now returned to the Count, and informed
him that he had got ten Guineas of *Bagshot*; for
with great and commendable Prudence, he sunk the
other eleven in his own Pocket; and told him with
that Money he would procure him Bail, which he
after prevailed on his Father and another Gentle-
man

man of the same Occupation to become for two Guineas each ; so that he made lawful Prize of six more ; for such were his great Abilities, and so vast the Compass of his Understanding, that he never made any Bargain without over-reaching (or, in the vulgar Phrase, cheating) the Person with whom he dealt.

The Count being, by these Means, enlarged, the first thing they did, in order to procure Credit from Tradesmen, was the taking a handsome House ready furnished in one of the new Streets, in which, as soon as the Count was settled, they proceeded to furnish him with Servants, and Equipage, and all the *Insignia* of a large Estate proper to impose on poor *Heartfree*. These being all obtained, *Wild* made a second Visit to his Friend, and, with much Joy in his Countenance, acquainted him that he had succeeded in his Endeavours, and that the Gentleman had promised to deal with him for the Jewels which he intended to present his Bride, and which were designed to be very splendid and costly ; he therefore appointed him to go to the Count the next Morning, and bring with him a Set of the richest and most beautiful Jewels he had, giving him at the same Time some Hints of the Count's Ignorance of that Commodity, and that he might extort what Price of him he pleased ; but *Heartfree* told him, not without some Disdain, that he scorned to take any such Advantage ; and, after expressing much Gratitude to his Friend for his Recommendation, he promised to carry the Jewels at the Hour, and to the Place appointed.

I am sensible that the Reader, if he hath but the least Notion of GREATNESS, must have such a Contempt for the extreme Folly of the Fellow, that he will be very little concerned at any Misfortunes which befall him in the Sequel ; for, to have no Suspicion that on old School-fellow, with whom

whom he had, in his tenderest Years, contracted a Friendship, and who, on the accidental renewing their Acquaintance, had professed the most passionate Regard for him, should be very ready to impose on him; in short, to conceive that a Friend should, of his own Accord, without any View to his own Interest, endeavour to do him a Service; must argue such Weakness of Mind, such Ignorance of the World, and such an artless, simple, undesigning Heart, as must render the Person possessed of it the lowest Creature, and the properest Object of Contempt imaginable, in the Eyes of every Man of Understanding and Discernment.

Wild remembered that his Friend *Heartfree's* Faults were rather in his Heart than his Head; that tho' he was an abject mean Fellow, and never capable of laying a Design to injure any human Creature, yet was he by no Means a Fool, nor liable to any gross Imposition, unless where his Heart betrayed him. He therefore instructed the Count to take only one of his Jewels at the first Interview, and to reject the rest as not fine enough, and order him to provide some richer. He said, this Management would prevent *Heartfree* from expecting ready Money for the Jewel he brought with him, which the Count was presently to dispose of, and by Means of that Money, and his great Abilities at Cards and Dice, to get together as large a Sum as possible, which he was to pay down to *Heartfree* at the Delivery of the Set of Jewels, who would be thus void of all manner of Suspicion, and would not fail to give him Credit for the residue.

By this Contrivance it will appear in the sequel, that *Wild* did not only propose to make the Imposition on *Heartfree*, who was (hitherto) void of all Suspicion, but to rob the Count himself of this Sum; this double Method of cheating the very
Took

Tools who are their Instruments to cheat others, is the superlative Degree of GREATNESS, and is probably, as far as any Spirit crusted over with Clay can carry it, falling very little short of *Demonism* itself.

This Method was immediately put in Execution, and the Count, the first Day, took only a single Brilliant, worth about five hundred Pounds, and ordered a Neck-lace, Ear-rings, and Solitaire of the Value of four thousand Pounds, to be prepared by that Day Seven-night.

This Interval was employed by *Wild* in prosecuting his Scheme of raising a Gang, in which he met with such Success, that within a few Days he had levied seven bold and resolute Fellows, fit for any Enterprize, how dangerous or GREAT, i. e. villainous soever.

We have before remarked, that the truest Mark of GREATNESS is Insatiability. *Wild* had covenanted with the Count to receive three-fourths of the Booty, and had, at the same time, covenanted with himself to secure the other fourth Part likewise, for which he had formed a very GREAT and noble Design; but he now saw with Concern, that Sum, which was to be received in Hand by *Heart-free*, in Danger of being absolutely lost. In order, therefore, to possess himself of that likewise, he contrived, that the Jewels should be brought in the Afternoon, and that *Heart-free* should be detained before the Count could see him; that the Night should overtake him in his Return, where two of his Gang were ordered to attack and plunder him.

CHAP. III.

*Containing Scenes of Softness, Love, and Honour,
all in the GREAT Style.*

THE Count had disposed of his Jewel for four hundred Pounds, which he had, by Dexterity, raised to a thousand Pounds; and that Sum he paid down to *Heartfree*, promising him the rest within a Month. His House, his Equipage, his Appearance, but, above all, a certain Plausibility in his Voice and Behaviour would have deceived any but one whose GREAT and wise Heart had dictated to him something within, which would have secured him from any Danger of Imposition. *Heartfree* therefore did not in the least scruple giving him Credit, but as he had, in Reality, procured those Jewels of another, his own little Stock not being able to furnish any thing so valuable, he begged the Count would be so kind to give his Note for the Money, payable at the time he mentioned, which that Gentleman did not in the least scruple; so he paid him the thousand Pound in *Specie*, and gave his Note for four thousand five hundred Pounds more to *Heartfree*, who burnt with Gratitude to *Wild*, for the noble Customer he had recommended to him.

As soon as *Heartfree* was departed, *Wild*, who waited in another Room, came in, and received the Casket from the Count, it having been agreed between them, that it should be deposited in his Hands, as he was the original Contriver of the Scheme, and was to have the largest Share. *Wild* having received the Casket, offered to meet the Count late that Evening to come to a Division; but such was the latter's Confidence in the Honour of our Hero, that, he said, if it was any Inconvenience

venience to him, the next Morning would do altogether as well. This was more agreeable to *Wild*, and accordingly an Appointment being made for that Purpose, he set out in haste to pursue *Heart-free* to the Place where the two Gentlemen were ordered to meet and attack him. Those Gentlemen, with noble Resolution, executed their Purpose; they attacked and spoiled the Enemy of the whole Sum he had received from the Count.

As soon as the Engagement was over, and *Heart-free* left sprawling on the Ground, our Hero, who wisely declined trusting the Booty in his Friends Hands, though he had good Experience of their Honour, made off after the Conquerors; at length they being all at a Place of Safety, *Wild*, according to a previous Agreement, received nine Tenths of the Booty; the subordinate Heroes did indeed profess some little Unwillingness (perhaps more than was strictly consistent with Honour) to perform their Contract; but *Wild*, partly by Argument, but more by Oaths and Threatnings, prevailed with them to fulfil their Promise.

Our Hero having thus with wonderful Address brought this GREAT and glorious Action to a happy Conclusion, resolved to relax his Mind after his Fatigue, in the Conversation of the Fair. He therefore set forwards to his lovely *Latitia*; but in his Way, accidentally met with a young Lady of his Acquaintance, Miss *Molly Straddle*, who was taking the Air in *Bridges Street*. Miss *Molly* seeing Mr. *Wild*, stopp'd him, and with a Familiarity peculiar to a genteel Town Education, tapp'd, or rather slapp'd, him on the Back, and asked him to treat her with a Pint of Wine, at a neighbouring Tavern. The Hero, though he loved the chaste *Latitia* with excessive Tenderness, was not of that low snivelling Breed of Mortals who, as it is generally expressed, *tie themselves to a Woman's Apron-Strings*;

Strings; in a Word, who are tainted with that mean, base, low Vice, of Constancy; he therefore immediately consented, and attended her to a Tavern famous for excellent Wine, known by the Name of the *Runner* and *Horse-shoe*, where they retired to a Room by themselves. *Wild* was very vehement in his Addresses, but to no Purpose; the young Lady declared she would grant no Favour till he had made her a Present; this was immediately complied with, and the Lover made as happy as he could desire.

The immoderate Fondness which *Wild* entertained for his dear *Latitia*, would not suffer him to waste any considerable Time with Miss *Straddle*. Notwithstanding, therefore, of all the Endearments and Caresses of that young Lady, he soon made an Excuse to go down Stairs, and thence immediately set forward to *Latitia*, without taking any formal Leave of Miss *Straddle*, or indeed of the Drawer, with whom the Lady was afterwards obliged to come to an Account for the Reckoning.

Mr. *Wild*, on his Arrival at Mr. *Snap's*, found only Miss *Tisby* at home; that young Lady being employed alone, in Imitation of *Penelope*, with her Thread or Worsted; only with this Difference, that whereas *Penelope* unravelled by Night what she had knit, or wove, or spun by Day, so what our young Heroine unravelled by Day, she knit again by Night. In short, she was mending a Pair of blue Stockings with red Clocks; a Circumstance which, perhaps, we might have omitted, had it not served to shew that there are still some Ladies of this Age, who imitate the Simplicity of the Ancients.

Wild immediately asked for his Beloved, and was informed, that she was not at Home. He then enquired, where she was to be found, and declared, he would not depart till he had seen her; nay, not till

till he had married her; for, indeed, his Passion for her was truly honourable, in other Words, he had so ungovernable a Desire for her Person, that he would go any Lengths to satisfy it. He then pulled out the Casket, which he swore was full of the finest Jewels, and that he would give them all to her, with other Promises; which so prevailed on Miss *Dosby*, who had not the common Failure of Sisters in envying, and often endeavouring to disappoint each other's Happiness; that she desired Mr. *Wild* to sit down a few Minutes, whilst she endeavoured to find her Sister, and to bring her to him. The Lover thanked her, and promised to stay till her Return; and Miss *Dosby*, leaving Mr. *Wild* to his Meditations, fastened him in the Kitchen by barring the Door (for most of the Doors in this Mansion were made to be bolted on the outside) and then flapping to the Door of the House with great Violence, without going out at it, she stole softly up Stairs, where Miss *Letitia* was engaged in close Conference with Mr. *Bagshot*. Miss *Letty*, being informed by her Sister in a Whisper of what Mr. *Wild* had said, and what he had produced, told Mr. *Bagshot*, that a young Lady was below to visit her, whom she would dispatch with all imaginable Haste, and return to him. She desired him therefore to stay with Patience for her in the mean Time, and that she would leave the Door unlocked, tho' her Papa would never forgive her if he should discover it. *Bagshot* promised on his Honour, not to step without his Chamber; and the two young Ladies went softly down Stairs; when pretending first to make their Entry into the House, they repaired to the Kitchen, where not even the Presence of the chaste *Letitia* could restore that Harmony to the Countenance of her Lover, which Miss *Theodosia* had left him possessed of; for during her Absence he had discovered the Absence

sence of that Purse which had been taken from Mr. *Heartfree*, and which, indeed, Miss *Straddle* had in the Warmth of his amorous Caresses, unperceived, drawn from him. However, as he had that perfect Mastery of his Temper, or rather of his Muscles, which is as necessary to form a GREAT Character as to personate it on the Stage, he soon conveyed a Smile into his Countenance, and concealing as well his Misfortune as his Chagrin at it, began to pay honourable Addresses to Miss *Letty*. This young Lady, amongst many other good Ingredients, had three very predominant Passions, to wit, Vanity, Wantonness, and Avarice. To satisfy the first of these, she applied Mr. *Smith* and Comp. to the second, Mr. *Bagshot* and Comp. and our Hero had the Honour and Happiness of solely engrossing the third. Now, these three Sorts of Lovers she had very different Ways of entertaining. With the first, she was all gay and Coquette; with the second, all fond and rampant; and with the last, all cold and reserved. She, therefore, told Mr. *Wild*, with a most composed Aspect, that she was glad he had repented of his Manner of treating her at their last Interview, where his Behaviour was so monstrous, that she had resolved never to see him any more; that she was afraid her own Sex would hardly pardon her the Weakness she was guilty of in receding from that Resolution, which she was persuaded she never should have prevailed with herself to do, had not her Sister, who was there to confirm what she said, (as she did with many Oaths) betrayed her into his Company, by pretending it was another Person to visit her: But however, as he now thought proper to give her more convincing Proofs of his Affection (for he had now the Casket in his Hand) and since she perceived his Designs were no longer against her Virtue, but were such as a Woman of Honour might

might listen to, she must own—and then she feign'd an Hesitation, when *Theodosia* began. “Nay, “Sister, I am resolv'd you shall counterfeit no “longer. I assure you, Mr. *Wild*, she hath the “most violent Passion for you in the World; and “if you offer to go back, since I plainly see Mr. “*Wild*'s Designs are honourable, I will betray all “you have ever said.—How, Sister, (answer- “ed *Lætitia*) I protest you will drive me out of “the Room: I did not expect this Usage from “you.” *Wild* then fell on his Knees, and taking hold of her Hand, repeated a Speech which, as the Reader may easily suggest it to himself, I shall not here minutely set down. He then offered her the Casket, but she gently rejected it; and on a second Offer, with a modest Countenance and Voice, desired to know what it contained. *Wild* then open'd it, and took forth, (with Sorrow I write it, and with Sorrow will it be read) one of those beautiful Necklaces, with which at the Fair of *Bartholomew*, they deck the well whitened Neck of *Thalestris* Queen of the *Amazons*, *Anna Bullen*, Queen *Elizabeth*, or some other High Princess in *Drollie* Story. It was indeed composed of that Paste, which *Derdæus Magnus*, an ingenious Toyman, doth at a very moderate Price dispose of to the second Rate Beaus of the Metropolis. For, to open a Truth, which we ask our Reader's Pardon for having concealed from him so long; the sagacious Count, wisely fearing, lest some Accident might prevent Mr. *Wild*'s Return at the appointed Time, had carefully conveyed the Jewels which Mr. *Heartsee* had brought with him, into his own Pocket; and in their Stead had placed in the Casket these artificial Stones, which, tho' of equal Value to a Philosopher, and perhaps of a much greater to a true Admirer of the Compositions of Art, had not however the same Charms in the Eyes

Eyes of Miss *Letty*; who had indeed some Knowledge of Jewels: For Mr. *Snap*, with great Reason considering how valuable a Part of a young Lady's Education it would be to have his Daughter instructed in these Things, in an Age when young Ladies learnt little more than how to dress themselves, had in her youth, placed Miss *Letty* as the Hand-maid (or House-maid, as the Vulgar call it) of an eminent Pawn-broker. The lightning, therefore, which should have flashed from the Jewels, flashed from her Eyes, and thunder immediately followed from her Voice. She be-knaved, be-rascalled, be-rogued the unhappy Hero, who stood silent, confounded with Astonishment, but more with Shame and Indignation, at being thus out-witted and over-reached. At length, he recovered his Spirits, and throwing down the Casket in a Rage, he snatched the Key from the Table; and without making any Answer to the Ladies, who both very plentifully open'd upon him, or taking any leave of them, he flew out at the Door, and repaired with the utmost Expedition to the Count's Habitation.

C H A P. IV.

In which Wild, after many fruitless Endeavours to discover his Friend, moralizes on his Misfortune in a Speech, which may be of Use (if rightly understood) to some other considerable Speech-Makers.

NOT the highest-fed Footman of the highest bred Woman of Quality knocks with more Impetuousity, than *Wild* did at the Count's Door, which was immediately opened by a well-drest Livery Man, who answered, his Master

was

ster was not at Home. *Wild*, not satisfied with this, searched the House, but to no purpose; he then ransacked all the Gaming-Houses in Town, but found no Count: Indeed that Gentleman had taken Leave of his House the same Instant *Mr. Wild* had turned his Back, and, equipping himself with Boots and a Post-horse, without taking with him either Servant, Clothes, or any Necessaries, for the Journey of a great Man, made such mighty Expedition that he was now upwards of twenty Miles on his Way to *Harwich*.

Wild, finding his Search ineffectual, resolved to give it over for that Night; he then retired to his Seat of Contemplation, a Night-Cellar, where, without a single Farthing in his Pocket, he called for a Sneaker of Punch, and, placing himself on a Bench by himself, he softly vented the following Soliloquy:

“How vain is human GREATNESS! What
 “avail superior Abilities, and a noble Defiance of
 “those narrow Rules and Bounds which confine
 “the Vulgar; when our best concerted Schemes
 “are liable to be defeated! How unhappy is the
 “State of PRIGGISM! How impossible for hu-
 “man Prudence to foresee and guard against every
 “Circumvention! It is even as a Game of *Chess*,
 “where, while the Rook, or Knight, or Bishop,
 “is busied in forecasting some great Enterprize,
 “a worthless Pawn interposes, and disconcerts his
 “Scheme. Better had it been for me to have
 “observed the simple Laws of Friendship and Mo-
 “rality, than thus to ruin my Friend for the Bene-
 “fit of others. I might have commanded his
 “Purse to any Degree of Moderation, I have
 “now disabled him from the Power of serving
 “me. Well! but that was not my Design. If
 “I cannot arraign my own Conduct, why should
 “I, like a Woman or a Child, sit down and
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lament the Disappointment of Chance ! But
can I acquit myself of all Neglect ? Did I not
misbehave in putting it into the Power of others
to outwit me ? But that is impossible to be
avoided. In this a *Prig* is more unhappy than
any other : A cautious Man may, in a Crowd,
preserve his own Pockets by keeping his Hands
in them ; but while he employs his Hands in another's Pocket, how shall he be able to defend his
own ? Indeed in this Light what can be imagined
more miserable than a *Prig* ? How dangerous
are his Acquisitions ! how unsafe, how unquiet
his Possessions ! Why then should any Man wish
to be a *Prig*, or where is his GREATNESS ?
I answer, in his Mind : 'Tis the inward Glory,
the secret Consciousness of doing great and
wonderful Actions, which can alone support the
truly GREAT Man, whether he be a CON-
QUEROR, a TYRANT, a MINISTER, or a
PRIG. These must bear him up against the
private Curse and public Imprecation, and while
he is hated and detested by all Mankind, must
make him inwardly satisfied with himself. For
what but some such inward Satisfaction as this
could inspire Men possessed of Wealth, of
Power, of every human Blessing, which Pride,
Avarice, or Luxury could desire, to forsake
their Homes, abandon Ease and Repose, and,
at the Expence of Riches, Pleasures, at the
Price of Labour and Hardship, and at the Ha-
zard of all that Fortune hath liberally given
them, could send them at the Head of a Mul-
titude of *Prigs*, called an Army, to molest
their Neighbours ; to introduce Rape, Rapine,
Bloodshed, and every kind of Misery on their
own Species ? What but some such glorious Ap-
petite of Mind could inflame Princes, endowed
with

“ with the greatest Honours, and enriched with
“ the most plentiful Revenues, to desire maliciously
“ to rob those Subjects, who are content to sweat
“ for their Luxury, and to bow down their Knees
“ to their Pride, of their Liberties, and to reduce
“ them to an absolute Dependence on their own
“ Wills, and those of their brutal Successors !
“ What other Motive could seduce a Subject,
“ possess of great Property in his Community, to
“ betray the Interest of his Fellow-Subjects, of his
“ Brethren, and his Posterity, to the wanton
“ Disposition of such Princes ! Lastly, what less
“ Inducement could persuade the *Prig* to forsake
“ the Methods of acquiring a safe, an honest, and
“ a plentiful Livelihood, and, at the Hazard of
“ even Life itself and what is mistakenly called
“ Dishonour, to break openly and bravely through
“ the Laws of his Country, for uncertain, un-
“ steady, and unsafe Gain ! Let me then hold
“ myself contented with this Reflection, that I
“ have been wise, though unsuccessful, and am a
“ GREAT, though an unhappy Man.

His Soliloquy and his Punch concluded together ;
for he had at every Pause comforted himself with
a Sip. And now it came first into his Head, that
it would be more difficult to pay for it, than it was
to swallow it, when, to his great Pleasure, he be-
held, at another Corner of the Room, one of the
Gentlemen whom he had employed in the Attack
on *Heartfree*, and who, he doubted not, would
readily lend him a Guinea or two ; but he had the
Mortification, on applying to him, to hear that the
Gaming-Table had stript him of all the Booty
which his own Generosity had left in his Possession.
He was therefore obliged to pursue his usual Me-
thod on such Occasions ; so, cocking his Hat
fiercely, he marched out of the Room without
making

making any Excuse, or any one daring to make the least Demand.

CHAP. V.

Containing many surprizing Adventures, which our Hero, with GREAT GREATNESS, atchieved.

WE will now leave our Hero to take a short Repose, and return to Mr. Snap's, where, at *Wild's* Departure, the fair *Theodosia* had again betaken herself to her Stocking, and Miss *Letty* had retired up Stairs to Mr. *Bagshot*; but that Gentleman had broken his Parole, and, having conveyed himself below Stairs behind a Door, he took the Opportunity of *Wild's* Sally to make his Escape. We shall only observe, that Miss *Letty's* Surprize was the greater, as she had, notwithstanding her Promise to the contrary, taken the Precaution to turn the Key; but, in her Hurry, she did it ineffectually. How wretched must have been the Situation of this young Creature, who had not only lost a Lover, on whom she perfectly doated, but was exposed to the Rage of an injured Father, tenderly jealous of his Honour, which was deeply engaged to the Sheriff of *London* and *Middlesex*, for the safe Custody of the said *Bagshot*, and for which two very good responsible Friends had given not only their Words but their Bonds.

But let us remove our Eyes from this melancholy Object, and survey our Hero, who after a successful Search for Miss *Straddle*, with wonderful GREATNESS of Mind, and Steadiness of Countenance, went early in the Morning to visit his Friend *Heartfree*, at a Time when the common Herd of Friends would have forsaken and avoided him. He entered the Room with a cheerful Air, which

which he presently changed into Surprize on seeing his Friend in a Night-Gown, with his wounded Head bound about with Linen, and looking extremely pale from a great Profusion of Blood. When *Wild* was informed by *Heartfree* what had happened, he first expressed great Sorrow, and afterwards suffered as violent Agonies of Rage against the Robbers to burst from him. This latter, in Compassion to the deep Impressions his Misfortune seemed to make on his Friend, endeavoured to lessen it as much as possible, at the same Time exaggerating the Obligation he owed to *Wild*, in which his Wife likewise seconded him; and they breakfasted with more Comfort than was reasonably to be expected after such an Accident. *Heartfree* expressing great Satisfaction that he had put the four thousand Pound Note in another Pocket-Book, adding, that such a Loss would have been fatal to him; "for, to confess the Truth to you, my dear Friend, said he, I have had some Losses lately, which have greatly perplexed my Affairs, and though I have many Debts due to me from People of great Fashion, I assure you I know not where to be certain of getting a Shilling." *Wild* greatly felicitated him on the lucky Accident of preserving his Note, and then proceeded, with much Acrimony, to inveigh against the Barbarity of People of Fashion, who kept Tradesmen out of their Money.

While they amused themselves with Discourses of this kind, *Wild*, meditating within himself whether he should borrow or steal from his Friend, or indeed whether he could not effect both, the Apprentice brought a Bank-Note in to *Heartfree*, which, he said, a Gentlewoman in the Shop, who had been looking at some Jewels, desired him to exchange. *Heartfree* looking at the Back of it, immediately perceived the Count's Endorsement,

and presently recollected it to be one of those he had been robbed of. With this Discovery he acquainted *Wild*, who, with the notable Presence of Mind, and unchanged Complexion, so essential to a GREAT Character, advised him to proceed cautiously; and offered, (as Mr. *Heartfree* himself was, he said, too much flustered to examine the Woman with sufficient Art) to take her into a Room in his House alone. He would, he said, personate the Master of the Shop, would pretend to shew her some Jewels, and would undertake to get sufficient Information out of her to secure the Rogues, and most probably all their Booty. This Proposal was readily and thankfully accepted by *Heartfree*. *Wild* went immediately up Stairs into the Room appointed, whither the Apprentice, according to Appointment, conducted the Lady.

The Apprentice was ordered down Stairs the Moment the Lady entered the Room; and *Wild*, having shut the Door, approached her with great Ferocity in his Looks, and began to expatiate on the complicated Baseness of the Crime she had been guilty of; but though he uttered many good Lessons of Morality, as we doubt whether from a particular Reason they may work any very good Effect on our Reader, we shall omit his Speech, and only mention his Conclusion, which was by asking her, what Mercy she could now expect from him? The young Lady, who had had a good Education, and had been more than once present at the *Old Bailey*, very confidently denied the whole Charge, and said, she had receiv'd the Note from a Friend. *Wild* then, raising his Voice, told her, she should be immediately committed, and she might depend on being convicted; "but, added he, changing his
" Tone, as I have a violent Affection for thee, my
" dear *Straddle*, if you will follow my Advice, I
" promise you on my Honour, to forgive you, nor
" shall

“ shall you be ever called in Question on this
“ Account. Why, what would you have me to
“ do, Mr. *Wild*, replied the young Lady, with a
“ pleasanter Aspect. You must know then, said
“ *Wild*, the Money you picked out of my Pocket;
“ (nay, by G——d you did, and if you offer to
“ flinch, you shall be convicted of it,) I won at
“ Play of a Fellow who, it seems, robbed my
“ Friend of it; you must, therefore, give an
“ Information on Oath against one *Thomas Fierce*,
“ and say, that you received the Note from him,
“ and leave the rest to me. I am certain, *Molly*,
“ you must be sensible of your Obligations to me,
“ who return Good for Evil to you in this man-
“ ner.” The Lady readily consented; and Mr.
Wild and she embraced and kissed each other in a
very tender and passionate Manner.

Wild, having given the Lady a little further In-
struction, desired her to stay a few Minutes behind
him; then returned to his Friend, and acquainted
him that he had discovered the whole Roguery;
that the Woman had confessed from whom she had
received the Note, and had promised to give an
Information before a Justice of Peace; adding he
was concerned he could not attend him thither,
being obliged to go to the other End of the Town
to receive thirty Pounds, which he was to pay that
Evening. *Heartfree* said that should not prevent
him of his Company, for he could easily lend him
such a Trifle: Which was accordingly done and
accepted, and *Wild*, *Heartfree*, and the Lady
went to the Justice together.

The Warrant being granted, and the Constable
being acquainted by the Lady, who received her
Information from *Wild* of Mr. *Fierce*'s Haunts,
he was easily apprehended, and, being confronted
with Miss *Straddle*, who swore positively to him,
though she had never seen him before; he was

committed to *Newgate*, where he immediately conveyed an Information to *Wild* of what had happened, and in the Evening received a Visit from him.

Wild affected great Concern for his Friend's Misfortune, and as great Surprize at the Means by which it was brought about. However, he said, he must certainly be mistaken in that Point, of his having had no Acquaintance with her; that, as for the Note, he had himself paid it away to a Shopkeeper, and would endeavour, by all safe Means, to enquire into the Secrets of the Matter; that he would find out Miss *Straddle*, and endeavour to take off her Evidence; which, he observed, did not come home enough to endanger him; besides he would secure him Witnesses of an *Alibi*, and five or six to his Character; so that he need be under no Apprehension, for his Confinement till the Sessions would be his only Punishment.

Fierce, who was greatly comforted by these Assurances of his Friend, returned him many Thanks, and both shaking each other very earnestly by the Hand, with a very hearty Embrace they separated.

The Hero considered with himself, that the single Evidence of Miss *Straddle* would not be sufficient to convict *Fierce*, whom he resolved to hang, as he was the Person who had principally refused to deliver him the stipulated Share of the Booty; he therefore went in Quest of Mr. *James Sly*, the Gentleman who had assisted in the Exploit; and found, and acquainted him with the apprehending of *Fierce*. *Wild* then intimating his Fear, lest *Fierce* should impeach *Sly*, advised him to be beforehand, and go directly to a Justice of Peace, and offer himself as an Evidence. *Sly* approved Mr. *Wild*'s Opinion, went directly to a Magistrate, and was by him committed to the *Gate-house*, with a Promise

a Promise of being admitted Evidence against his Companion.

Fierce was in a few Days, brought to his Trial at the *Old Baily*, when to his great Confusion, his old Friend *Sly* appeared against him, as did Miss *Straddle*. His only Hopes were now in the Assistance which our Hero had promised him. These unhappily failed him: So that the Evidence being plain against him, and he making no Defence, the Jury convicted him, the Court condemned him, and Mr. *Ketch* executed him.

With such infinite Address, did this truly GREAT MAN know to play with the Passions of Men, and to set them at Variance with each other, and to work his own Purposes out of those Jealousies and Apprehensions, which he was wonderfully ready at creating, by Means of those great Arts, which the Vulgar call Treachery, Dissembling, Promising, Lying, Falshood, &c. but which are by GREAT MEN summed up in the collective Name of Policy, or Politicks, or rather *Politricks*; an Art of which, as it is the highest Excellence of Human Nature, so perhaps, was our GREAT MAN the most eminent Master.

C H A P. VI.

Of Hats.

HE had now got together a very considerable Gang, composed of undone Gamesters, ruined Bailiffs, broken Tradesmen, idle Apprentices, and loose and disorderly Youth, who being born to no Fortune, nor bred to no Trade or Profession, were willing to live luxuriously without Labour. As these Persons wore different Principles, i. e. *Hats*, frequent Dissentions grew among

them. There were particularly two Parties, viz. those who wore Hats *fiercely* cocked, and those who prefer'd the *Nab* or Trencher Hat, with the Brim flapping over their Eyes; between which, Jars and Animosities almost perpetually arose. *Wild*, therefore, having assembled them all at an Ale-house on the Night after *Fierce's* Execution, and perceiving evident Marks of their Misunderstanding, from their Behaviour to each other, addressed them in the following gentle, but forcible Manner *. “ Gentlemen, I am ashamed to see Men
“ embarked

* There is something very mysterious in this Speech, which probably that Chapter written by *Aristotle* on this Subject, which is mentioned by a *French* Author, might have given some Light into; but that is unhappily among the lost Works of that Philosopher. It is remarkable, that *Galtrus* which is *Latin* for a Hat, signifies likewise a Dog-fish, as the *Greek* Word *Kuvn*, doth the Skin of that Animal; of which I suppose the Hats or Helmets of the Ancients were composed, as ours at present are of the Beaver or Rabbit. *Sophocles* in the latter End of his *Ajax*, alludes to a Method of cheating in Hats, and the Scholiast on the Place tells us of one *Crepheutes*, who was a Master of the Art. It is observable likewise, that *Achilles*, in the first *Iliad* of *Homer*, tells *Agamemnon*, in Anger, that he had Dog's Eyes. Now, as the Eyes of a Dog are handsomer than those of almost any other Animal; this could be no Term of Reproach. He must therefore mean, that he had a Hat on, which, perhaps, from the Creature it was made of, or from some other Reason, might have been a Mark of Infamy. This superstitious Opinion may account for that Custom, which hath descended through all Nations, of shewing Respect by pulling off this Covering; and that no Man is esteemed fit to converse with his Superiors with it on. I shall conclude this learned Note with remarking, that the Term *Old Hat*, is at present used by the *Vulgar*, in no very honourable Sense.

“ embarked in so GREAT and glorious an Under-
“ taking, as that of robbing the Publick, so
“ foolishly and weakly dissenting among them-
“ selves. Do you think the first Inventors of Hats,
“ or at least of those Distinctions between them,
“ really conceived that one Form of Hats should
“ inspire a Man with Divinity, another with Law,
“ another with Learning, or another with Brave-
“ ry? No, they meant no more by these out-
“ ward Signs, than to impose on the Vulgar, and
“ instead of putting GREAT MEN to the Trouble
“ of acquiring or maintaining the Substance,
“ to make it sufficient that they condescend to
“ wear the Type or Shadow of it. You do wise-
“ ly, therefore, when in a Crowd, to amuse the
“ Mob by Quarrels on such Accounts, that while
“ they are listening to your Jargon, you may with
“ the greater Ease and Safety, pick their Pockets:
“ But surely to be in earnest, and privately to keep
“ up such a ridiculous Contention among your
“ selves, must argue the highest Folly and Absur-
“ dity. When you know you are all *Prigs*, what
“ Difference can a broad or a narrow Brim create?
“ Is a *Prig* less a *Prig* in one Hat than in another?
“ If the Public should be weak enough to interest
“ themselves in your Quarrels, and to prefer one
“ Pack to the other, while both are aiming at their
“ Purse; it is your Business to laugh at, not imi-
“ tate their Folly. What can be more ridiculous
“ than for Gentlemen to quarrel about Hats,
“ when there is not one among you, whose Hat is
“ worth a Farthing. What is the Use of a Hat,
“ farther than to keep the Head warm, or to hide
“ a bald Crown from the Public? - It is the Mark
“ of a Gentleman to move his Hat on every Occa-
“ sion; and in Courts and noble Assemblies, no
“ man ever wears one. Let me hear no more
“ therefore of this Childish Disagreement, but all
“ to

“toss up your Hats together with one Accord,
 “and consider that Hat as the best, which will
 “contain the largest Booty.” He thus ended his
 Speech, which was followed by a murmuring Ap-
 plause, and immediately all present tossed their
 Hats together, as he had commanded them.

CH A P. VII.

*Shewing the Consequences which attended Heartfree's
 Adventures with Wild; all natural, and common
 enough to little Wretches who deal with GREAT
 MEN; together with some Precedents of Letters,
 being the different Methods of answering a Dun.*

LET us now return to *Heartfree*, to whom the
 Note of four thousand five hundred Pound
 which he had paid away, was returned, with an
 Account that the Acceptor was not to be found,
 and that on enquiring after him, they had heard he
 was run away, and consequently the Money was
 now demanded of the Endorser. The Apprehen-
 sion of such a Loss would have affected any Man of
 Business, but much more one whose unavoidable
 Ruin it must prove. He expressed so much Con-
 cern and Confusion on this Occasion, that the Pro-
 prietor of the Note was frightened, and resolved to
 lose no Time in securing what he could. So that
 in the Afternoon of the same Day, Mr. *Snap* was
 commissioned to pay *Heartfree* a Visit, which he did
 with his usual Formality, and conveyed him to his
 own House.

Mrs. *Heartfree* was no sooner informed of what
 had happened to her Husband, than she raved like
 one distracted; but after she had vented the first
 Agonies of her Passion in Tears and Lamentations,
 she applied herself to all possible Means to procure
 her

her Husband's Liberty. She hastened to beg her Neighbours to secure Bail for him. But as the News had arrived at their Houses before her, she found none of them at home, except an honest *Quaker*, whose Servants durst not tell a Lie. However, she succeeded no better with him, for unluckily he had made an Affirmation the Day before, that he would never be Bail for any Man. After many fruitfulefs Efforts of this Kind, she repaired to her Husband to comfort him, at least with her Presence. She found him sealing the last of several Letters, which he had dispatched to his Friends and Creditors. The Moment he saw her, a sudden Joy sparkled in his Eyes, which, however, had a very short Duration; for Despair soon clouded them again; nor could he help bursting into some passionate Expressions of Concern for her and the little Family; which she, on her Part, did her utmost to lessen, by endeavouring to mitigate the Loss, and raise in him Hopes from the Count, who, might, she said, be possibly, only gone into the Country. She comforted him likewise, with the Expectation of Favour from his Acquaintance, especially those whom he had in a particular Manner obliged and served. Lastly, she conjured him, by all the Value and Esteem he professed for her, not to endanger his Health, on which alone depended her Happiness, by too great an Indulgence of Grief; assuring him that no State of Life could appear unhappy to her with him, unless his own Sorrow or Discontent made it so.

In this Manner did this weak, poor-spirited Woman attempt to relieve her Husband's Pains, which it would have rather become her to aggravate, by not only painting out his Misery in the liveliest Colours imaginable, but by upbraiding him with that Folly and Confidence which had occasioned it, and by lamenting her own hard Fate, in being obliged to share his Sufferings.

Heartfree

Heartfree returned this Goodness (as it is called) of his Wife, with the warmest Gratitude, and they pass an Hour in a Scene of Tenderneſs, too low and contemptible to be recounted to our GREAT Readers. We ſhall therefore omit all ſuch Relations, as they tend only to make human Nature low and ridiculous.

Thoſe Meſſengers who had obtained any Answers to his Letters now returned. We ſhall here copy a few of them, as they may ſerve for Precedents to others who have an Occaſion, which happens commonly enough in genteel Life, to answer the Impertinence of a Dun.

LETTER I.

Mr. Heartfree,

MY Lord commands me to tell you, he is very much ſurprized at your Assurance in asking for Money, which you know hath been ſo little while due; however, as he intends to deal no longer at your Shop, he hath ordered me to pay you as ſoon as I ſhall have Caſh in Hand, which, conſidering many Diſburſements for Bills long due, &c. can't poſſibly promiſe any Time, &c. at preſent. And am

Your Humble Servant,

ROGER MORECRAFT,

LETTER II.

Dear Sir,

THE Money, as you truly ſay, hath been three Years due, but upon my Soul I am at preſent incapable of paying a Farthing; but as I doubt not, very ſhortly, not only to content that
small

small Bill, but likewise to lay out very considerable further Sums at your House, hope you will meet with no Inconvenience by this short Delay in, dear Sir,

Your most sincere

humble Servant,

CHA. COURTLY

LETTER III.

Mr. Heartfree,

I Beg you would not acquaint my Husband of the trifling Debt between us ; for as I know you to be a very good natured Man, I will trust you with a Secret ; he gave me the Money long since, to discharge it, which I had the ill Luck to lose at play. You may be assured I will satisfy you the first Opportunity, and am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant

CATH. RUBBERS,

Please to present my Service to Mrs. Heartfree.

LETTER IV.

Mr. Thomas Heartfree, Sir,

Y OUR's received ; but as to Sum mentioned therein, does not suit at present

Your humble Servant

PETER POUNCE.

LETTER V.

S I R,

I AM sincerely sorry it does not at present suit me to comply with your Request, especially after

after so many Obligations received on my Side, of which I shall always entertain the most grateful Memory. I am very greatly concerned at your Misfortunes, and would have waited upon you in Person, but am not at present very well, and besides, am obliged to go this Evening to *Vaux-hall*. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

CH. EASY.

There were more Letters to much the same Purpose; but we proposed giving our Reader a Taste only. Of all these, the last was infinitely the most grating to poor *Heartfree*, as it came from one to whom, when in Distress, he had himself lent a considerable Sum, and of whose present flourishing Circumstances he was well assured.

CH A P. VIII.

In which our Hero carries GREATNESS to an immoderate Height.

LET us remove, therefore, as fast as we can this detestable Picture of Ingratitude, and present the much more agreeable Portrait of that Assurance to which the *French* very properly annex the Epithet of *Good*. *Heartfree* had scarce done reading his Letters, when our Hero appeared before his Eyes, not with that Aspect with which a pitiful Parson meets his Patron, after having opposed him at an Election, or which a Doctor wears, when sneaking away from a Door, where he is informed of his Patient's Death; not with that down-cast Countenance which betrays the Man, who, after a strong Conflict between Virtue and Vice, hath surrendered his Mind to the latter, and is discover-

ed

ed in his first Treachery; but with that noble, bold, GREAT Confidence with which a Prime Minister assures his Dependent, that the Place he promised him was disposed of before. And such Concern and Uneasiness as he expresses in his Looks on those Occasions did *Wild* testify on the first Meeting of his Friend. And as the said Prime Minister chides you for Neglect of your Interest, in not having asked in Time, so did our Hero attack *Heartfree* for his giving Credit to the Count, and, without suffering him to answer a Word, proceeded in a Torrent of Words to overwhelm him with Abuse; which, however friendly its Intention might be, was scarce to be outdone by an Enemy. By these Means *Heartfree*, who might, perhaps, otherwise have vented some little Concern for that Recommendation which *Wild* had given him to the Count, was totally prevented from any such Endeavour, and, like an invading Prince, when attacked in his own Dominions, forced to recal his whole Strength to defend himself at home. This, indeed, he did so well, by insisting on the Figure and outward Appearance of the Count and his Equipage, that *Wild* at length grew a little more gentle, confessing that he had the least Reason of all Mankind to censure another for an Imprudence of this Nature, as he was himself the most easily to be imposed upon, and, indeed, had been so by this Count, who, if he was insolvent, had, he said, cheated him of five hundred Pounds. “ But, for my own
“ Part, said he, I will not yet despair, nor would
“ I have you. Many Men have found it convenient to retire, or abscond for a while, and afterwards have paid their Debts, or, at least, handsomely compounded them. This I am certain
“ of, should a Composition take place, which is
“ the worst can be apprehended, I shall be the
“ only Loser; for I shall think myself obliged in
“ Honour

“ Honour to repair your Loss, even though you
“ must confess it was principally owing to your
“ own Folly. Z—ds! had I imagined it necessary,
“ I would have cautioned you ; but I thought the
“ Part of the Town where he lived, sufficient
“ Caution not to trust him. — And such a Sum —
“ The Devil must have been in you certainly !”

Mrs. *Heartfree*, who had before vented the most violent Execrations on *Wild*, was now thoroughly satisfied of his Innocence, and begged him not to insist any longer on what he perceived so deeply affected her Husband. She said, Trade could not be carried on without Credit, and surely he was sufficiently justified in giving it to such a Person as the Count appeared to be. Besides, she said, Reflections on what was past and irretrievable would be of little Service ; that their present Business was to consider how to prevent the evil Consequences which threatened, and first to endeavour to procure her Husband his Liberty. Why doth he not procure Bail? said *Wild*. Alas! Sir, said she, we have applied to many of our Acquaintance in vain ; we have met with Excuses even where we could least expect them. “ Not Bail ! answered *Wild*, in a
“ Passion, he shall have Bail, if there is any in the
“ World. It is now very late, but trust me to
“ procure him Bail To-morrow Morning.”

Mrs. *Heartfree* received these Professions with tears, and told *Wild* he was a Friend indeed. She then proposed to stay that Evening with her Husband ; but he would not permit her, on account of his little Family, whom he would not agree to trust to the Care of Servants in this Time of Confusion.

A Hackney Coach was then sent for, but without Success ; for these, like Hackney Friends, always offer themselves in the Sun-shine, but are never to be found when you want them. And as for a Chair, Mr. *Snap* lived in a Part of the Town which

which Chairmen very little frequent. The good Woman was therefore obliged to walk home, whether the gallant *Wild* offered to attend her as a Protector. This Favour was thankfully accepted, and the Husband and Wife having taken a tender Leave of each other, the former was locked in, and the latter lock'd out by the Hands of Mr. *Snap* himself.

As this Visit of Mr. *Wild*'s to *Heartfree* may seem one of those Passages in History, which Writers, *Drawcanfir*-like, introduce only *because they dare*; indeed as it may seem somewhat contradictory to the GREATNESS of our Hero, and may tend to blemish his Character with an Imputation of that kind of Friendship, which favours too much of Weakness and Imprudence; it may be necessary therefore to account for this Visit, especially to our more sagacious Readers, whose Satisfaction we shall always consult in the most especial Manner. They are to know then, that at the first Interview with Mrs. *Heartfree*, Mr. *Wild* had conceived that Passion, or Affection, or Friendship, or Desire for that handsome Creature, which the Gentlemen of this our Age agree to call LOVE; and which is, indeed, no other than that Friendship which, after the Exercise of the Dominical Day is over, a lusty Divine is apt to conceive for the well-drest Sirloin, or handsome Buttock, which the well-edified 'Squire, in Gratitude, sets before him, and which, so violent is his Love, he is desirous to devour. Not less ardent was the hungry Passion of our Hero, who, from the Moment he had cast his Eyes on that charming Dish, cast about in his Mind by what Method he might come at it. This, as he perceived, might most easily be effected after the Ruin of *Heartfree*, which, for other Considerations, he had intended. So he postponed all Endeavours for this Purpose, till he had first effected what,

what, by Order of Time, was particularly to precede this latter Design; with such Regularity and true GREATNESS did this our Hero conduct all his Schemes, and so truly superiour was he to all the Efforts of Passion, which so often disconcert and disappoint the noblest Views of others.

CHAP. IX.

More GREATNESS in Wild. A low Scene between Mrs. Heartfree and her Children, and a Scheme of our Hero, worthy the highest Admiration, and even Astonishment.

WHEN first he conducted his Flame (or rather his Dish, to continue our Metaphor) from the Proprietor, he had projected a Design of conveying her to one of those Eating-Houses in Covent-Garden, where female Flesh is deliciously dress'd, and served up to the greedy Appetites of young Gentlemen; but fearing lest she should not come readily enough into his Wishes, and that, by too eager and hasty a Pursuit, he should frustrate his future Expectations, and luckily at the same Time a noble Hint suggesting itself to him, by which he might almost inevitably secure his Pleasure, together with his Profit, he contented himself with waiting on Mrs. Heartfree home, and, after many Protestations of Friendship and Service to her Husband, took his Leave, and promised to visit her early in the Morning, and conduct her back to Mr. Snap's.

Wild now retired to a Night-Cellar, where he found several of his Acquaintance, with whom he spent the remaining Part of the Night in revelling; nor did the least Compassion for Heartfree's Misfortunes disturb the Pleasure of his Cups. So truly

GREAT

GREAT was his Soul, that it was absolutely composed, save that an Apprehension of Miss *Tisby's* making some Discovery (as she was then in no good Temper towards him) a little ruffled and disquieted the perfect Serenity he would otherwise have enjoyed. As he had, therefore, no Opportunity of seeing her that Evening, he wrote her a Letter full of ten thousand Protestations of honourable Love, and (which he more depended on) containing as many Promises, in order to bring the young Lady into good Humour, without acquainting her in the least with his Suspicion, or giving her any Caution: For it was his constant Maxim, Never to put it into any one's Head to do you a Mischief, by acquainting them that it is in their Power.

We must now return to Mrs. *Heartfree*, who past a sleepless Night in as great Agonies and Horror for the Absence of her Husband, as a fine well-bred Woman would feel at the Return of hers from a long Voyage or Journey. In the Morning the Children being brought to her, the eldest asked *where dear Papa was?* At which she could not refrain from bursting into Tears. The Child perceiving it, said, *Don't cry, Mamma, I am sure Papa would not stay abroad, if he could help it.* At which Words she caught the Child in her Arms, and throwing herself into the Chair, in an Agony of Passion, cried out, *No, my Child, nor shall all the Malice of Hell keep us long asunder.*

These are Circumstances which we should not, for the Amusement of six or seven Readers only, have inserted, had they not served to shew, that there are Weaknesses in vulgar Life, which are commonly called *Tenderness*; to which GREAT MINDS are so entirely Strangers, that they have not even an Idea of them; and, secondly, by exposing the Folly of this low Creature, to set off and

and elevate that GREATNESS, which we endeavour to draw a true Portrait of in this History.

Wild entering the Room, found the Mother with one Child in her Arms, and the other at her Knee. After paying her his Compliments, he desired her to dismiss the Children and Servant, for that he had something of GREAT Moment to impart to her.

She immediately complied with his Request, and, the Door being shut, asked him with great Eagerness if he had succeeded in his Intentions of procuring the Bail. He answered, he had not endeavoured at it yet; for a Scheme had entered into his Head, by which she might certainly preserve her Husband, herself, and her Family. In order to which, he advised her instantly to remove with the most valuable Jewels she had to *Holland*, before any Statute of Bankruptcy issued to prevent her; that he would himself attend her thither, and place her in Safety, and then return to deliver her Husband, who would be easily able to satisfy his Creditors. He added, that he was that Instant come from *Snap's*, where he had communicated the Scheme to *Heartfree*, who had greatly approved it, and desired her to put it in Execution without Delay, concluding that a Moment was not to be lost.

The Mention of her Husband's Approbation left no Doubt in this poor Woman's Breast, she only desired a Moment's Time to pay him a Visit, in order to take her Leave. But *Wild* peremptorily refused; he said by every Moment's Delay she risked the Ruin of her Family; that she would be absent only a few Days from him; adding, that if she had not Resolution enough to execute the Commands he brought her from her Husband, his Ruin would lie at her Door, and, for his own Part, he must give up any farther meddling in his Affairs.

She

She then propos'd to take her Children with her; but *Wild* would not permit it, saying, they would only retard their Flight, and that it would be properer for her Husband to bring them. He at length absolutely prevail'd on this poor Woman, who immediately pack'd up the most valuable Effects she could find, and, after taking a tender Leave of her Infants, earnestly commended them to the Care of a very faithful Servant. Then they call'd a Hackney-Coach, which convey'd them to an Inn, where they were furnish'd with a Chariot and fix, in which they set forward for *Harwich*.

Wild rode with an exulting Heart; secure, as he now thought himself, of the Possession of that lovely Woman, together with a rich Cargo. In short, he enjoy'd in his Mind all the Happiness which unbridled Lust and rapacious Avarice could promise him. As to the poor Creature, who was to satisfy these Passions, her whole Soul was employ'd in reflecting on the Condition of her Husband and Children. A single Word scarce escap'd her Lips; while a Flood of Tears gush'd from her brilliant Eyes, which, if I may use a coarse Expression, served only as delicious Sauce to heighten the Appetite of *Wild*.

C H A P. X.

Sea-Adventures very new and surprizing.

WHEN they arriv'd at *Harwich*, they found a Vessel, which had put in there, just ready to depart for *Rotterdam*. So they went immediately on Board, and sail'd with a fair Wind; but they had hardly proceeded out of Sight of Land, when a sudden and violent Storm arose, and drove them to the South West; so that the Captain apprehended

apprehended it impossible to avoid the *Goodwin Sands*, and he and all his Crew gave themselves for lost. Mrs. *Heartfree*, who had no other Apprehensions from Death, but those of leaving her dear Husband and Children, fell on her Knees to beseech the Almighty's Favour, when *Wild*, with a Contempt of Danger truly GREAT, took a Resolution as worthy to be admired perhaps as any recorded of the bravest Hero, ancient or modern. He saw the Tyrant Death ready to rescue from him his intended Prey, which he had yet devoured only in Imagination. He therefore swore he would prevent him, and immediately attacked the poor Wretch, who was in the utmost Agonies of Despair, first with Solicitation, and afterwards with Force.

Mrs. *Heartfree*, the Moment she understood his Meaning, which, in her present Temper of Mind, and in the Opinion she held of him, she did not immediately reject him with all the Repulses which Indignation and Horror could animate: But when he attempted Violence, she filled the Cabin with her Shrieks, which were so vehement, that they reached the Ears of the Captain, the Storm at this Time luckily abating. This Man, who was a Brute rather from his Education, and the Element he inhabited, than from Nature, ran hastily down to her Assistance, and finding her struggling on the Ground with our Hero, he presently rescued her from her intended Ravisher; who was soon obliged to quit the Woman, in order to engage with her lusty Champion, who spared neither Pains nor Blows in the Assistance of his said Passenger.

When the short Battle was over, in which our Hero, had he not been over-powered with Numbers, who came down on their Captain's Side, would have been victorious; the Captain rapped

out

out a hearty Oath, and asked *Wild*, If he had no more Christianity in him than to ravish a Woman in a Storm! To which the other GREATLY and suddenly answered: "It was very well; but d——n him, if he had not Satisfaction the Moment they came on Shore." The Captain replied, *Kiss———* &c. and then, turning *Wild* out of the Cabin, he, at Mrs. *Heartfree's* Request, locked her into it, and returned to the Care of his Ship.

The Storm was now entirely ceased, and nothing remained but the usual ruffling of the Sea after it, when one of the Sailors spied a Sail at a Distance, which the Captain wisely apprehended might be a Privateer (for we were then engaged in a War with *France*) and immediately ordered all the Sail possible to be crowded; but his Caution was in vain; for the little Wind which then blew, was directly adverse; so that the Ship bore down upon them, and soon appeared to be what the Captain had feared, a *French* Privateer. He was in no Condition of Resistance, and immediately struck on her firing the first Gun. The Captain of the *Frenchman*, with several of his Hands, came on Board the *English* Vessel; which they rifled of every thing valuable, and, amongst the rest, poor Mrs. *Heartfree's* whole Cargo, and then taking the Crew, together with the two Passengers, aboard his own Ship, he determined as the other would be only a Burthen to him, to sink her, she being very old and leaky, and not worth going back with to *Dunkirk*. He preserved, therefore, nothing but the Boat, as his own was none of the best, and then pouring a Broad-side into her, he sent her to the bottom.

The *French* Captain, who was a very young Fellow, and a Man of Gallantry, was presently enamoured to no small Degree with his beautiful Captive; and imagining *Wild*, from some Words

he dropt, to be her Husband, notwithstanding the ill Affection towards him which appeared in her Looks, he asked her, if she understood *French*? She answered in the Affirmative, for indeed she did perfectly well. He then asked her, how long she and that Gentleman (pointing to *Wild*) had been married? She answered with a deep Sigh, and many Tears, that she was married indeed, but not to that Villain, who was the sole Cause of all her Misfortunes. That Appellation raised a Curiosity in the Captain, and he importuned her in so pressing, but gentle a manner to acquaint him with the Injuries she complained of, that she was at last prevailed on to recount to him the whole History of her Afflictions. This so moved the Captain, who had too little Notions of GREATNESS, and so incensed him against our Hero, that he resolved to punish him; and, without Regard to the Laws of War, he immediately ordered out his shattered Long-boat, and, making *Wild* a Present of half-a-dozen Biscuits to prolong his Misery, he put them therein, and then committing him to the Mercy of the Sea, proceeded on his Cruize.

C H A P. XI.

The GREAT and wonderful Behaviour of our Hero in the Boat.

IT is probable, that a Desire of ingratiating himself with his charming Captive, or rather Conqueror, had no little Share in promoting this extraordinary Act of illegal Justice; for he had conceived the same Sort of Passion, or Hunger, which *Wild* himself had felt, and was as much resolved, by some Means or other, to satisfy it. We will leave him, however, at present, in the Pursuit of his Wishes,

Wishes, and attend our Hero in his Boat; since it is in Circumstances of Distress, that true GREATNESS appears most wonderful. For, that a Prince in the midst of his Courtiers, all ready to compliment him with his favourite Character, or Title; or that a Conqueror, at the Head of an hundred thousand Men, all prepared to execute his Will, how ambitious, wanton, or cruel soever, should, in the Giddiness of his Pride, elevate himself many Degrees above those his Tools, seems not difficult to be imagined, or indeed accounted for. But that a Man in Chains, in Prisons, nay, in the vilest Dungeon, should with persevering Pride and obstinate Dignity, discover that vast Superiority in his own Nature over the rest of Mankind, who, to a vulgar Eye, seem much happier than himself; nay, that he should discover Heaven and Providence (whose peculiar Care, it seems, he is) at that very Time at work for him; this is among the *Arcana* of GREATNESS, to be perfectly understood only by an Adept in that Science.

What could be imagined more miserable than the Situation of our Hero at this Season, floating in a little Boat on the open Seas, without Oar, without Sail, and at the Mercy of the first Wave to overwhelm him; which was indeed a much more eligible Fate than that alternative, which threatened him with almost unavoidable Certainty, *viz.* Starving with Hunger, the sure Consequence of a Continuance of the Calm.

Our Hero finding himself in this Condition, began to ejaculate a Round of Blasphemies, which the Reader, without being over pious, might be offended at seeing repeated. He then accused the whole Female Sex, and the Passion of Love (as he called it) particularly that which he bore to Mrs. *Heartfree*, as the unhappy Occasion of his present Sufferings. At length, finding himself descending

too much into the Language of Meanness and Complaint, he stopp'd short, and soon after broke forth as follows. "D—n it, a Man can die but once, what signifies it! Every Man must die, and when it is over it is over. I never was afraid of any thing yet, nor I won't begin now; no, d——n me, won't I. What signifies Fear? I shall die whether I am afraid or no: Who's afraid then, d——n me?" At which Words he looked extremely fierce, but recollecting that no one was present to see him, he abated the Terror of his Countenance, and pausing a little, repeated the Word, D——n! "Suppose I should be d——ned at last, when I never thought a Syllable of the Matter. I have often laughed and made a Jest about it, and yet it may be so, for any Thing which I know to the contrary. If there should be another World it will go hard with me, that is certain. I shall never escape for what I have done to *Heartfree*. The Devil must have me for that undoubtedly. The Devil! Pshaw! I am not such a Fool to be frightened at him neither. No, no; when a Man's dead, there is an End of him. I wish I was certainly satisfied of it tho'; for there are some Men of Learning of a different Opinion. It is but a bad Chance methinks I stand. If there be no other World, why I shall be in no worse Condition than a Block or a Stone: But if there should, — D——n me, I will think no longer about it.—Let a Pack of cowardly Rascals be afraid of Death, I dare look him in the Face. But shall I stay and be starved!—No, I will eat up the Biscuits the *French* Son of a Whore bestowed on me, and then leap into the Sea for Drink, since the unconscionable Dog hath not allowed me a single Dram." Having thus said, he proceeded immediately to put his Purpose in Execution,

Execution, and as his Resolution never failed him, he had no sooner dispatched the small Quantity of Provision, which his Enemy had with no vast Liberality presented him, than he cast himself headlong into the Sea.

C H A P. XII.

Of PROVERBS. A Chapter full of very cunning and curious Learning.

HERE, Reader, we cannot omit an Opportunity of commending the vast Usefulness of that Learning, which is to be collected from those Funds of Knowledge, called PROVERBS: Being short *Aphorisms*, in which Men of Great Genius have wrapt up some egregious Discovery, either in Nature or Science, making it thus easily portable for the Memory, which is apt to fail under the Burthen of voluminous Erudition. Next, therefore, to the Merit of those Sages who first dropped these inestimable Pearls, are we obliged to their Care and Industry, who have collected them together. And here, as it would be needless to add to the Encomiums given to *Erasmus* on this Occasion, I shall pass on to the incomparable Publisher of *Joe Miller's JESTS*; whether he be the lamentable *Elijah Jenkins, Esq;* or the facetious *Edmundus de Crull, Esq;* is not very material. In these, as the learned Lord Bacon says of the Proverbs of Solomon, *We see not a few profound and excellent Cautions, Precepts, Positions, extending to much Variety of Occasions, whereupon we will stay a while offering to Consideration some Number of Examples.*

PROVERB I.

The GREATEST MEN may sometimes overshoot themselves, but their very Mistakes are so many Lessons of Instruction. *To teach others the Art of over-reaching.*

PROVERB II.

A good Outside is the best Sir Clement Cotterel in a strange Place. *Here is noted, Sir Clement Cotterel doth with excellent Address usher Persons into a strange Place.*

PROVERB III.

Were we to believe nothing but what we can comprehend, every Man upon the Face of the Earth would be an Atheist. *Nothing being so easy as to believe that Proportion is the Effect of Chance; nor any Proposition so comprehensible, as that dead Matter should of its own Accord produce Life, Thought, &c.*

PROVERB IV.

Arguments among Men are like Bones among Dogs; serve to set them together by the Ears. *Ergo, an Argument is called a Bone of Contention.*

PROVERB V.

The Chimney and the Garret are related, and therefore Taylors and Chimney-Sweepers are Cousin-Germans. *This is not to be understood literally but metaphorically. Taylors are in very great Contempt among the English, nine of them being said*

to make only one Man, and in the Play-House the Public express their Contempt of your Judgment by calling you a Taylor. Some imagine this to proceed from the ancient Britons going naked, and consequently never using this Mechanic: But I rather apprehend the Reason to be from the Moderns using him so much that they are never out of his Books.

PROVERB VI.

The sick Man doth ill for himself, who makes his Physician his Heir. *Here Caution is given, That it is not adviseable to make it that Man's Interest to hurt you, who hath the Power.*

PROVERB VII.

The sensible Man and the silent Woman are the best Conversation. *Here is noted that a Woman talks best who says nothing.*

PROVERB VIII.

He who rises from Table without saying Grace, may be said to go away without paying his Ordinary. *Here is noted, that he who hath no Chaplain at his Table will not pay his Dues to the ORDINARY, i. e. Bishop.*

PROVERB IX.

A young Fellow who falls in Love with a Whore, may be said to fall asleep in a Hogstye. *Here is observed the Likeness or Resemblance between a Whore and a Hogstye.*

PROVERB X.

Our Carts are never worse employed than when waited on by Coaches, *i. e.* *When they carry Rogues to Tyburn.*

PROVERB XI.

Five of the most agreeable Things on a Journey, are Money in one's Pocket, a good Road, a wholesome Bed, fine Weather, and a kind Landlady; if she be handsome too, 'tis so much the better. *Here are five excellent Things brought together in the Compass of two or three Lines.*

PROVERB XII.

Debauching a Member of the House of Commons from his Principles, and creating him a Peer, is not much better than making a Woman a Whore, and afterwards marrying her. *Here a Member of the House of Commons is set forth in the lovely State of virgin Simplicity and Innocence, and it is insinuated that if you first debauch him from that State of Purity and make him a Rogue, he remains a Rogue still, notwithstanding a subsequent Peerage; as a Woman who is debauched remains a Whore still, notwithstanding a subsequent Marriage. And this the Proverb would say farther, notwithstanding the World calls the former RIGHT HONOURABLE, and the latter an HONEST Woman.*

Thus having (to use the Words of that noble Author once more) *staid somewhat longer on those Sentences than is agreeable to the Proportion of an Example*, and perhaps offended some, who will direct the Force of this Chapter (if it have any) where

where it was little meant; I now return to our Hero, who, to the Surprise, I apprehend, of the Reader, exemplified the Truth of one Proverb, viz. *He that is born to be hang'd will never be drowned*; which, as *Shakespear* phrases it, may be somewhat *musty*; but I am convinced never had so pregnant an Example of its Veracity before.

C H A P. XIII.

The strange and yet natural Escape of our Hero.

OUR Hero having with wonderful Resolution thrown himself headlong into the Sea, as we have mentioned, was miraculously within two Minutes after replaced in his Boat; and this without the Assistance of a Dolphin or Sea-Horse, or any other Fish or Animal, who are always as ready at Hand when a Poet or Historian pleases to call for them to carry a Hero through a Sea; as any Chairman at a Coffee-House Door near St. James's, to convey a Beau over a Street, and preserve his white Stockings. The Truth is, we do not chuse to have any Recourse to Miracles, from the strict Observance we pay to that Rule of *Horace*,

Nec Deus interfit nisi dignus vindice nodus.

The Meaning of which is, *Do not bring in a supernatural Agent when you can do without him*; and indeed, we are much deeper read in natural than supernatural Causes. We will therefore endeavour to account for this extraordinary Event from the former of these; and in doing this it will be necessary to disclose some profound Secrets to our Reader, extremely well worth his knowing, and which may serve him to account for many Occurrences of

the Phenomenous Kind which have lately appeared in this our Hemisphere.

Be it known then, that the Great *Alma Mater* Nature, is of all other Females the most obstinate, and tenacious of her Purpose. So true is that Observation,

Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret.

Which I need not render in *English*, it being to be found in a Book which most fine Gentlemen read. Whatever Nature, therefore, purposes to herself, she never suffers any Reason, Design or Accident, to frustrate. Now, tho' it may seem to a shallow Observer, that some Persons were designed by Nature for no Use or Purpose whatever; yet certain it is, that no Man is born into the World without his particular Allotment; *viz.* some to be Kings, some Statesmen, some Embassadors, some Bishops, some Generals, and so on. Of these there be two Kinds, those to whom Nature is so generous to give some Endowment, qualifying them for the Parts she intends them afterwards to act on this Stage; and those whom she uses as Instances of her unlimited Power; and for whose Preferment to such and such Stations, *Solomon* himself could have invented no other Reason than that Nature designed them so. These latter some great Philosophers have, to shew them to be the Favourites of Nature, distinguished by the honourable Appellation of **NATURALS**. Indeed the true Reason of the general Ignorance of Mankind on this Head, seems to be this; That as Nature chuses to execute these her Purposes by certain second Causes or Tools, and as many of these second Causes seem so totally foreign to her Design, the Wit of Man, which like his Eye, sees best directly forward, and very little and imperfectly what is oblique, is not able to discern

discern the End by the Means. Thus, how a handsome Wife or Daughter should contribute to execute her original Designation of a General; or how Flattery should denote a Judge, or Impiety and Atheism, a Bishop, he is not capable of comprehending. And indeed, we ourselves, wise as we are, are forced to reason *ab effectu*; and if we were asked what Nature had intended such Men for, before she herself had by the Event demonstrated her Purpose, it is possible we might be sometimes puzzled to declare; for it must be confessed, that at first Sight, and to a Man uninspired, great Fortitude of Mind with a vast Capacity and Knowledge, might induce a Belief in the Beholder, that such Endowments were by Nature designed for Power and Honour rather than the reverse; whereas daily Experience convinces us of the contrary, and drives us as it were into the Opinion I have here disclosed.

Now, Nature having originally intended our GREAT MAN for that final Exaltation, which as it is the most proper and becoming End of all GREAT MEN, it were heartily to be wished they might all arrive at; would by no Means be diverted from her Purpose. She therefore no sooner spied him in the Water, than she softly whispered in his Ear to attempt the Recovery of his Boat; which Call he immediately obeyed, and being a good Swimmer, with great Facility accomplished it.

Thus we think this Passage in our History, at first so greatly surprising, is very naturally accounted for; and our Relation rescued from the *Prodigious* which, tho' it often occurs in Biography, is not to be encouraged nor much commended on any Occasion, unless when absolutely necessary to prevent the History's being at an End. Secondly, We hope our Hero is justified from that Imputation of want

of

of Resolution, which must be fatal to the GREATNESS of his Character.

C H A P. XIV.

The Conclusion of the Boat Adventure, and the End of the second Book.

OUR Hero past the Remainder of the Evening, the Night, and the next Day, in a Condition not much to be envied by any Passion of the human Mind, unless by Ambition; which, provided it can only entertain itself with the most distant Music of Fame's Trumpet, can disdain all the Pleasures of the Sensualist, and those more solemn, tho' quieter Comforts, which a good Conscience suggests to a Christian Philosopher.

He spent his Time in Contemplation, that is to say, in blaspheming, cursing, and sometimes singing and whistling. At last, when Cold and Hunger had almost subdued his native Fierceness, it being a good deal past Midnight, and extremely dark, he thought he beheld a Light at a Distance, which the Cloudiness of the Sky prevented his mistaking for a Star: This Light, however, did not seem to approach him, at least by such imperceptible Degrees, that it gave him very little Comfort, and at length totally forsook him. He then renewed his Contemplation as before, in which he continued till the Day began to break; when, to his inexpressible Delight, he beheld a Sail at a very little Distance, and which luckily seemed to be making towards him. He was likewise soon espied by those in the Vessel, who wanted no Signals to inform them of his Distress, and as it was almost a Calm, and their Course lay within five hundred Yards of him, they hoisted out their Boat, and fetched him aboard.

The

The Captain of this Ship was a *Frenchman*; she was laden with Deal from *Norway*, and had been extremely shattered in the late Storm. This Captain was of that kind of Men, who are actuated by a general Humanity, and whose Compassion can be raised by the Distress of a Fellow-Creature, though of a Nation whose King had quarrelled with the Monarch of their own. He therefore commiserating the Circumstances of *Wild*, who had dressed up a Story proper to impose on such a silly Fellow; told him, that, as himself well knew, he must be a Prisoner on his Arrival in *France*, but that he would endeavour to procure his Redemption; for which our Hero greatly thanked him. But as they were making very slow Sail (for they had lost their Main-mast in the Storm) *Wild* saw a little Vessel at a Distance, they being within a few Leagues of the *English* Shore, which, on Enquiry, he was informed was probably an *English* Fishing Boat. And, it being then perfectly calm, he promised, that if they would accommodate him with an Oar, he could get within Reach of the Boat, at least near enough to make Signals to her; and he preferred any Risque to the certain Fate of being a Prisoner. As his Courage was somewhat restored by the Provisions (especially Brandy) with which the *Frenchman* had supplied him, he was so earnest in his Entreaties, that the Captain, after many Persuasions, at length complied; and he was furnished with an Oar, with some Bread, Pork, and a Bottle of Brandy. Then, taking Leave of his Preservers, he again betook himself to his Boat, and rowed so heartily, that he soon came within the Sight of the Fisherman, who immediately made towards him, and took him aboard.

No sooner was *Wild* got safe on Board the Fisherman, than he begged him to make the utmost Speed into *Deal*; for that the Vessel, which was still in Sight,

Sight, was a distressed *Frenchman*, bound for *Havre de Grace*, and might easily be made a Prize, if there was any Ship ready to go in Pursuit of her. So nobly and GREATLY did our Hero neglect all Obligations conferred on him by the Enemies of his Country, that he would have contributed all he could to the taking his Benefactor, to whom he owed both his Life and his Liberty.

The Fisherman took his Advice, and soon arrived at *Deal*, where the Reader will, I doubt not, be as much concerned as *Wild* was, that there was not a single Ship prepared to go on the Expedition.

Our Hero now saw himself once more safe on *Terra firma*; but unluckily at some Distance from that City where Men of Ingenuity can most easily supply their Wants without the Assistance of Money. However, as his Talents were superior to every Difficulty, he framed so dextrous an Account of his being a Merchant, having been taken and plundered by the Enemy, and of his great Effects in *London*, that he was not only heartily regaled by the Fisherman at his House, but made so handsome a Booty by way of Borrowing, a Method of taking which we have before mentioned, to have his Approbation, that he was enabled to provide himself with a Place in the Stage-Coach; which (as God permitted it to perform the Journey) brought him, at the appointed Time, to an Inn in the Metropolis.

And now, Reader, as thou canst be in no Suspence for the Fate of our GREAT MAN, since we have returned him safe to the principal Scene of his Glory, we will a little look back on the Fortunes of Mr. *Hedrfree*, whom we left in no very pleasant Situation, especially as the Behaviour of this poor Wretch will considerably serve to set off the GREAT and exemplary Conduct of our Hero; but of this we shall treat in the next Book.

THE

THE HISTORY

OF THE LIFE

OF THE LATE
Mr. JONATHAN WILD the Great.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.
*The low and pitiful Behaviour of Heartfree; and
the foolish Conduct of his Apprentice.*

HIS Misfortunes did not entirely prevent Heartfree from closing his Eyes. On the contrary, he slept several Hours the first Night of his Confinement. However, he perhaps paid too severely dear both for his Repose, and for a sweet Dream which accompanied it; and represented his little Family in one of those tender Scenes, which had frequently past in the Days of his Happiness and Prosperity, when the Provision they were making for the future Fortunes of their Children used to be one of the most agreeable

Topics

Topics of Discourse, with which he and his Wife entertained themselves. The Pleasantness of this Vision, therefore, served only, on his awakening, to set forth his present Misery with additional Horror, and to heighten the dreadful Ideas which now crowded on his Mind.

He had spent a considerable Time after his first rising from the Bed on which he had, without undressing, thrown himself, and now began to wonder at Mrs. *Heartfree's* long Absence ; but as Men are apt (and perhaps wisely too) to draw comfortable Conclusions from malign Events ; so he hoped the longer her Stay was, the more certain was his Deliverance. At length his Impatience prevailed, and he was just going to dispatch a Messenger to his own House, when his Apprentice came to pay him a Visit, and, on his Enquiry, informed him, that his Wife had departed in Company with Mr. *Wild* many Hours before, and had carried all his most valuable Effects with her ; adding at the same time, that she had acquainted him she had her Husband's Orders for so doing.

It is the Observation of many wise Men, who have studied the Anatomy of the human Soul with more Attention than our young Physicians generally bestow on that of the Body ; that great and violent Surprize hath a different Effect from that which is wrought in a good Housewife by perceiving any Disorders in her Kitchen ; who, on such Occasions, commonly spreads the Disorder, not only over her whole Family, but the Neighbourhood. Now, these great Calamities, especially when sudden, tend to stifle and deaden all the Faculties, instead of elevating them ; and accordingly one *Herodotus* tells us a Story of *Cræsus*, King of *Lydia*, who, on beholding his Servants and Courtiers led captive, wept bitterly ; but when he saw his Wife and Children in that Condition, stood stupid and motionless ;

tionless; so stood poor *Heartfree* on this Relation of his Apprentice, nothing moving but his Colour, which entirely forsook his Countenance.

The Apprentice, who had not in the least doubted the Veracity of his Mistress, perceiving the Surprise which too visibly appeared in his Master, became speechless likewise, and both remained silent some Minutes, gazing with Astonishment and Horror at each other. At last *Heartfree* cry'd out in an Agony: "My Wife deserted me in my "Misfortunes!" God forbid, Sir, answered the other. "And what is become of my poor Children, replied *Heartfree*?" They are at home, Sir, said the Apprentice. "God be praised, she hath forsaken them too, cries *Heartfree*: Fetch them hither this Instant. Go, my dear *Jack*, bring hither my little all which remains now: Fly, Child, if thou dost not intend likewise to forsake me in my Afflictions." The Youth answered he would die sooner than entertain such a Thought, and, begging his Master to be comforted, instantly obeyed his Orders.

Heartfree, the Moment the young Man was departed, threw himself on his Bed in an Agony of Despair; but, recollecting himself after he had vented the first Sallies of his Passion, he began to question the Infidelity of his Wife, as a Matter impossible. He ran over in his Thoughts the uninterrupted Tenderness which she had always shewn him, and, for a Minute, blamed the Rashness of his Belief against her; 'till the many Circumstances of her having left him so long, and neither writ nor sent to him since her Departure with all his Effects, and with *Wild*, of whom he was not before without Suspicion; and lastly and chiefly, her false Pretence to his Commands, entirely turned the Scale, and convinced him of her Disloyalty.

While

While he was in these Agitations of Mind, the good Apprentice, who had used the utmost Expedition, brought his Children to him. He embraced them with the most passionate Fondness, and imprinted numberless Kisses on their little Lips. The little Girl flew to him with almost as much Eagerness as he himself exprest at her Sight, and cry'd out: "O Papa, why did you not come home to poor Mamma all this while; I thought you would not have left your little Nanny so long." After which he asked for her Mother, and was told she had kiss'd them in the Morning, and cried very much for his Absence. All which brought a Flood of Tears into the Eyes of this weak, silly Man, who had not GREATNESS sufficient to conquer these low Efforts of Tenderness and Humanity.

He then proceeded to enquire of the Maid-servant, who acquainted him, that she knew no more than that her Mistress had taken Leave of her Children in the Morning with many Tears and Kisses, and had recommended them in the most earnest manner to her Care; which, she said, she had promised faithfully to do, and would, while they were entrusted to her, fulfil. For which Profession Heartfree exprest much Gratitude to her; and, after indulging himself with some little Fondnesses, which we shall not relate, he delivered his Children into the good Woman's Hands, and dismissed her.

CH A P. II.

*A Soliloquy of Heartfree's full of low and base Ideas;
without a Syllable of GREATNESS.*

BEING now alone, he sat some short Time
silent, and then burst forth into the following
Soliloquy :

“What shall I do? Shall I abandon myself to
“a dispirited Despair, or fly in the Face of the
“Almighty! Surely both are unworthy of a wise
“Man; for what can be more vain than weakly
“to lament my Fortune, if irretrievable, or, if
“Hope remains, to offend that Being, who can
“most strongly support it: But are my Passions
“then voluntary? Am I so absolutely their Ma-
“ster, that I can resolve with myself, *so far only*
“*will I grieve?* Certainly no. Reason, how-
“ever we flatter ourselves, hath not such despotic
“Empire in our Minds, that it can, with impe-
“rial Voice, hush all our Sorrow in a Moment:
“Where then is its Use? for either it is an empty
“Sound, and we are deceived in thinking we have
“Reason, or it is given us to some End, and hath
“a Part assigned it by the All-wise Creator. Why,
“what can its Office be, other than justly to
“weigh the Worth of all Things, and to direct
“us to that Perfection of human Wisdom, which
“proportions our Esteem of every Object by its
“real Merit, and prevents us from over or under-
“valuing whatever we hope for, we enjoy, or we
“lose. It doth not foolishly say to us, *be not glad,*
“*or be not sorry,* which would be as vain and idle,
“as to bid the purling River cease to run, or the
“raging Wind to blow. It prevents us only from
“exulting, like Children, when we receive a Toy,
“or

“ or from lamenting when we are deprived of it.
“ Suppose then I have lost the Enjoyments of this
“ World, and my Expectation of future Pleasure
“ and Profit is for ever disappointed ; what Relief
“ can my Reason afford ! What, unless it can shew
“ me I had fixed my Affections on a Toy ; that
“ what I desired was not, by a wise Man, eagerly
“ to be affected, nor its Loss violently deplored ;
“ for there are Toys adapted to all Ages, from the
“ Rattle to the Throne. And, perhaps, the Value
“ of all is equal to their several Possessors ; for if
“ the Rattle pleases the Ears of the Infant, what
“ can the Flattery of Sycophants do more to the
“ Prince. The latter is as far from examining
“ into the Reality and Source of his Pleasure as
“ the former ; for if both did, they must both
“ equally despise it. And, surely, if we consider
“ them seriously, and compare them together, we
“ shall be forced to conclude all those Pompe and
“ Pleasures, of which Men are so fond, and which,
“ through so much Danger and Difficulty, with
“ such Violence and Villany they pursue, to be as
“ worthless Trifles as any exposed to Sale in a Toy-
“ shop. I have often noted my little Girl view-
“ ing, with eager Eyes, a jointed Baby ; I have
“ marked the Pains and Solicitations she hath used,
“ till I have been prevailed on to indulge her with
“ it. At her first obtaining it, what Joy hath
“ sparkled in her Countenance ! with what Rap-
“ tures hath she taken the Possession ; but how
“ little Satisfaction hath she found in it ! What
“ Pains to work out her Amusement from it !
“ Its Dress must be varied ; the Tinsel Ornaments
“ which first caught her Eyes, produce no longer
“ Pleasure ; she endeavours to make it stand and
“ walk in vain, and is constrained herself to sup-
“ ply it with Conversation. In a Day's Time it
“ is thrown by and neglected, and some less costly
“ Toy

“ Toy preferred to it. How like the Situation of
“ this Child is that of every Man ! What Diffi-
“ culties in the Pursuit of his Desires ! What In-
“ anity in the Possession of most, and Satiety in
“ those which seem more real and substantial !
“ The Delights of most Men are as childish and
“ as superficial as that of my little Girl ; a Feather
“ or a Fiddle are their Pursuits and their Pleasures
“ through Life, even to their ripest Years, if such
“ Men may be said to attain any Ripeness at all.
“ But let us survey those whose Understandings
“ are of a more elevated and refined Temper,
“ how empty do they soon find the World of En-
“ joyments worth their Desire or attaining ! How
“ soon do they retreat to Solitude and Contem-
“ plation, to Gardening and Planting, and such
“ rural Amusements, where their Trees and they
“ enjoy the Air and the Sun in common, and both
“ vegetate with very little Difference between
“ them. But suppose (which neither Honesty nor
“ Wisdom will allow) we could admit something
“ more valuable and substantial in those Blessings,
“ would not the Uncertainty of their Possession
“ be alone sufficient to lower their Price. How
“ mean a Tenure is that at the Will of Fortune,
“ which Chance, Fraud, and Rapine are every
“ Day so likely to deprive us of, and the more
“ likely, by how much the greater Worth our
“ Possessions are of ! Is it not to place our Affec-
“ tions on a Bubble in the Water, or a Picture in
“ the Clouds ! What Madman would build a fine
“ House, or frame a beautiful Garden on Land in
“ which he held so uncertain an Interest. But
“ again, was all this less undeniable, did Fortune,
“ like the Lady of a Manor, lease to us for our
“ Lives ; of how little Consideration must even
“ this Term appear ? For admitting that these
“ Pleasures were not liable to be torn from us ;
“ how

“ how certainly must we be torn from them !
“ Perhaps To-morrow, — Nay or even sooner :
“ For as the excellent Poet says,

“ Where is To-morrow ? — In the other
“ World.

“ To thousands this is true, and the Reverse
“ Is sure to none.

“ But if I have no further Hope in this World,
“ can I have none beyond it. Surely those labo-
“ rious Writers, who have taken such infinite
“ Pains to destroy or weaken all the Proofs of Fu-
“ turity, have not so far succeeded as to exclude
“ us from Hope. That active Principle in Man,
“ which with such Boldness pushes on through
“ every Labour and Difficulty, to attain the most
“ distant and most improbable Event in this
“ World, will not surely deny us a little flattering
“ Prospect ; which, if it could be chimerical,
“ must be allowed the loveliest which can enter-
“ tain the Eye of Man ; and which, if we under-
“ stand the Road rightly, hath so little Labour and
“ Fatigue, so few Thorns and Briers in its Way.
“ If the Proofs of a supreme Being be as strong as
“ I imagine them, surely enough may be deduced
“ from that Ground only to comfort and support
“ the most miserable Man in his Afflictions. And
“ this I think my Reason tells me, that if the
“ Professors and Propagators of Infidelity are in
“ the right, the Losses which Death brings to the
“ Virtuous are not worth their lamenting ; but if
“ they are, as certainly they seem, in the wrong,
“ the Blessings it procures them are not sufficient-
“ ly, to be coveted and rejoiced at.

“ On my own Account then, I have no cause
“ for Sorrow, but on my Children's. Why, the
“ same Being to whose Goodness and Power I en-
“ trust

“ trust my own Happiness, is likewise as able and
 “ as willing to procure theirs. Nor matters it
 “ what State of Life they are allotted, whether to
 “ procure Bread with their own Labour, or to eat
 “ it at the Sweat of others. Perhaps, if we con-
 “ sider the Case with proper Attention, or resolve
 “ it with due Sincerity; the former is the sweet-
 “ est. The Hind may be more happy than the
 “ Lord; for his Desires are fewer, and those such
 “ as are attended with more Hope and less Fear. I
 “ will do my utmost to lay the Foundations of
 “ their Happiness, I will carefully avoid educating
 “ them in a Station superior to their Fortune, and
 “ for the Event trust to that Being in whom who-
 “ ever rightly confides, must be superior to all
 “ worldly Sorrows.

In this low Manner, did this poor Wretch pro-
 ceed to argue, till he had worked himself up into
 an Enthusiasm, which by Degrees soon became in-
 vulnerable to every human Attack; so that when
 Mr. Snap acquainted him with the Return of the
 Writ, and that he must carry him to *Newgate*, he
 received the Message as *Socrates* did the News of
 the Ship's Arrival, and that he was to prepare for
 Death.

C H A P. III.

*Wherein our Hero proceeds in the Road to GREAT-
 NESS.*

BUT we must not detain our Reader too long
 with those low Stories. He is doubtless as im-
 patient as the Audience at the Theatre, till the
 principal Figure returns on the Stage; we will
 therefore indulge his Inclination, and pursue the
 Actions of the GREAT WILD.

There

There happened to be in the Stage-Coach, in which Mr. *Wild* travelled from *Dover*, a certain young Gentleman who had sold an Estate in *Kent*, and was going to *London* to receive the Money. There was likewise a handsome young Woman who had left her Parents at *Canterbury*, and was proceeding to the same City, in order (as she informed her Fellow Travellers) to make her Fortune. With this Girl the young Spark was so much enamoured, that he publickly acquainted her with the Purpose of his Journey, and offered her a considerable Sum in Hand and a Settlement, if she would consent to return with him into the Country, where she would be at a safe Distance from her Relations. Whether she accepted this Proposal or no, we are not able with any tolerable Certainty to deliver: But *Wild*, the Moment he heard of this Money, began to cast about in his Mind by what Means he might become Master of it. He entred into a long Harangue about the Methods of carrying Money safely on the Road, and said, he had at that Time two Bank Bills of a hundred Pounds each sowed in his Stock; which, added he, is so safe a Way, that if I met never so many Highway-men it is almost impossible I should be in any Danger of being robbed.

The Gentleman, who was no Descendant of *Solomon's*, greatly approved *Wild's* Ingenuity, and thanking him for his Information, declared he would follow his Example when he returned into the Country: By which Means he proposed to save the Præmium commonly taken for the Remittance. *Wild* had then no more to do but to inform himself rightly of the Time of the Gentleman's Journey, which he did with great Certainty, before they separated.

At his Arrival in Town, he fixed on two whom he regarded as the most resolute of his Gang for
this

this Enterprize; and accordingly having summoned the principal or most desperate, as he imagined him of these two (for he never chose to communicate within the Presence of more than one) he proposed to him the robbing and murdering this Gentleman.

Mr. *Marybone* (for that was the Gentleman's Name to whom he applied) readily agreed to the Robbery; but he hesitated at the Murther. He said, as to *Robbery*, he had, on much weighing and considering the Matter, very well reconciled his Conscience to it; for tho' that noble Kind of Robbery which was executed on the Highway, was from the Cowardice of Mankind less frequent, yet the baser and meaner Species sometimes called Cheating, but more commonly known by the Name of *Robbery within the Law*, was in a Manner universal. He did not therefore pretend to the Reputation of being so much honest than other People; but could by no Means satisfy himself in the Commission of Murther, which was a Sin of the most heinous Nature, and so immediately prosecuted by God's Judgment, that it never passed undiscovered or unpunished.

Wild, with the utmost Disdain in his Countenance, answered as follows. " Art thou he whom
" I have selected out of my whole Gang for this
" glorious Undertaking, and dost thou cant of
" God's Revenge against Murther? You have, it
" seems, reconciled your Conscience (a pretty
" Word) to Robbery from its being so common;
" Is it then the Novelty of Murther which deters
" you? Do you imagine that Guns, and Pistols,
" and Swords, and Knives, are the only Instruments of Death? Look into the World and see
" the Numbers whom broken Fortunes and broken
" Hearts, bring untimely to the Grave. To omit
" those glorious Heroes, who, to their immortal
" Honour, have massacred whole Nations, what
VOL. II. F " think

“ think you of private Persecution, Treachery,
 “ and Slander, by which the very Souls of Men
 “ are in a manner torn from their Bodies? Is it
 “ not more generous, nay, more good-natured to
 “ send a Man to his Rest; than after having plun-
 “ dered him of all he hath, or from Malice or
 “ Malevolence deprived him of his Character, to
 “ punish him with a languishing Death, or what
 “ is worse, a languishing Life? Murther, there-
 “ fore, is not so uncommon as you weakly con-
 “ ceive it, tho’, as you said of Robbery, that
 “ more noble Kind, which lies within the Paw of
 “ the Law, may be so. But this is the most in-
 “ nocent in him who doth it, and the most eligible
 “ to him who is to suffer it. Believe me, Lad,
 “ the Tongue of a Viper is less hurtful than that
 “ of a Slanderer, and the gilded Scales of a Rattle-
 “ Snake less dreadful than the Purse of the Op-
 “ pressor. Let me therefore hear no more of your
 “ Scruples; but consent to my Proposal without
 “ further Hesitation, unless like a Woman you are
 “ afraid of bleeding your Cloaths, or like a Fool
 “ are terrified with the Apprehensions of being
 “ hanged in Chains. Take my Word for it, you
 “ had better be an honest Man than half a Rogue.
 “ Do not think of continuing in my Gang without
 “ abandoning yourself absolutely to my Pleasure;
 “ for no Man shall ever receive a Favour at my
 “ Hands, who sticks at any thing, or is guided by
 “ any other Law than that of my Will.

Wild thus ended his Speech, which had not the
 desired Effect on *Marybone*: He agreed to the Rob-
 bery, but would not undertake the Murther, as
Wild (who feared that by *Marybone*’s demanding to
 search the Gentleman’s Neck, he might hazard
 Suspicion himself) insisted. *Marybone* was imme-
 diately entered by *Wild* in his *Black-Book*, and
 was presently after impeached and executed, as a
 Fellow

Fellow on whom his Leader could not place sufficient Dependence.

CHAP. IV.

In which a young Hero, of wonderful good Promise, makes his first Appearance, with many other GREAT MATTERS.

OUR Hero next applied himself to another of his Gang, who instantly received his Orders, and instead of hesitating at a single Murther, asked if he should blow out the Brains of all the Passengers, Coachman and all. But *Wild*, whose Moderation we have before noted, would not permit him; and therefore having given him an exact Description of the devoted Person, with his other necessary Instructions, he dismissed him, with strictest Orders to avoid, if possible, doing hurt to any other Person.

The Name of this Youth, who will hereafter make some Figure in this History, being the *Achates* of our *Æneas*, or rather the *Hæphestion* of our *Alexander* was *Fireblood*. He had every Qualification to make a Second-Rate GREAT MAN; or in other Words, he was completely equipped for the Tool of a Real or First-Rate GREAT MAN. We shall therefore (which is the properest Way of dealing with this Kind of GREATNESS) describe him negatively, and content ourselves with telling our Reader what Qualities he had not: In which Number were Humanity, Modesty, and Fear, not one Grain of any of which was mingled in his whole Composition.

We will now leave this Youth, who was esteemed the most promising of the whole Gang, and whom *Wild* often declared to be one of the prettiest

Lads he had ever seen, of which Opinion, indeed, were most other People of his Acquaintance; we will however leave him at his Entrance on this Enterprize, and keep our Attention fixed on our Hero, whom we shall observe taking large Strides towards the Summit of human Glory.

Wild, immediately at his Return to Town, went to pay a Visit to Miss *Latitia Snap*; for he had that Weakness of suffering himself to be enslaved by Women, so naturally incident to Men of Heroic Disposition; to say the Truth, it might more properly be called a Slavery to his own Appetite; for could he have satisfied that, he had not cared three Farthings what had become of the little Tyrant for whom he profest so violent a Regard. Here he was informed that Mr. *Heartfree* had been conveyed to *Newgate* the Day before, the Writ being then returnable. He was somewhat concerned at this News; not from any Compassion for the Misfortunes of *Heartfree*, whom he hated with such Inveteracy, that one would have imagined he had suffered the same Injuries from him which he had done towards him. His Concern therefore had another Motive: In Fact, he was uneasy at the Place of Mr. *Heartfree's* Confinement, as it was to be the Scene of his future Glory, and where consequently he should be frequently obliged to see a Face which Hatred and not Shame, made him detest the Sight of.

To prevent this, therefore, several Methods suggested themselves to him. At first, he thought of removing him out of the Way by the ordinary Method of Murther, which he doubted not but *Fireblood* would be very ready to execute; for that Youth had at their last Interview, sworn, *D—n his Eyes, he thought there was no better Pastime than blowing a Man's Brains out*. But besides the Danger of this Method, it did not look horrible nor
barbarous

barbarous enough for the last Mischief which he should do to *Heartfree*. Considering, therefore, a little farther with himself, he at length came to a Resolution to hang him if possible, the very next Sessions.

Now, tho' the Observation, *How apt Men are to hate those they injure, or how unforgiving they are of the Injuries they do themselves*, be common enough, yet I do not remember to have ever seen the Reason of this strange *Phænomenon*, as at first it appears. Know therefore, Reader, that with much and severe Scrutiny we have discovered this Hatred to be founded on the Passion of Fear, and to arise from an Apprehension that the Person whom we have ourselves greatly injured, will use all possible Endeavours to revenge and retaliate the Injuries we have done him. An Opinion so firmly established in bad and great Minds (and those who confer Injuries on others, have seldom very good, or mean ones) that no Benevolence nor even Beneficence on the injured Side, can eradicate it. On the contrary they refer all these Acts of Kindness to Imposture and Design of lulling their Suspicion, till an Opportunity offers of striking a surer and severer Blow; and thus while the good Man who hath received it, hath truly forgotten the Injury, the evil Mind which did it, hath it in lively and fresh Remembrance.

As we scorn to keep any such Discoveries secret from our Readers, whose Instruction as well as Diversion, we have greatly considered in this History, we have here digressed somewhat to communicate the following short Lesson to those who are simple, and well inclined; *Tho' as a Christian thou art obliged, and we advise thee to forgive thy Enemy; NEVER TRUST THE MAN WHO HATH REASON TO SUSPECT THAT YOU KNOW HE HATH INJURED YOU.*

CHAP. V.

*More and more GREATNESS, unparalelled in
History or Romance.*

IN Order to accomplish this great and noble Scheme, which the vast Genius of *Wild* had contrived, the first necessary Step seemed to regain the Confidence of *Heartfree*. He determined therefore to undertake it, how impossible soever it appeared. The chief Requisite on this Occasion, was that steady Countenance in which he was superior to all Mankind. He went to *Newgate*, and burst resolutely into the Presence of *Heartfree*, whom he eagerly embraced and kissed; and then, first arraigning his own Rashness, and afterwards lamenting his unfortunate want of Success, he acquainted him with the Particulars of what had happened; concealing only that single Incident of his Attack on the other's Wife, the Lies he had told her concerning her Husband's Commands; and his Motive to the Undertaking, which he assured *Heartfree* was a Desire to preserve his Effects from a Statute of Bankruptcy.

The frank Openness of this Declaration, with the Composure of Countenance with which it was delivered; his seeming only ruffled by the Concern for his Friend's Misfortune; the Probability of Truth attending it, joined to the Boldness and disinterested Appearance of this Visit, together with his many Professions of immediate Service, at a Time when he could not have the least visible Motive from Self-Love; and above all, his offering him Money, the last and surest Token of Friendship, rushed with such united Force on the well-disposed Heart, as it is vulgarly called, of this simple Man, that they instantly staggered and soon subverted

subverted all the Determination he had before made in Prejudice of *Wild*: Who perceiving the Ballance to be turning in his Favour, presently threw in a hundred Imprecations on his own Folly and ill-advised Forwardness to serve his Friend, which had thus unhappily produced his Ruin; he added as many Curses on the Count, whom he vowed to pursue with Revenge all over *Europe*: Lastly, he cast in some Grains of Comfort, assuring *Heartfree* that his Wife was fallen into the gentlest Hands, that she would be carried no farther than *Dunkirk*, whence she might be very easily redeemed.

Heartfree, to whom the lightest Presumption of his Wife's Fidelity would have been more delicious than the absolute Restoration of all his Jewels, and who, indeed, had with the utmost Difficulty been brought to entertain the slightest Suspicion of her Inconstancy, immediately abandoned all Distrust of both her and his Friend, whose Sincerity (luckily for *Wild's* Purpose) seemed to him to depend on the same Evidence. He then embraced our Hero, who had in his Countenance all the Symptoms of the deepest Concern, and begged him to be comforted; saying, that the Intentions rather than the Actions of Men conferred Obligations; that as to the Event of human Affairs, it was governed either by Chance or some superior Agent; that Friendship was concerned only in the Direction of it. And suppose it failed of Success, or produced an Event never so contrary to its Design, the Merit of a good Intention was not in the least lessened, but was rather entitled to Compassion.

Wild having thus, with admirable and truly laudable Conduct, atchieved the first Step, began to discourse on the Badness of the World; and particularly to blame the Severity of Creditors, who seldom or never attended to any unfortunate Circumstances, but without Mercy inflicted Confinement

ment on the Debtor, whose Body the Law, with very unjustifiable Rigour, delivered into their Power. He added, that for his Part, he looked on this Restraint to be as heavy a Punishment as any appointed by Law for the greatest Offenders. That the Loss of Liberty was, in his Opinion, equal to, if not worse, than the Loss of Life; that he had always determined, if by any Accident or Misfortune he had been subjected to the former, he would run the greatest Risque of the latter to rescue himself from it; which he said, if Men did not want Resolution, was always easy enough to do; for that it was ridiculous to conceive that two or three Men could confine two or three hundred, unless the Prisoners were either Fools or Cowards, especially when they were neither chained nor fettered. He went on in this Manner, till perceiving the utmost Attention in *Heartfree*, he ventured to propose to him an Endeavour to make his Escape, which he said might easily be executed; that he would himself raise a Party in the Prison, and that, if a Murder or two should happen in the Attempt, he (*Heartfree*) might keep free from any Share either in the Guilt or in the Danger.

There is one Misfortune which attends all great Men and their Schemes, viz. That in order to carry them into Execution, they are obliged in proposing their Purpose to their Tools, to discover themselves to be of that Disposition, in which certain little Writers have advised Mankind to place no Confidence: An Advice which hath been sometimes taken. Indeed many Inconveniencies arise to the said GREAT MEN from these Scriblers publishing without Restraint their Hints or Alarms to Society; and many great and glorious Schemes have been thus frustrated; wherefore it were to be wished that in all well regulated Governments, such Liberty should be by some wholesome Laws restrained;

ed; and all Writers inhibited from venting any other Instructions to the People than what should be first approved and licensed by the said GREAT MEN, or their proper Instruments or Tools; by which Means nothing would ever be published but what made for the advancing their most noble Projects.

Heartfree, whose Suspicions were again raised by this Advice, viewing Wild with inconceivable Disdain, spoke as follows. "There is one thing, the Loss of which I should deplore infinitely beyond that of Liberty and of Life also, I mean that of a good Conscience. A Blessing which he who possesses can never be thoroughly unhappy; for the bitterest Potion of Life is by this so sweetened, that it soon becomes palatable; whereas without it, the most delicate Enjoyments quickly lose all their Relish, and Life itself grows insipid, or rather nauseous to us. Would you then lessen my Misfortunes by robbing me of what hath been my only Comfort under them, and on which I place my Dependence of being relieved from them? I have read that *Socrates* refused to save his Life by breaking the Laws of his Country, and departing from his Prison, when it was open. Perhaps my Virtue would not go so far; but God forbid Liberty should have such Charms, to tempt me to the Perpetration of so horrid a Crime as Murder. As to the poor Evasion of committing it by other Hands, it might be useful indeed to those who seek only the Escape from temporal Punishment; but can be of no Service to excuse me to that Being whom I chiefly fear offending; nay, it would greatly aggravate my Guilt by so impudent an Endeavour to impose upon him, and by so wickedly involving others in my Crime. Give me therefore no more Advice of

“ this Kind ; for this is my great Comfort in all
 “ my Afflictions, that it is in the Power of no
 “ Enemy to rob me of my Conscience, nor will
 “ I ever be so much my own Enemy to destroy
 “ it.”

Though our Hero heard all this with proper Contempt, he made no direct Answer ; but endeavoured to evade his Proposal as much as possible, and promising to use all honest Means for his Service, since he was so scrupulous, he took his Leave of his Friend for the present. *Heartfree*, having indulged himself an Hour with his Children, repaired to Rest, which he enjoyed quiet and undisturbed ; whilst *Wild*, disdaining Repose, sat up all Night, consulting how he might bring about the final Destruction of his Friend, without being beholden to any Assistance from himself ; which he now despaired of procuring. With the Result of these Consultations we shall acquaint our Reader in good Time ; but at present we have Matters of much more Consequence to relate to him.

CHAP. VI.

The Event of Fireblood's Adventure, and a Treaty of Marriage, which might have been concluded either at Smithfield or St. James's.

FIREBLOOD returned from his Enterprize unsuccessful. The Gentleman happened to go home another Way than he had intended ; so that the whole Design miscarried. *Fireblood* had indeed robbed the Coach, and wantonly discharged a Pistol into it, which slightly wounded one of the Passengers in the Arm. The Booty he met with was not very considerable, and much less than that with which he acquainted *Wild* ; for, of eleven Pounds

Pounds in Money, two Silver-watches, and a Wedding-Ring, he produced no more than two Guineas and the Ring, which he protested with numberless Oaths was his whole Booty. However, when an Advertisement of the Robbery was published, with a Reward promised for the Ring and the Watches, *Fireblood* was obliged to confess the whole, and to acquaint our Hero where he had pawned the latter; which he, taking the full Value of them for his Pains, restored to the right Owner.

He did not fail catechizing his young Friend on this Occasion. He said, he was sorry to see any of his Gang guilty of a Breach of Honour; that without Honour *Priggery* was at an End; that if a *Prig* had but Honour, he would overlook every Vice in the World. But, nevertheless, he said, he would forgive him this time, as he was a hopeful Lad, and wished never afterwards to find him delinquent in this grand Point.

Wild had now brought his Gang to great Regularity: He was obeyed and feared by them all. He had likewise established an Office where all Men, who were robbed, paying the Value only, (or a little more) of their Goods might have them again. This was of notable Use to several Persons who had lost Pieces of Plate they had received from their Grandmothers; to others who had a particular Value for certain Rings, Watches, Heads of Canes, Snuff-Boxes, &c. for which they would not have taken twenty times as much as they were worth, either because they had them a long time, or that somebody else had had them before, or from some other such excellent Reason, which often stamps a greater Value on a Toy, than the great *Bubble-boy* himself would have the Impudence to set upon it.

By these Means he seemed in so promising a Way of procuring a Fortune, and was regarded in so thriving a Light by all the Gentlemen of his Acquaintance,

Acquaintance, as by the Keeper and Turnkeys of *Newgate*, by Mr. *Snap*, and others of his Occupation; that Mr. *Snap* one Day, taking Mr. *Wild* the elder aside, very seriously proposed what they had often lightly talked over, a strict Union between their Families, by marrying his Daughter *Tisby* to our Hero. This Proposal was very readily accepted by the old Gentleman, who promised to acquaint his Son with it.

On the Morrow, on which this Message was to be delivered, our Hero, little dreaming of the Happiness which, of its own Accord, was advancing so near towards him, had called *Fireblood* to him, and, after informing him of the Violence of his Passion for the young Lady, and assuring him what Confidence he reposed in him and his Honour, to which the other answered, he would be sure to discharge whatever he entrusted to him, with the utmost Fidelity; he dispatched him to Miss *Tisby* with the following Letter, which we here insert, not only as we take it to be extremely curious, but to be a much better Pattern for that Epistolary kind of Writing, which is generally called LOVE-LETTERS, than any to be found in the *Academy of Compliments*, and which we challenge all the Beaus of our Time to equal either in Matter or Spelling.

“ Most Deivine and adwhorable Creture,

“ I Doubt not but those Hs, briter than the Son,
 “ which have kindled such a Flam in my Hart,
 “ have likewise the Faculty of seeing it. It would
 “ be the hiest Preassumption to imagin you eggno-
 “ rant of my Loav. No, Maddam, I follyenly
 “ purtest, that, of all the Butys in the unaverfal
 “ Glob, there is none kapable of hateracting my
 “ Hs like you. Courts and Pallaces would be to
 “ me Deserts without your Kampany, and with

" it a Wilderness would have more Charms than
 " Haven itself. For I hop you will beleve me
 " when I sware every Place in the Univariate is a
 " Haven with you. I am konvinced you must be
 " finibel of my violent Passion for you, which, if
 " I endeavored to hid it, would be as impossible as
 " for you, or the Son to hide your Butys. I assure
 " you I have not slept a Wink since I had the
 " Hapness of seeing you last; therefore hop you
 " will, out of Kumpassion, let me have the Hon-
 " our of seeing you this Afternoon; for I am,
 " with the greatest adwhoration,

" Most Deivine Creeting,

" Your most peffionate Amirer,

" Adwhoren, and Slave,

" JOHANATAN WYLD.

If the spelling of this Letter be not so strictly
 orthographical, the Reader will be pleased to re-
 member; that such a Defect might be worthy of
 Censure in a low and scholastic Character; but can
 be no Blemish in that sublime GREATNESS, of
 which we endeavour to raise a complete Idea in this
 History. In which kind of Composition, Spelling,
 or indeed any kind of human Literature, hath
 never been thought a necessary Ingredient; for if
 these sort of GREAT Personages can but complot
 and contrive their noble Schemes, and hack and
 hew Mankind sufficiently, there will never be
 wanting fit and able Persons who can spell, to re-
 cord their Praises. Again, if it should be observed
 that the Style of this Letter doth not exactly cor-
 respond with that of our Hero's Speeches, which
 we have here recorded, we answer, it is sufficient
 if in these the Historian adheres faithfully to the
 Matter, though he embellishes the Diction with
 some Flourishes of his own Eloquence, without
 which the excellent Speeches recorded in ancient
 Historians

Historians (particularly in *Sallust*) would have scarce been found in their Writings. Nay, even amongst the Moderns, famous as they are for Elocution (it may be doubted whether those inimitable Harangues, published in the *Monthly Magazines*) came literally from the Mouths of the HURGOS, &c. as they are there inserted, or whether we may not rather suppose some Historian of great Eloquence hath borrowed the Matter only, and adorned it with those Rhetorical Flowers for which many of the said HURGOS, are not so extremely eminent.

CHAP. VII.

Matters preliminary to the Marriage between Mr. Jonathan Wild and the chaste Lætitia.

BUT to proceed with our History: *Fireblood* having received this Letter, and promised on his Honour, as we have before hinted, to discharge his Embassy faithfully, went to visit the fair *Lætitia*. Having opened the Letter, and read it, she put on an Air of Disdain, and told Mr. *Fireblood*, she could not conceive what Mr. *Wild* meant by troubling her with his Impertinence; she begged him to carry the Letter back again, saying, had she known from whom it came, she would have been d——d before she had opened it. Moreover, she said she was not angry with him; nay, she was sorry so pretty a young Man should be employed in such an Errand. She accompanied these Words with so tender an Accent, and so wanton a Leer, that *Fireblood*, who was no backward Youth, began to take her by the Hand, and proceeded so warmly, that, to imitate his Actions with the Rapidity of our Narration, he, in a few Minutes, ravished

vished this fair Creature, or at least would have ravished her, if she had not, by a timely Compliance, prevented him.

Fireblood, after he had ravished as much as he could, returned to *Wild*, and acquainted him as far as any wise Man would, with what had past; concluding with many Praises of the young Lady's Beauty, with whom, he said, if his Honour would have permitted him, he should himself have fallen in Love; but, d——n him, if he would not sooner be torn in Pieces by wild Horses, than even think of injuring his Friend. And if he could be of any Service, he might command him to go to *Latina* when, and as often as, he pleased.

Thus constituted were the Love-Affairs of our Hero, when his Father brought him Mr. *Snap*'s Proposal. The Reader must know very little of Love, or indeed of any thing else, if he requires any Information concerning the Reception which this Proposal met with. *Not guilty* never sounded sweeter in the Ears of *Culprit*, nor a Reprieve to the Prisoner condemned, than did every Word of the old Gentleman in the Ears of our Hero. He gave his Father full Power to treat in his Name, and desired nothing more than Expedition.

The old People now met, and *Snap*, who had Information from his Daughter, of the violent Passion of her Lover, endeavoured to improve it to the best Advantage, and would have not only declined giving her any Fortune himself, but attempted to cheat her of what she owed to the Liberality of her Relations, particularly of a Pint Silver Caudle Cup, the Gift of her Grandmother. However, the young Lady herself afterwards took care to prevent him. As to the old Mr. *Wild*, he did not sufficiently attend to all the Designs of *Snap*, as his Faculties were busily employed in Designs of his own, to over-reach (or, as others express it,
to

to cheat) the said Mr. Snap, by pretending to give his Son a whole Number for a Chair, when in Reality he was intitled to a third only.

While Matters were thus settling between the old Folks, the young Lady agreed to admit Mr. Wild's Visits. And, by degrees, began to entertain him with all the Shew of Affection, which the great natural Reserve of her Temper, and the greater artificial Reserve of her Education would permit. At length every thing being agreed between their Parents, Settlements made, and the Lady's Fortune (to wit, Seventeen Pounds and nine Shillings in Money and Goods) paid down, the Day for their Nuptials was fixed, and they were celebrated accordingly.

Most Histories as well as Comedies end at this Period; the Historian and the Poet both concluding they have done enough for their Hero when they have marry'd him; or intimating rather, that the rest of his Life must be a dull Calm of Happiness, very delightful indeed to pass through, but somewhat insipid to relate: And Matrimony in general must, I believe, without any Dispute, be allowed to be this State of tranquil Felicity, so little concerned with Variety, that, like *Salisbury Plain*, it affords only one Prospect, a very pleasant one it must be confest, but the same.

Now there was all the Probability imaginable, that this Contract would have proved of such happy Note, both from the great Accomplishments of the young Lady, and the truly ardent Passion of Mr. Wild; but whether it was that Nature and Fortune had great Designs for him to execute, and would not suffer his vast Abilities to be lost and sunk in the Arms of a Wife, or whether neither Nature nor Fortune had any Hand in the Matter, is a Point I will not determine. Certain it is that this Match did not produce that serene State we have

have mentioned above, but resembled the most turbulent and ruffled, rather than calm Sea.

I cannot here omit a Conjecture ingenious enough of a Friend of mine, who had a long Intimacy in the *Wild* Family. He hath often told me he fancied one Reason of the Dissatisfactions which afterwards fell out between *Wild* and his Lady, arose from the Number of Gallants, to whom she had, before Marriage, granted Favours; for, says he, and, indeed, very probable it is too, the Lady might expect from her Husband, what she had before received from several, and being angry not to find one Man as good as ten, she had, from that Indignation, taken those Steps which we cannot perfectly justify.

From this Person I received the following Dialogue, which, he assured me, he had overheard, and taken down *verbatim*. It passed on the Day Fortnight after they were married.

C H A P. VIII.

A Dialogue matrimonial, which passed between JONATHAN WILD, Esquire, and LÆTITIA, his Wife, on the Morning of the Day Fortnight on which his Nuptials were celebrated; which concluded more amicably than those Debates generally do.

Jonathan.

MY Dear, I wish you would lie a little longer in Bed this Morning.

Lætitia. Indeed I cannot: I am engaged to breakfast with Sir John.

Jon. I don't know what Sir John doth so often at my House. I assure you I am uneasy at it; for though I have no Suspicion of your Virtue, yet it

it may injure your Reputation in the Opinion of my Neighbours.

Læt. I don't trouble my Head about my Neighbours; and they shall no more tell me what Company I am to keep than my Husband shall.

Jon. A good Wife would keep no Company which made her Husband uneasy.

Læt. You might have found one of those good Wives, Sir, if you had pleased, I had no Objection to it.

Jon. I thought I had found one in you.

Læt. You did! I am very much obliged to you for thinking me so poor-spirited a Creature; but I hope to convince you to the contrary. What, I suppose you took me for a raw, senseless Girl, who knew nothing what other married Women do!

Jon. No Matter what I took you for: I have taken you for better and worse.

Læt. And at your own Desire too? For, I am sure, you never had mine. I should not have broken my Heart if Mr. *Wild* had thought proper to bestow himself on any other more happy Woman.—Ha, ha.

Jon. I hope, Madam, you don't imagine that was not in my Power, or that I married you out of any kind of Necessity.

Læt. O no, Sir, I am convinced there are silly Women enough. And far be it from me to accuse you of any Necessity for a Wife; I believe you could have very well been contented with the State of a Bachelor; but that, you know, a Woman cannot tell beforehand.

Jon. I can't guess what you would insinuate; for I believe no Woman had ever less Reason to complain of her Husband's Want of Fondness.

Læt. Then some, I am certain, have great Reason to complain of the Price they give for them.—But I know better things. *(These Words to be spoken*

spoken with a very great Air, and Toss of the Head.)

Jon. Well, my Sweeting, I will make it impossible for you to wish me more fond.——

Læt. Pray, Mr. *Wild*, none of this nauseous Behaviour, nor these odious Words.—I wish you were fond!—I assure you—I don't know what you would pretend to insinuate of me.—I have no Wishes which misbecome a virtuous Woman—No, nor should not, if I had married for Love.—And especially now when no body, I am sure, can suspect me of any such thing.—

Jon. If you did not marry for Love, why did you marry?

Læt. Because it was convenient, and my Parents forced me.

Jon. I hope, Madam, at least, you will not tell me to my Face, you have made your Convenience of me.

Læt. I have made nothing of you; nor do I desire the Honour of making any thing of you.

Jon. Yes, you have made a Husband of me.

Læt. No, you made yourself so; for I repeat once more, It was not my Desire but your own.

Jon. You should think yourself obliged to me for that Desire.

Læt. La! Sir, you was not so singular in it. I was not in Despair.—I have had other Offers, and better too.

Jon. I wish you had accepted them with all my Heart.

Læt. I must tell you, Mr. *Wild*, this is a very brutish Manner of treating a Woman, to whom you have such Obligations; but I know how to despise it, and to despise you too for shewing it me. Indeed I am well enough paid for the foolish Preference I gave to you. I flattered myself, that I should at least have been used with good Manners.

I thought

I thought I had married a Gentleman ; but I find you every way contemptible, and below my Concern.

Jon. D—n you, Madam, have not I more Reason to complain, when you tell me you married me for your Convenience only ?

Læt. Very fine, truly. Is it Behaviour worthy a Man to swear at a Woman ? Yet why should I mention what comes from a Wretch whom I despise.

Jon. Don't repeat that Word so often. I despise you as heartily as you can me. And, to tell you a Truth, I married you for my Convenience likewise, to satisfy a Passion which I have now satisfied, and you may be d—d for any thing I care.

Læt. The World shall know how barbarously I am treated by such a Villain.

Jon. I need take very little Pains to acquaint the World what a B—ch you are, your Actions will demonstrate it.

Læt. Monster, I would advise you not to depend too much on my Sex, and provoke me too far ; for I can do you a Mischief, and will, if you dare use me so, you Villain !

Jon. Begin whenever you please, Madam ; but, assure yourself, the Moment you lay aside the Woman, I will treat you as such no longer ; and if the first Blow is yours, I promise you the last shall be mine.

Læt. Use me as you will ; but d—n me if ever you shall use me as a Woman again ; for, may I be cursed, if ever I enter your Bed more.

Jon. May I be cursed if that Abstinence be not the greatest Obligation you can lay upon me ; for, I assure you faithfully, your Person was all I had ever any Regard for ; and that I now loath and detest, as much as ever I liked it.

Læt.

Læt. It is impossible for two People to agree better ; for I always detested your Person ; and, as for any other Regard, you must be convinced I never could have any for you.

Jon. Why, then, since we are come to a right Understanding, as we are to live together, suppose we agreed, instead of quarrelling and abusing, to be civil to each other.

Læt. With all my Heart.

Jon. Let us shake Hands then, and henceforwards never live like Man and Wife ; that is, never be loving, nor never quarrel.

Læt. Agreed.—But pray, Mr. Wild, why B—ch? Why did you suffer such a Word to escape you?

Jon. It is not worth your Remembrance.

Læt. You agree I shall converse with whomsoever I please?

Jon. Without Controul. And I have the same Liberty?

Læt. When I interfere, may every Curse you can wish attend me.

Jon. Let us now take a Farewel-Kiss ; and may I be hang'd if it is not the sweetest you ever gave me.

Læt. But why, B—ch? —Methinks I should be glad to know why B—ch?

At which Words he sprang from the Bed, d—ing her Temper heartily. She returned it again with equal Abuse, which was continued on both Sides while he was dressing. However, they agreed to continue stedfast in this new Resolution ; and the Joy arising on that Occasion at length dismissed them pretty amicably from each other, though *Lætitia* could not help concluding with the Words, WHY B—CH?

CHAP. IX.

*Observations on the foregoing Dialogue, together with
a base Design on our Hero, which must be detested
by every Lover of GREATNESS.*

THUS did this Dialogue (which tho' we have termed it matrimonial, had indeed very little Savour of the Sweets of Matrimony in it) produce at last a Resolution more wise than strictly pious, and which, if they could have rigidly adhered to it, might have prevented some unpleasant Moments as well to our Hero as to his Serene Consort; but their Hatred was so very great and unaccountable, that they never could bear to see the least Composure in one another's Countenance, without attempting to ruffle it. This set them on so many Contrivances to plague and vex one another, that as their Proximity afforded them such frequent Opportunities of executing their malicious Purposes, that they seldom past one easy or quiet Day together.

And this, Reader, and no other is the Cause of those many Inquietudes, which thou must have observed to disturb the Repose of some married Couples, who mistake implacable Hatred for Indifference; for why should *Corvinus*, who lives in a Round of Intrigue, and seldom doth, and never willingly would, dally with his Wife, endeavour to prevent her from the Satisfaction of an Intrigue in her Turn? Why doth *Camilla* refuse a more agreeable Invitation abroad, only to expose her Husband at his own Table at home? In short, to mention no more Instances, whence can all the Quarrels, and Jealousies, and Jars, proceed, in People who have no Love for each other, unless from that noble Passion abovementioned, that Desire, according to my

my Lady *Betty Modish*, of curing each other of a *Smile*?

We thought proper to give our Reader a short Taste of the domestic State of our Hero, the rather to shew him that GREAT MEN are subject to the same Frailties and Inconveniencies in ordinary Life, with little Men, and that Heroes are really of the same Species with other human Creatures, notwithstanding all the Pains they themselves, or their Flatterers take to assert the contrary; and that they differ chiefly in the Immensity of their GREATNESS, or as the Vulgar erroneously call it, Villainy. Now therefore, that we may not dwell too long on low Scenes, in a History of this sublime Kind, we shall return to Actions of a higher Note, and more suitable to our Purpose.

When the Boy *Hymen* had with his lighted Torch driven the Boy *Cupid* out of Doors; that is to say, in common Phrase, when the Violence of Mr. *Wild's* Passion (or rather Appetite) for the chaste *Lætitia*, began to abate, he returned to visit his Friend *Heartfree*, who was now in the Liberties of the *Fleet*, and had appeared to the Commission of Bankruptcy against him, where he met with a less cold Reception than he himself had apprehended. *Heartfree* had long entertained Suspicions of *Wild*, but these Suspicions had from time to time been confounded with Circumstances, and principally smothered with that amazing Confidence, which was indeed the most striking Virtue in our Hero. He was unwilling to condemn him, without certain Evidence, and laid hold on every probable Semblance to acquit him; but the Proposal made at his last Visit had so totally blackened his Character in this poor Man's Opinion, that it intirely fixed the wavering Scale, and he no longer doubted but that our Hero was one of the greatest Villains in the World.

Circumstances

Circumstances of great Improbability often escape Men who devour a Story with greedy Ears; the Reader therefore cannot wonder that *Heartfree*, whose Passions were so variously concerned, first for the Fidelity, and secondly for the Safety of his Wife; and lastly, who was so distracted with Doubt concerning the Conduct of his Friend, should at his first Relation pass unobserved the Incident of his being committed to the Boat by the Captain of the Privateer, which he had not at the Time of his telling it in the least accounted for; but now when *Heartfree* came to reflect on the whole, and with a high Prepossession against *Wild*, the Absurdity of this Fact glared in his Eyes, and struck him in the most sensible Manner. At length a Thought of great Horror suggested itself to his Imagination, and this was, Whether the whole was not a Fiction, and *Wild*, who was, as he had learn'd from his own Mouth, equal to any Undertaking how black soever, had not spirited away, robbed and murdered his Wife.

Intolerable as this Apprehension was, he not only turned it round and examined it carefully in his own Mind, but acquainted young *Friendly* with it at their next Interview. *Friendly*, who detested *Wild*, (from that Envy, probably, with which these GREAT CHARACTERS naturally inspire low Fellows) encouraged these Suspicions so much, that *Heartfree* resolved to attach our Hero, and carry him before a Magistrate.

This Resolution had been sometime taken, and *Friendly* with a Warrant and a Constable had with the utmost Diligence, searched several Days for our Hero; but whether it was that in Compliance with modern Custom, he had retired to spend the Honey-Moon with his Bride, the only Moon indeed in which it is fashionable or customary for the married Parties to have any Affection for each other;

other ; or perhaps his Habitation might for particular Reasons be usually kept a Secret : Like those of some few GREAT MEN, whom unfortunately the Law hath left out of that reasonable as well as honourable Provision, which it hath made for the Security of most GREAT MEN's Persons.

But *Wild* resolved to perform Works of Superelevation in the Way of Honour, and, tho' no Hero is obliged to answer the Challenge of my Lord Chief Justice, or indeed, of any other Magistrate ; but may with unblemished Reputation slide away from it ; yet such was the Bravery, such the GREATNESS, the Magnanimity of *Wild*, that he appeared in Person to it.

Indeed Envy may say one Thing, which may lessen the Glory of this Action, namely, that the said Mr. *Wild*, knew nothing of the said Warrant or Challenge ; and as thou may'st be assured, Reader, that the malicious Fury will omit nothing which can any ways sully so great a Character, so she hath endeavoured to account for this second Visit of our Hero to his Friend *Heartfree*, from a very different Motive than that of asserting his own Innocence.

C H A P. X.

Mr. Wild with unprecedented Generosity visits his Friend Heartfree, and the ungrateful Reception he met with.

IT hath been said then, that Mr. *Wild* not being able on the strictest Examination to find in a certain Spot of human Nature called his own Heart, the least Grain of that pitiful low Quality called Honesty, had resolved, perhaps a little too generally, that there was no such Thing. He, there-

fore, imputed the Resolution with which Mr. *Heartfree* had so positively refused to concern himself in Murther, either to a Fear of bloodying his Hands, or the Apprehension of a Ghost, or lest he should make an additional Example in that excellent Book called, *God's Revenge against Murther*; and doubted not but he would (at least in his present Necessity) agree without scruple to a simple Robbery, especially where any considerable Booty should be proposed, and the Safety of the Attack plausibly made appear; which, if he could prevail on him to undertake, he would immediately afterwards get him impeached, convicted, and hanged. He no sooner therefore had discharged his Duties to *Hymen*, and heard that *Heartfree* had procured himself the Liberties of the *Fleet*, than he resolved to visit him, and propose a Robbery with all the Allurements of Profit, Ease, and Safety.

This Proposal was no sooner made, than it was answered by *Heartfree* in the following Manner.

“ I might have hoped the Answer which I gave
 “ to your former Advice would have prevented me
 “ from the Danger of receiving a second Affront
 “ of this Kind. An Affront I call it, and surely
 “ if it be so to call a Man a Villain, it can be no
 “ less to shew him you suppose him one. Indeed
 “ it may be wondered how any Man can arrive at
 “ the Boldness, I may say Impudence, of first
 “ making such an Overture to another; surely it
 “ is seldom done, unless to those who have previ-
 “ ously betrayed some Symptoms of their own
 “ Baseness. If I have therefore shewn you any
 “ such, these Insults are more pardonable; but I
 “ assure you, if such appear, they discharge all
 “ their Malignance outwardly, and reflect not
 “ even a Shadow within; for to me, Baseness
 “ seems inconsistent with this Rule, OF DOING
 “ NO OTHER PERSON AN INJURY FROM ANY
 “ MOTIVE

"MOTIVE OR ON ANY CONSIDERATION
 "WHATEVER. This, Sir, is the Rule by which
 "I am determin'd to walk, nor can that Man
 "justify disbelieving me, who will not own, he
 "walks not by it himself. But whether it be al-
 "lowed to me or no, or whether I feel the good
 "Effects of its being practis'd by others, I am re-
 "solved to maintain it: For surely no Man can
 "reap a Benefit from my pursuing it equal to the
 "Comfort I myself enjoy: For what a ravishing
 "Thought! how replete with Extasy must the
 "Consideration be, that the Goodness of God is
 "engaged to reward me! How indifferent must
 "such a Persuasion make a Man to all the Occur-
 "rences of this Life! What Trifles must he re-
 "present to himself both the Enjoyments and the
 "Afflictions of this World! How easily must he
 "acquiesce under missing the former, and how
 "patiently will he submit to the latter, who is
 "convinced that his failing of a transitory imperfect
 "Reward here, is a most certain Argument of his
 "obtaining one permanent and complete hereafter!
 "Dost thou think then, thou little, paltry, mean
 "Animal; (with such Language did he treat our
 "truly GREAT MAN) that I will forego such
 "comfortable Expectations for any pitiful Reward
 "which thou canst suggest or promise to me; for
 "that sordid Lucre for which all Pains and Labour
 "are undertaken by the Industrious, and all Bar-
 "barities and Iniquities committed by the vile;
 "or a worthless Acquisition which such as thou art
 "can possess, can give or can rob me of?" The
 "former Part of this Speech occasioned much yawn-
 "ing in our Hero, but the latter roused his Anger;
 "and he was collecting his Rage to answer, when
 "Friendly and the Constable, who had been summon-
 "ed by *Heartfree*, on *Wild's* first Appearance, en-

tered the Room, and seized the GREAT MAN just as his Wrath was bursting from his Lips.

The Dialogue which now ensued, is not worth relating. *Wild* was soon acquainted with the Reason of this rough Treatment, and presently conveyed before a Magistrate.

Notwithstanding the Doubts raised by Mr. *Wild's* Lawyer on his Examination, he insisting that the Proceeding was improper; for that a *Writ de Homine Replegiando* should issue, and on the Return of that a *Capias in Withernam*, the Justice inclined to Commitment, so that *Wild* was driven to other Methods for his Defence. He therefore acquainted the Justice, that there was a young Man likewise with him in the Boat, and begged that he might be sent for, which Request was accordingly granted; and the faithful *Achates* (Mr. *Fireblood*) was soon produced to bear Testimony for his Friend, which he did with so much becoming Zeal, and went through his Examination with such Coherence, (tho' he was forced to collect his Evidence from the Hints given him by *Wild* in the Presence of the Justice and the Accusers,) that, as here was direct Evidence against mere Presumption, our Hero was most honourably acquitted, and poor *Heartfree* was charged by the Justice, the Audience, and all others, who afterwards heard the Story, with the blackest Ingratitude, in attempting to take away the Life of a Man, to whom he had such eminent Obligations.

Left so vast an Effort of Friendship as this of *Fireblood's* should too violently surprize the Reader in this degenerate Age; it may be proper to inform him, that besides the Ties of Engagement in the same Employ, another nearer and stronger Alliance subsisted between our Hero and this Youth, which latter

latter was just departed from the Arms of the lovely *Lætitia*, when he received her Husband's Message: An Instance which may also serve to justify those strict Intercourses of Love and Acquaintance, which so commonly subsist in modern History between the Husband and Gallant, displaying the vast Force of Friendship, contracted by this more honourable than legal Alliance, which is thought to be at present one of the strongest Bonds of Amity between GREAT MEN, and the most reputable as well as easy Way to Preferment.

Four Months had now passed since *Heartfree's* first Confinement, and his Affairs had begun to wear a more benign Aspect; but they were a good deal injured by this Attempt on *Wild* (so dangerous is any Attack on a GREAT MAN) several of his Neighbours, and particularly one or two of his own Trade, industriously endeavouring, from their bitter Animosity against such Kind of Iniquity, to spread and exaggerate his Ingratitude as much as possible; not in the least scrupling, in the violent Ardour of their Indignation, to add some small Circumstances of their own Knowledge of the many Obligations conferred on *Heartfree* by *Wild*. To all these Scandals he quietly submitted, comforting himself in the Consciousness of his own Innocence, and confiding in Time, the sure Friend of Justice, to acquit him.

CHAP. XI.

A Scheme so deeply laid that it shames all the Politics of this our Age; with Digression and Sub-digression.

WILD having now, to the Hatred he bore *Heartfree* on Account of those Injuries he had

done him, an additional Spur from this Injury received; (for so it appeared to him, who no more than the most ignorant, considered how truly he deserved it) applied his utmost Industry to accomplish the Ruin of one whose very Name sounded odious in his Ears; when luckily a Scheme arose in his Imagination, which not only promised to effect it securely; but, (which pleased him most) by Means of the Mischief he had already done him; and which would at once load him with the Imputation of having committed what he himself had done for him, and would bring on him the severest Punishment for a Fact, of which he was not only innocent, but had already so greatly suffered by. And this was no other than to charge him with having conveyed away his Wife, with his most valuable Effects, in order to defraud his Creditors.

He no sooner started this Thought than he immediately resolved on putting it in Execution. What remained to consider was only the *Quomodo*, and the Person or Tool to be employed; for the Stage of the World differs from that in *Drury-Lane* principally in this; that whereas on the latter, the Hero, or chief Figure, is almost continually before your Eyes, whilst the Under actors are not seen above once in an Evening; now, on the former, the Hero, or GREAT MAN, is always behind the Curtain, and seldom or never appears, or doth any thing in his own Person. He doth, indeed, in this *grand Drama*, rather perform the Part of the *Prompter*, and instructs the well-drest Figures, who are strutting in public on the Stage, what to say and do. To say the Truth, a Puppet-show will illustrate our Meaning better, where it is the Master of the Show (the GREAT MAN) who dances and moves every thing; whether it be the King of *Muscovy*, or whatever other Potentate, *alias* Puppet, which we behold on the Stage; but he

he himself wisely keeps out of Sight ; for should he once appear, the whole Motion would be at an End. Not that any one is ignorant of his being there, or supposes that the Puppets are not mere Sticks of Wood, and he himself the sole Mover ; but as this (tho' every one knows it) doth not appear visibly, *i. e.* to their Eyes, no one is ashamed of consenting to be imposed upon ; of helping on the *Drama*, calling the several Sticks or Puppets by the Names which the Master hath allotted to them, and assigning to each the Character which the GREAT MAN is pleased they shall move in, or rather in which he himself is pleased to move them.

It would be to suppose thee, gentle Reader, one of very little Knowledge in this World, to imagine thou hast never seen some of these Puppet-Shews, which are so frequently acted on the GREAT Stage ; but though thou shouldst have resided all thy Days in those remote Parts of this Island, which GREAT Men seldom visit ; yet, if thou hast any Penetration, thou must have had some Occasions to admire both the Solemnity of Countenance in the Actor, and the Gravity in the Spectator, while some of those Farces are carried on, which are acted almost daily in every Village in the Kingdom. He must have a very despicable Opinion of Mankind indeed, who can conceive them to be imposed on as often as they appear to be so. The Truth is, they are in the same Situation with the Readers of *Romances* ; who, tho' they know the whole to be one entire Fiction, nevertheless agree to be deceived ; and as these find Amusement, so do the others find Ease and Convenience in this Concurrence. But this being a Sub-digression, I return to my Digression.

A GREAT MAN ought to do his Business by others ; to employ Hands, as we have before said, to his Purposes, and keep himself as much behind the Curtain as possible ; and though it must be acknowledged that two very GREAT Men, whose Names will be both recorded in History, did, in former Times, come forth themselves on the Stage ; and did hack and hew, and lay each other most cruelly open to the Diversion of the Spectators ; yet this must be mentioned rather as an Example of Avoidance, than Imitation, and is to be ascribed to the Number of those Instances which serve to evince the Truth of these Maxims : *Nemo mortallium omnibus horis sapit. Ira furor brevis est, &c.*

C H A P. XII.

Elogiums on Constables, &c. And new Instances of Friendly's Folly.

TO return to my History, which, having rested itself a little, is now ready to proceed on its Journey : *Fireblood* was the Person chosen by *Wild* for this Service. He had, on the late Occasion, experienced the Talents of this Youth for a good round Perjury. He immediately, therefore, found him out, and proposed it to him, and, receiving his instant Assent, they consulted together, and soon framed an Evidence, which, being communicated to one of the most bitter and severe Creditors of *Heartfree*, by him laid before a Magistrate, and attested by the Oath of *Fireblood*, the Justice granted his Warrant ; and *Heartfree* was accordingly apprehended and brought before him.

When the Officers came for this poor Wretch, they found him meanly diverting himself with his little

little Children, the youngest of whom sat on his Knees, and the eldest was playing at a little Distance from him with *Friendly*. The Constable, who was a very good sort of a Man, but one very laudably severe in his Office, after acquainting *Heartfree* with his Errand, bad him come along and be d——d, and leave those little Bastards; for so, he said, he supposed they were, for a Legacy to the Parish. *Heartfree* was much surpris'd at hearing there was a Warrant for Felony against him; but he shew'd less Concern than *Friendly* did in his Countenance. The eldest Daughter, when she saw the Constable lay hold on her Father, immediately quitted her Play, and, running to him, and bursting into Tears, cry'd out: *You shall not hurt poor Papa*. One of the other Ruffians offered to take the little one rudely from his Knees; but *Heartfree* started up, and, catching the Fellow by the Collar, dash'd his Head so violently against the Wall, that, had he had any Brains, he might possibly have lost them by the Blow.

The Constable, like most of those heroic Spirits who insult Men in Adversity, had some Prudence mixt with his Zeal for Justice. Seeing, therefore, this rough Treatment of his Companion, he began to pursue more gentle Methods, and very civilly desired Mr. *Heartfree* to go with him, seeing he was an Officer, and oblig'd to execute his Warrant; that he was sorry for his Misfortune, and hoped he would be acquitted. The other answer'd, he should patiently submit to the Laws of his Country, and would attend him whither he was ordered to conduct him; then, taking Leave of his Children with a tender Kiss, he recommended them to the Care of *Friendly*; who promised to see them safe Home, and then to attend him at the Justice's, whose Name and Abode he had learnt of the Constable.

This latter arrived at the Magistrate's House, just as he had signed the *Mittimus* against his Friend; for the Evidence of *Fireblood* was so clear and strong, and the Justice was so incensed against *Heartfree*, and so convinced of his Guilt, that he would hardly hear him speak in his own Defence, which the Reader perhaps, when he hears the Evidence against him, will be less inclined to censure: For this Witness deposed, " that he had been, " by *Heartfree* himself, employed to carry the Orders of Embezzling to *Wild*, in order to be " delivered to his Wife; that he had been afterwards present with *Wild* and her at the Inn, " when they took Coach for *Harwich*, where she " shewed him the Casket of Jewels, and desired " him to tell her Husband, that she had fully executed his Command.

When *Friendly* found the Justice obdurate, and that all he could say had no Effect, nor was it any way possible for *Heartfree* to escape being committed to *Newgate*, he resolved to accompany him thither: Where, when they arrived, the Keeper would have confined *Heartfree* (he having no Money) amongst the common Felons; but *Friendly* would not permit it, and advanced every Shilling he had in his Pocket, to procure a Room in the *Press-Yard* for his Friend.

They spent that Day together, and, in the Evening, the Prisoner dismissed his Friend, desiring him, after many Thanks for his Fidelity, to be comforted on his Account. " I know not, says " he, how far God may permit the Malice of " my Enemies to prevail. But whatever my Sufferings are, I am convinced my Innocence will " somewhere be rewarded. If, therefore, any " fatal Accident should happen to me, (for he " who is in the Hands of Perjury, may apprehend " the worst) my dear *Friendly*, be a Father to my poor

“poor Children,” at which Words the Tears gushed from his Eyes. The other begged him not to admit any such Apprehensions; for that he would employ his utmost Diligence in his Service, and doubted not but to subvert any villainous Design laid for his Destruction, and to make his Innocence appear to the World as white as it was in his own Opinion.

We cannot help mentioning a Circumstance here, though we doubt it will appear very unnatural and incredible to our Reader; which is, that, notwithstanding the former Character and Behaviour of *Heartfree*, this Story of his embezzling was so far from surprizing his Neighbours, that many of them declared they expected no better from him. Some were assured he could pay forty Shillings in the Pound, if he would. Others had overheard Hints formerly pass between him and Mrs. *Heartfree*, which had given them Suspensions. And, what is most astonishing of all is, that many of those who had before censured him for an extravagant heedless Fool, now no less confidently abused him for a cunning, tricking, avaritious Knave.

C H A P. XIII.

Something concerning Fireblood, which will surprize; and somewhat touching one of the Mist Snaps, which will greatly concern the Reader.

HOWEVER, notwithstanding all those Censures abroad, and in Despight of all his Misfortunes at home, *Heartfree* in *Newgate* enjoyed a quiet, undisturbed Repose; while our Hero, nobly disdaining Rest, lay sleepless all Night; partly from
the

the Apprehensions of Mrs. *Heartfree's* Return before he had executed his Scheme ; and partly from a Suspicion lest *Fireblood* should betray him ; of whose Infidelity he had, nevertheless, no other Cause to maintain any Fear, but from his knowing him to be an accomplished Rascal, as the Vulgar term it, a complete GREAT Man in our Language. And indeed, to confess the Truth, these Doubts were not without some Foundation ; for the very same Thought unluckily entred the Head of that noble Youth, who considered, whether he might not possibly sell himself for some Advantage to the other Side, as he had yet no Promise from *Wild* ; but this was, by the Sagacity of the latter, prevented in the Morning with a Profusion of Promises, which shewed him to be of the most generous Temper in the World, with which *Fireblood* was extremely well satisfied ; and made use of so many Protestations of his Faithfulness, that he convinced *Wild* of the Injustice of his Suspicions.

At this Time an Accident happened, which, though not immediately affecting our Hero, we cannot avoid relating, as it occasioned great Confusion in his Family, as well as in the Family of *Snap*. It is indeed a Calamity highly to be lamented, when it stains untainted Blood, and happens to an honourable House. An Injury never to be repaired. A Blot never to be wiped out. A Sore never to be healed. To detain my Reader no longer : Miss *Theodosia Snap* was now safely delivered of a Male-Infant, the Product of an Amour which that beautiful (O that I could say, virtuous) Creature had with the Count.

Mr. *Wild* and his Lady were at Breakfast, when Mr. *Snap*, with all the Agonies of Despair both in his Voice and Countenance, brought them this melancholy News. Our Hero, who had (as we have

have said) wonderful Good-nature when his GREATNESS or Interest was not concerned, instead of reviling his Sister-in-Law, asked with a Smile : “ Who was the Father ? ” But the chaste *Lætitia*, we repeat *the chaste*, for well did she now deserve that Epithet ; received it in another Manner. She fell into the utmost Fury at the Relation, reviled her Sister in the bitterest Terms, and vowed she would never see nor speak to her more. Then burst into Tears, and lamented over her Father, that such a Dishonour should ever happen to him and herself. At length she fell severely on her Husband, for the light Treatment which he gave this fatal Accident. She told him, he was unworthy of the Honour he enjoyed, of marrying into a chaste Family. That she looked on it as an Affront to her Virtue. That if he had married one of the naughty Huffers of the Town, he could not have behaved to her in a worse Manner. She concluded with desiring her Father to make an Example of the Slut, and turn her out of Doors ; for that she would not otherwise enter his House, being resolved never to set her Foot within the same Threshold with the Trollop, whom she detested so much the more, because (which was perhaps true) she was her own Sister.

So violent, and indeed so outrageous was this chaste Lady’s Love of Virtue, that she could not forgive a single Slip (indeed the only one *Theodosia* had ever made) in her own Sister, in a Sister who loved her, and to whom she owed a thousand Obligations.

Perhaps the Severity of Mr. Snap, who greatly felt the Injury done to the Honour of his Family, would have relented, had not the Parish-Officers being extremely pressing on this Occasion, and, for want of Security, conveyed the unhappy young
Lady

Lady to a Place, the Name of which, for the Honour of the *Snaps*, to whom our Hero was so nearly allied, we bury in eternal Oblivion ; where she suffered so much Correction for her Crime, that the good-natured Reader of the Male kind may be inclined to compassionate her, at least to imagine she was sufficiently punished for a Fault, which, with Submission to the chaste *Lætitia*, and all other strictly virtuous Ladies, it should be either less criminal in a Woman to commit, or more so in a Man to solicit her to it.

But to return to our Hero, who was a living and strong Instance, that human GREATNESS and Happiness are not always inseparable. He was under a continual Alarm of Frights, and Fears, and Jealousies. He thought every Man he beheld wore a Knife for his Throat, and a Pair of Scissars for his Purse. As for his own Gang particularly, he was thoroughly convinced there was not a single Man amongst them, who would not, for the Value of five Shillings, bring him to the Gallows. These Apprehensions so constantly broke his Rest, and kept him so assiduously on his Guard, to frustrate and circumvent any Designs which might be forming against him ; that his Condition, to any other than the glorious Eye of Ambition, might seem rather deplorable, than the Object of Envy or Desire.

C H A P. XIV.

In which our Hero makes a Speech well worthy to be celebrated; and the Behaviour of one of the Gang perhaps more unnatural than any other Part of this History.

THERE was in the Gang a Man named *Blueskin*. One of those Merchants who trade in dead Oxen, Sheep, &c. in short, what the Vulgar call a *Butcher*. This Gentleman had two Qualities of a GREAT Man, *viz.* undaunted Courage, and an absolute Contempt of those ridiculous Distinctions of *Meum* and *Tuum*. The common Forms of exchanging Property by Trade seemed to him too tedious; he therefore resolved to quit the mercantile Profession, and, falling acquainted with some of Mr. *Wild's* People, he provided himself with Arms, and enlisted of the Gang. In which he behaved for some time with great Decency and Order, and submitted to accept such Share of the Booty with the rest, as our Hero allotted him.

But this Subserviency agreed ill with his Temper; for we should have before remembered a third heroic Quality, namely, Ambition, which was no inconsiderable Part of his Composition. One Day, therefore, having robbed a Gentleman at *Windsor* of a Gold-Watch; which, on its being advertised in the News-paper, with a considerable Reward, was demanded of him by *Wild*, he peremptorily refused to deliver it.

“How, Mr. *Blueskin*!” says *Wild*, you will
 “not deliver the Watch? No, Mr. *Wild*, an-
 “swered he; I have taken it, and will keep it;
 “or, if I dispose of it, I will dispose of it myself,
 “and keep the Money for which I sell it. Sure,
 “replied *Wild*, you have not the Assurance to
 “pretend

“ pretend you have any Property or Right in this
“ Watch? I am certain, returned *Blueskin*, whe-
“ ther I have any Right in it or no, you can prove
“ none. I will undertake, cries the other, to
“ shew I have an absolute Right to it, and that by
“ the Laws of our Gang, of which I am provi-
“ dentially at the Head. I know not who put
“ you at the Head of it, cries *Blueskin*; but
“ those who did, certainly did it for their own
“ Good, that you might conduct them the better
“ in their Robberies, inform them of the richest
“ Booties, prevent Surprize, pack Juries, bribe
“ Evidence, and so contribute to their Benefit and
“ Safety; and not to convert all their Labour and
“ Hazard to your own Benefit and Advantage.
“ You are greatly mistaken, Sir, answered *Wild*;
“ you are talking of a legal Society, where the
“ chief Magistrate is always chosen for the public
“ Good, which, as we see in all the legal Socie-
“ ties of the World, he constantly consults, daily
“ contributing, by his superior Skill, to their Pro-
“ perity, and not sacrificing their Good to his
“ own Wealth, or Pleasure, or Humour: But in
“ an illegal Society or Gang, as this of ours, it is
“ otherwise; for who would be at the Head of a
“ Gang, unless for his own Interest? And with-
“ out a Head, you know, you cannot subsist. No-
“ thing but a Head, and Obedience to that Head,
“ can preserve a Gang a Moment from Destruction.
“ It is absolutely better for you to content
“ yourselves with a moderate Reward, and enjoy
“ that in Safety at the Disposal of your Chief,
“ than to engross the whole with the Hazard to
“ which you will be liable without my Protection.
“ And surely there is none in the whole Gang,
“ who hath less Reason to complain than you;
“ you have tasted of my Favours; witness that
“ Piece of Ribbon you wear in your Hat, with
“ which

“ which I dubbed you Captain. — Therefore
 “ pray, Captain, deliver the Watch. — D — n
 “ your cajoling, says *Blueskin* : Do you think I
 “ value myself on this Bit of Ribband, which I
 “ could have bought myself for six-pence, and
 “ wore without your Leave ? Do you imagine I
 “ think myself a Captain, because you whom I
 “ know not empowered to make one, call me so ?
 “ The Name of Captain is but a Shadow : The
 “ Men and the Salary are the Substance : And I
 “ am not to be bubbled with a Shadow. I will be
 “ called Captain no longer, and he who flatters me
 “ by that Name, I shall think affronts me, and I
 “ will knock him down, I assure you. — Did
 “ ever Man talk so unreasonably, cries *Wild*,
 “ Are you not respected as a Captain by the whole
 “ Gang since my dubbing you so ? But it is the
 “ Shadow only ; it seems, and you will knock a
 “ Man down for affronting you, who calls you
 “ Captain. Might not a Man as reasonably tell a
 “ Minister of State : *Sir, you have given me the*
 “ *Shadow only. The Ribbon, or the Bawble, that*
 “ *you give me, implies that I have either signalized*
 “ *myself, by some great Action, for the Benefit and*
 “ *Glory of my Country ; or at least that I am de-*
 “ *scended from those who have done so. I know my-*
 “ *self to be a Scoundrel, and so have been those few*
 “ *Ancestors I can remember, or have ever heard*
 “ *of. Therefore I am resolved to knock the first*
 “ *Man down, who calls me Sir, or Right Honoura-*
 “ *ble.* But all GREAT and wise Men think them-
 “ selves sufficiently repaid by what procures them
 “ Honour and Precedence in the Gang, without
 “ enquiring into Substance ; nay, if a Title, or a
 “ Feather be equal to this Purpose, they are
 “ Substance, and not mere Shadows ; but I have
 “ not Time to argue with you at present, so give
 “ me the Watch without any more Deliberation.
 “ I am

“ I am no more a Friend to Deliberation than
“ yourself, answered *Blueskin*, and so I tell you
“ once for all, By G—— I never will give you
“ the Watch, no, nor will I ever hereafter sur-
“ render any Part of my Booty. I won it, and I
“ will wear it. Take your Pistols yourself, and
“ go out on the High-way, and don't lazily think
“ to fatten yourself with the Dangers and Pains
“ of other People.” At which Words he departed
in a fierce Mood, and repaired to the Tavern
used by the Gang, where he had appointed
to meet some of his Acquaintance, whom he in-
formed of what had passed between him and *Wild*,
and advised them all to follow his Example ; which
they all readily agreed to, and Mr. *Wild*'s D—tion
was the universal Toast : In drinking Bumpers to
which, they had finished a large Bowl of Punch,
when a Constable, with a numerous Attendance,
and *Wild* at their Head, entered the Room, and
seized on *Blueskin*, whom his Companions, when
they saw our Hero, did not dare attempt to rescue.
The Watch was found upon him, which, together
with *Wild*'s Information, was more than sufficient
to commit him to *Newgate*.

In the Evening, *Wild*, and the rest of those who
had been drinking with *Blueskin*, met at the Ta-
vern, where nothing was to be seen but the pro-
foundest Submission to their Leader. They vilified
and abused *Blueskin* as much as they had before a-
bused our Hero, and now repeated the same Toast,
only changing the Name of *Wild* into that of *Blue-
skin*. All agreeing with *Wild*, that the Watch
found in his Pocket, and which must be a fatal
Evidence against him, was a just Judgment on his
Disobedience and Revolt.

Thus did this GREAT Man, by a resolute and
timely Example (for he went directly to the Justice
when *Blueskin* left him) quell one of the most dan-
gerous

gerous Conspiracies which could possibly arise in a Gang; and which, had it been permitted one Day's Growth, would inevitably have ended in his Destruction; so much doth it behoove GREAT Men and *Prigs* to be eternally on their Guard, and expeditious in the Execution of their Purposes; while none but weak and honest Men can indulge themselves in Remissness or Repose.

The *Achatus*, *Fireblood*, had been present at both these Meetings; but though he had a little too hastily concurred in cursing his Friend, and vowing his Perdition; yet now he saw all that Scheme dissolved, he returned to his Integrity; of which he gave an incontestable Proof, by informing *Wild* of the Measures which had been concerted against him. In which, he said, he had pretended to acquiesce, in order the better to betray them; but this, as he afterwards confessed on his Death-Bed, *i. e.* in the Cart at *Tyburn*, was only a Copy of his Countenance; for that he was, at that Time, as sincere and hearty in his Opposition to *Wild* as any of his Companions.

Our Hero, however, desired him to keep this a severe Secret; for, he said, as they had seen their Errors, and repented, nothing was more noble than Forgiveness. But though he was pleased modestly to ascribe this to his Lenity, it really arose from much more noble and political Principles. He considered that it would be dangerous to attempt the Punishment of so many; besides, he flattered himself that Fear would keep them in Order; and indeed he concluded, that *Fireblood* had told him nothing more than he knew before, *viz.* that they were all complete *Prigs*, whom he was to govern by their Fears, and in whom he was to place no more Confidence than was necessary, and to watch them with the utmost Caution and Circumspecti-
on;

on ; for a Rogue, he wisely said, was like Gunpowder, which, whoever uses, must do it very cautiously, lest it blow up himself, instead of executing his mischievous Purpose against some other Person or Animal.

We will now repair to *Netogate*, it being the Place where most of the GREAT Men of this History are hastening as fast as possible ; and, to confess the Truth, it is a Castle very far from being an improper, or misbecoming Habitation for any GREAT Man whatever. And as this Scene will continue during the Residue of our History, we shall open it with a new Book ; and shall, therefore, take this Opportunity of closing our third.

THE

THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE

OF THE LATE
Mr. JONATHAN WILD the Great.

BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

A Sentiment of the Ordinary's; worthy to be written in Letters of Gold; a very extraordinary Instance of Folly in Friendly; and a dreadful Accident which befel our Hero.

HEARTFREE had not been long in Newgate before his frequent Conversation with his Children, and other Instances of a good Heart, which betrayed themselves in his Actions and Conversation, possessed all about him that he was one of the filliest Fellows in the Universe. The Ordinary himself, a very sagacious as well as worthy Person, declared that he was a cursed Rogue, but no Conjuror.

What

What indeed might induce the former, *i. e.* the roguish Part of this Opinion in the Ordinary, was a wicked Sentiment which *Heartfree* one Day disclosed in Conversation, and which we, who are truly orthodox, will not pretend to justify, *viz.* *That he believed a sincere Turk would be saved.* To this the good Man, with becoming Zeal and Indignation, answered, *I know not what may become of a sincere Turk, but if this be your Persuasion, I pronounce it impossible you should be saved. No, Sir, so far from a sincere Turk's being within the Pale of Salvation, neither will any sincere Presbyterian, Anabaptist, nor Quaker whatever, be saved.*

But neither did the one nor the other Part of this Character prevail on *Friendly* to abandon his old Master. He spent his whole time with him, except only those Hours when he was absent for his Sake, in procuring Evidence for him against his Trial, which was now shortly to come on. Indeed this young Man was the only Comfort, besides a clear Conscience, and the Hopes beyond the Grave, which this poor Wretch had; for the Sight of his Children was like one of those alluring Pleasures which Men in some Diseases indulge themselves often fatally in, which at once flatter and heighten their Malady.

Friendly being one Day present while *Heartfree* was, with Tears in his Eyes, embracing his eldest Daughter, and lamenting the hard Fate to which he feared he should be obliged to leave her, spoke to him thus. “ I have long observed with Admiration, thou excellent Man, the Magnanimity
“ with which you go thro’ your own Misfortunes,
“ and the steady Countenance with which you
“ look on Death. I have observed that all your
“ Agonies arise from the Thoughts of parting with
“ your Children, and leaving them in a distressed
“ Condition;

“ Condition; now, though I hope all these Fears
“ will prove ill-grounded, yet, that I may relieve
“ you as much as possible from them, be assured,
“ that as nothing can give me more real Misery,
“ than to observe so tender and loving a Concern in
“ a Master, to whose Goodness I owe so many Ob-
“ ligations, and whom I so sincerely love, so no-
“ thing can afford me equal Pleasure with my con-
“ tributing to lessen or to remove it. Be con-
“ vinced, therefore, if you can place any Confi-
“ dence in my Promise, that I will employ my
“ little Fortune, which you know to be not en-
“ tirely inconsiderable, in the Support of this your
“ little Family. Should any Misfortune, which I
“ pray God avert, happen to you before you have
“ better provided for these little ones, I will be
“ myself their Father, nor shall either of them
“ ever know Distress, if it be any way in my
“ Power to prevent it. Your youngest Daughter
“ I will provide for, and as for my little Prattler,
“ your eldest, as I never yet thought of any Wo-
“ man for a Wife, I will receive her as such at your
“ Hands; nor will I ever relinquish her for ano-
“ ther.” *Heartfree* flew to his Friend, and em-
braced him with Raptures of Acknowledgments.
He vowed to him that he had eased every anxious
Thought of his Mind but one, and that he must
carry with him out of the World. “ O *Friendly*,
“ (cried he) it is my Concern for that best of
“ Women, whom I hate myself for having ever
“ censured in my Opinion. O *Friendly*, thou
“ didst know her Goodness, yet, sure her perfect
“ Character none but myself was ever acquainted
“ with. She had every perfection both of Mind
“ and Body, which Heaven hath indulged to her
“ whole Sex, and enjoyed all in a higher Excel-
“ lence than Nature ever suffered another to
“ possess a single Virtue. Can I bear the Loss of
“ such

“such a Woman? Can I bear the Apprehensions
“of what Mischiefs that Villain may have done to
“her, of which Death is perhaps the lightest?”

Friendly gently interrupted him as soon as he saw any Opportunity, endeavouring to comfort him on this Head likewise, by magnifying every Circumstance which could possibly afford any Hopes of his seeing her again.

By this kind of Behaviour, in which the young Man exemplified so uncommon an Height of Friendship, he had soon obtained in the Castle the Character of as odd and silly a Fellow as his Master. Indeed, they were both the By-word, Laughing-stock, and Contempt of the whole Place.

The Sessions now came on at the *Old Baily*. The Grand Jury at *Hicks's-Hall* had found the Bill of Indictment against *Heartfree*, and on the second Day of the Sessions he was brought to his Trial; where, notwithstanding the utmost Efforts of *Friendly*, and of the honest old Female Servant, the Circumstances of the Fact corroborating the Evidence of *Fireblood*, as well as that of *Wild*, who counterfeited the most artful Reluctance at appearing against his old Friend *Heartfree*, the Jury found the Prisoner guilty.

Wild had now accomplished his Scheme; for as to what remained, it was certainly unavoidable, seeing that *Heartfree* was entirely void of Interest with the GREAT, and was besides convicted on a Statute, the Infringers of which could hope no Pardon.

The *Catastrophe*, to which our Hero had reduced this Wretch, was so wonderful an Effort of GREATNESS, that it probably made Fortune envious of her own Darling; but whether it was from this Envy, or only from that known Inconstancy and Weakness so often and judiciously remarked in that Lady's Temper, who frequently lifts

lifts Men to the Summit of human GREATNESS,
only

—*Ut Lapfu graviores ruant;*

certain it is, she now began to meditate Mischief against *Wild*, who seems to have come to that Period, at which all the Heroes and GREAT MEN of Antiquity have arrived, and which she was resolved they never should transcend. In short, there seems to be a certain Measure of Mischief and Iniquity, which every GREAT MAN is to fill up, and then Fortune looks on him of no more Use than a Silk-Worm whose Bottom is spun, and deserts him. For Mr. *Blue-skin* being convicted the same Day of Robbery, by our Hero, an Unkindness, which tho' he had drawn on himself and necessitated him to, he took greatly amiss; as *Wild* was standing near him, with that Disregard and Indifference which GREAT MEN are too carelessly inclined to have for those whom they have ruined; *Blue-skin* privily drawing a Knife, thrust the same into the Body of our Hero with such Violence, that all who saw it concluded he had done his Business. And indeed, had not Fortune, not so much out of Love to our Hero, as from a fixed Resolution to accomplish a certain Purpose of which we have formerly given a Hint, carefully placed his Guts out of the Way, he must have fallen a Sacrifice to the Wrath of his Enemy, which, as he said, he did not deserve; for had he been contented to have robbed and only submitted to give him the Booty, he might have still continued safe and un-impeached in the Gang; but so it was, that the Knife missing those noble Parts (the noblest of many) the Guts, perforated only the hollow of his Belly, and caused no other Harm than an im-

moderate Effusion of Blood, of which, tho' it at present weakened him, he soon after recovered.

This Accident, however, was in the End attended with worse Consequences : For as very few People (those greatest of all Men, absolute Princes, excepted) attempt to cut the Thread of human Life, like the Fatal Sisters, meerly out of Wantonness and for their Diversion, but rather by so doing propose to themselves the Acquisition of some future Good, or the avenging some past Evil ; and as the former of these Motives did not appear probable, it put inquisitive Persons on examining into the latter. Now, as the vast Schemes of *Wild*, when they were discovered, however GREAT in their Nature, seemed to some Persons like the Projects of most other GREAT MEN, rather to be calculated for the Glory of the GREAT MAN himself, than to redound to the general Good of Society ; designs began to be laid by several of those who thought it principally their Duty to put a Stop to the future Progress of our Hero ; and a learned Judge particularly, a great Enemy to this kind of GREATNESS, procured a Clause in an Act of Parliament as a Trap for *Wild*, which he soon after fell into. By this Law it was made Capital in a Prig to steal with the Hands of other People. A Law so plainly calculated for the Destruction of all *Priggish* GREATNESS, that it was indeed impossible for our Hero to avoid it.

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

A short Hint concerning popular Ingratitude. Mr. Wild's Arrival in the Castle, with other Occurrences to be found in no other History.

IF we had any Leisure, we would here digress a little on that Ingratitude, which so many Writers have observed in all free Governments towards their GREAT MEN; who, while they have been consulting the Good of the Public, by raising their own GREATNESS, in which the whole Body (as the Kingdom of *France* thinks itself in the Glory of their Grand Monarch) was so deeply concerned, have been sometimes sacrificed by those very People for whose Glory the said GREAT MEN were so industriously at work: And this from a foolish Zeal for a certain ridiculous imaginary Thing called Liberty, to which GREAT MEN are observed, to have a great Animosity.

This Law had been promulgated a very little Time, when Mr. *Wild*, having received from some dutiful Members of the Gang, a valuable Piece of Goods, did, for a Consideration somewhat short of its original Price, re-convey it to the right Owner; for which Fact being ungratefully informed against by the said Owner, he was surprized in his own House, and being over-power'd by Numbers, was hurried before a Magistrate, and by him committed to that Castle, which, suitable as it is to GREATNESS, we do not chuse to name too often in our History, and where many GREAT MEN, at this Time, happened to be assembled.

The Governor, or as the Law more honourably calls him, Keeper of this Castle, having been Mr. *Wild's* old Friend and Acquaintance, made the latter greatly satisfied with the Place of his Confinement,

ment, as he promised himself not only a kind Reception and handsome Accommodation there, but even to obtain his Liberty from him, if he thought it necessary to desire it: But alas! he was deceived, his old Friend knew him no longer, and refusing to see him, ordered the Lieutenant Governor to insist on as high Garnish for Fetters, and as exorbitant a Price for Lodging, as if he had had a fine Gentleman in Custody for Murther, or as if he had received an Intimation from a certain Place to use all the Severity imaginable to his Prisoner.

To confess a melancholy Truth, it is a Circumstance much to be lamented; that there is no absolute Dependence on the Friendship of GREAT MEN. An Observation which hath been frequently made by those who have lived in Courts or in *Newgate*, or in any other Place set apart for the Habitation of the said GREAT MEN.

The second Day of his Confinement he was greatly surprized at receiving a Visit from his Wife; and much more so, when, instead of a Countenance ready to insult him, the only Motive to which he could ascribe her Presence, he saw the Tears trickling down her lovely Cheeks. He embraced her with the utmost Marks of Affection, and declared he could hardly regret his Confinement, since it had produced such an Instance of the Happiness he enjoyed in her, whose Fidelity to him on this Occasion, would, he believed, make him the Envy of most Husbands, even in *Newgate*. He then begged her to dry her Eyes, and be comforted; for that Matters might go better with him than she expected. “No, no, (says she) I am certain you will be found guilty *Death*. I knew what it would always come to. I told you it was impossible to carry on such a Trade long; but you would not be advised, and now you see the Consequence, now you repent when it is too late.

late. All the Comfort I shall have when you are *nubbed*, is that I gave you good Advice. If you had always gone out by yourself, as I would have had you, you might have robbed on to the End of the Chapter; but you was wiser than all the World, or rather lazier, and see what your Laziness is come to, — To the § *Cheat*, for thither you will go now, that's infallible. And a just Judgment on you for following your headstrong Will; I am the only Person to be pitied, poor I, who shall be scandalized for your Fault. *There goes she whose Husband was hanged*: Methinks I hear them crying so already."

At which Words she burst into Tears. He could not then forbear chiding her for this unnecessary Concern on his Account, and begged her not to trouble him any more. She answered with some Spirit, "On your Account, and be d——d to you! No, if the old Cull of a Justice had not sent me here, I believe it would have been long enough before I should have come hither to see after you: D——n me, I am committed for the † *Filing-Lay*, Man, and we shall be both *nubbed* together. I faith, my dear, it almost makes me Amends for being *nubbed* myself, to have the Pleasure of seeing thee *nubbed* too. Indeed, my Dear, (answered *Wild*) it is what I have always wished for thee; but I do not desire to bear thee Company, and I have still Hopes to have the Pleasure of seeing you go without me; at least I will have the Pleasure to be rid of you now." And so saying, he seized her by the Waist, and with strong Arm flung her out of the Room; but not before she had with her Nails left a bloody Memorial on his Cheek: And thus this fond Couple parted.

H 3

*Wild** The Cant Word for *Hanging*.§ The *Gallows*.† *Picking Pockets*.

Wild had scarce recovered himself from the Uneasiness into which this unwelcome Visit, proceeding from the disagreeable Fondness of his Wife, had thrown him, than the faithful *Achates* appeared. The Presence of this Youth was indeed a Cordial to his Spirits. He received him with open Arms, and expressed the utmost Satisfaction in the Fidelity of his Friendship, which so far exceeded the Fashion of the Times, and said many Things, which we have forgot, on the Occasion; but we remember they all tended to the Praise of *Fireblood*, whose Modesty, at length, put a Stop to the Torrent of Compliments, by asserting he had done no more than his Duty, and that he should have detested himself, could he have forsaken his Friend in his Adversity, and after many Protestations, that he came the Moment he heard of his Misfortune, he asked him if he could be of any Service. *Wild* answered, since he had so kindly proposed that Question, he must say he should be obliged to him, if he could lend him a few Guineas; for that he was very *seedy*. *Fireblood* replied, that he was greatly unhappy in not having it then in his Power, adding many hearty Oaths, that he had not a Farthing of Money in his Pocket, which was, indeed, strictly true; for he had only a Bank-Note which he had that Evening purloined from a Gentleman in the Playhouse-Passage. He then asked for his Wife, to whom, to speak truly, the Visit was intended, her Confinement being the Misfortune of which he had just heard; for, as for that of Mr. *Wild* himself, he had known it from the first, without ever intending to trouble him with his Company. Being informed therefore of the Visit which had lately happened, he reproved *Wild* for his cruel Treatment of that good Creature; then taking as sudden Leave as he civilly could of the Gentleman, he

he hastened to comfort his Lady, who received him with great Kindness.

CHAP. III.

Curious Anecdotes relating to the History of Newgate.

THERE resided in the Castle at the same Time with Mr. *Wild*, one *Roger Johnson*, a very GREAT MAN, who had long been at the Head of all the *Prigs*, and had raised Contributions on them. He examined into the Nature of their Defence, procured and instructed their Evidence, and made himself, at least in their Opinions, so necessary to them, that the whole Fate of *Newgate* seemed entirely to depend upon him.

Wild had not been long under Confinement, before he began to oppose this Man. He represented him to the *Prigs* as a Fellow, who under the plausible Pretence of assisting their Causes, was in Reality undermining the Liberties of *Newgate*. He at first only threw out certain sly Hints and Insinuations; but having by Degrees formed a Party against *Roger*, he one Day assembled them together, and spoke to them in the following florid Manner.

Friends and Fellow-Citizens.

“ The Cause which I am to mention to you this
 “ Day, is of such mighty Importance, that when
 “ I consider my own small Abilities, I tremble
 “ with an Apprehension, lest your Safety may be
 “ rendered precarious by the Weakness of him
 “ who is representing to you your Danger. Gen-
 “ tlemen, the Liberty of *Newgate* is at Stake:
 “ Your Privileges have been long undermined, and
 “ are now openly violated by one Man; by one
 “ who

“ who hath engrossed to himself the whole Con-
 “ duct of your Trials, under Colour of which he
 “ exacts what Contributions on you he pleases :
 “ But are these Sums appropriated to the Uses for
 “ which they are raised ? Your frequent Convicti-
 “ ons at the *Old Baily* must too sensibly and sorely
 “ demonstrate the contrary. What Evidence doth
 “ he ever produce for the Prisoner, which he of
 “ himself could not have provided, and often bet-
 “ ter instructed ? How many noble Youths have
 “ there been lost, when a single *Alibi* would have
 “ saved them ! Should I be silent, nay, could your
 “ own Injuries want a Tongue to remonstrate, the
 “ very Breath, which by his Neglect hath been
 “ stopped at the *Cheat*, would cry out loudly a-
 “ gainst him. Nor is the Exorbitancy of his
 “ Plunders visible only in the dreadful Conse-
 “ quences it hath produced to the *Prigs*, nor glares
 “ it only in the Miseries brought on them : It
 “ blazes forth in the more desirable Effects it hath
 “ wrought for himself, in the rich Perquisites ac-
 “ quired by it : Witness that Silk Night-Gown,
 “ that Robe of Shame, which to his eternal Dis-
 “ honour he publicly wears ; that Gown, which
 “ I will not scruple to call the Winding-Sheet of
 “ the Liberties of *Newgate*. Is there a *Prig* who
 “ hath the Interest and Honour of *Newgate* so
 “ little at Heart, that he can refrain from Blush-
 “ ing when he beholds that Trophy, purchased
 “ with the Breath of so many *Prigs* ! Nor is this
 “ all. His Waistcoat embroidered with Silk, and
 “ his Velvet Cap, bought with the same Price,
 “ are Ensigns of the same Disgrace. Some would
 “ think the Rags which covered his Nakedness,
 “ when first he was committed hither, well ex-
 “ changed for these gaudy Trappings ; but in my
 “ Eye, no Exchange can be profitable when Dis-
 “ honour is the Condition. If, therefore, *New-*
 “ gate——”

“gate——” Here the only Copy which we could procure of this Speech breaks off abruptly; however, we can assure the Reader from very authentic Information, that he concluded with advising the *Prigs* to put their Affairs into other Hands. After which, one of his Party, in a very long Speech, recommended him (*Wild* himself) to their Choice.

Newgate was divided into Parties on this Occasion; the *Prigs* on each Side writing to one another, and representing their Chief or GREAT Man to be the only Person by whom the Affairs of *Newgate* could be managed with Safety and Advantage. The *Prigs* had indeed very different Interests; for both Parties were permitted by their Leader to have their Share in the Plunder, which the Friends of *Johnson* had already enjoyed, and which those of *Wild* expected on his Exaltation: what may seem more remarkable was, that the Debtors, who were entirely unconcerned in the Dispute, and who were the destined Plunder of both Parties, should interest themselves with the utmost Violence, some on Behalf of *Wild*, and others in Favour of *Johnson*. So that all *Newgate* resounded with *WILD for ever, JOHNSON for ever*. And such Quarrels and Animosities happened between them, that they seemed rather the People of two Countries long at War with each other, than the Inhabitants of the same Castle.

Wild's Party at length prevailed, and he succeeded to the Place and Power of *Johnson*, whom he presently stript of all his Finery; but when it was proposed, that he should sell it, and divide the Money for the good of the whole; he waved that Motion, saying, it was not yet Time, that he should find a better Opportunity, that the Clothes wanted cleaning, with many other Pretences, and, within two Days, to the Surprize of many, he appeared in them himself; for which he vouchsafed

no other Apology than, that they fitted him much better than they did *Johnson*, and that they became him in a much more elegant Manner.

This Behaviour in *Wild* greatly incensed the Debtors, particularly those by whose Means he had been promoted. They grumbled extremely, and vented great Indignation against *Wild*; when one Day a very grave Man, and one of much Authority among them, bespoke them as follows:

“ Nothing sure can be more justly ridiculous
 “ than the Conduct of those, who, like Children,
 “ lay the Lamb in the Wolf’s Way, and then lament his being devoured. What a Wolf is in
 “ a Sheepfold, a GREAT Man is in Society.
 “ Now, when one Wolf is in Possession of a
 “ Sheepfold, how little would it avail the simple
 “ Flock to expel him, and place another in his
 “ stead? Of the same Benefit to us is the overthrowing one *Prig* in Favour of another. And
 “ for what other Advantage was your Struggle?
 “ Did you not all know, that *Wild* and his Followers were *Prigs*, as well as *Johnson* and his?
 “ What then could the Contention be among such,
 “ but that which you have now discovered it to have been? Perhaps some would say, Is it then
 “ our Duty tamely to submit to the Rapine of the
 “ *Prig* who now plunders us; for Fear of an Exchange? Surely No: But I answer, It is better
 “ to shake the Plunder off than to exchange the
 “ Plunderer. And by what Means can we effect this, but by a total Change in our Manners?
 “ Every *Prig* is a Slave. His own *Priggish* Desires, which enslave him themselves, betray him
 “ to the Tyranny of others. To preserve, therefore, the Liberty of *Newgate*, is to change the
 “ Manners of *Newgate*. Let us, therefore, who
 “ are confined here for Debt only, separate ourselves entirely from the *Prigs*; neither drink
 “ with

“ with them, nor converse with them. Let us,
“ at the same time, separate ourselves farther from
“ *Priggism* itself. Instead of being ready, on
“ every Opportunity, to pillage each other, let us
“ be content with our honest Share of the common
“ Bounty, and with the Acquisition of our own
“ Industry. When we separate from the *Prigs*,
“ let us enter into a closer Alliance with one an-
“ other. Let us consider ourselves all as Members
“ of one Community, to the public Good of
“ which we are to sacrifice our private Views;
“ not to give up the Interest of the whole for
“ the least Pleasure or Profit which shall accrue to
“ ourselves. Liberty is consistent with no Degree
“ of Honesty inferior to this, and the Community
“ where this abounds, no *Prig* will have the
“ Impudence or Audaciousness to endeavour
“ to enslave; but, while one Man pursues
“ his Ambition, another his Interest, another his
“ Safety; while one hath a Roguery (a *Priggism*
“ they here call it) to commit, and another a
“ Roguery to defend, they must naturally fly to
“ the Favour and Protection of those, who have
“ Power to give them what they desire, and to de-
“ fend them from what they fear; nay, in this
“ View it becomes their Interest to promote this
“ Power in their Patrons. Now, Gentlemen,
“ when we are no longer *Prigs*, we shall no longer
“ have these Fears or these Desires. What re-
“ mains, therefore, for us, but to resolve bravely
“ to lay aside our *Priggism*, our Roguery, in
“ plainer Words, and preserve our Liberty, or to
“ give up the latter in the Preservation and Prese-
“ rence of the former.

This Speech was received with much Applause; however *Wild* continued to levy Contributions among the Prisoners, to apply the Garnish to his own Use, and to strut openly in the Ornaments
which

which he had stript from *Johnson*. To speak sincerely, there was more Bravado than real Use or Advantage in these Trappings. As for the Night-Gown, its Outside indeed made a glittering Tinsel Appearance, but it kept him not warm; nor could the Finery of it do him much Honour, since every one knew it did not properly belong to him, nor, indeed, suited his Degree: As to the Waistcoat, it fitted him very ill, being infinitely too big for him; and the Cap was so heavy, that it made his Head ache. Thus these Clothes, which, perhaps, (as they presented the Idea of their Misery more sensibly to the People's Eyes) brought him more Envy, Hatred, and Detraction, than all his deeper Impositions, and more real Advantages; afforded very little Use or Honour to the Wearer; nay, could scarce serve to amuse his own Vanity, when it was cool enough to reflect with the least Seriousness. And, should I speak in the Language of a Man who estimated human Happiness without regard to that GREATNESS, which we have so laboriously endeavoured to paint in this History, it is probable he never took (*i. e.* robbed the Prisoners of) a Shilling, which he himself did not pay too dear for.

C H A P. IV.

The Dead-Warrant arrives for Heartfree; on which Occasion Wild betrays some human Weakness.

THE Dead-Warrant, as it is called, now came down to *Newgate* for the Execution of *Heartfree* among the rest of the Prisoners. And here the Reader must excuse us, who profess to draw natural, not perfect Characters, and to record the

the Truths of History, not the Extravagancies of Romance, while we relate a Weakness in *Wild*, of which we are ourselves ashamed, and which we would willingly have concealed, could we have preserved at the same Time that strict Attachment to Truth and Impartiality, which we have vowed in recording the Annals of this GREAT Man. Know then, Reader, that this Dead-Warrant did not affect *Heartfree*, who was to suffer a shameful Death by it, with half the Concern it gave *Wild*, who had been the Occasion of it. He had been a little struck the Day before, on seeing the Children carried away in Tears from their Father. This Sight brought the Remembrance of some slight Injuries he had done the Father, to his Mind, which he endeavoured, as much as possible, to obliterate; but when one of the Keepers (I should say, Lieutenants of the Castle) repeated *Heartfree's* Name among those of the Malefactors who were to suffer within a few Days, the Blood forsook his Countenance, and, in a cold still Stream, moved heavily to his Heart, which had scarce Strength enough left to return it through his Veins. In short, his Body so visibly demonstrated the Pangs of his Mind, that, to escape Observation, he retired to his Room, where he sullenly gave vent to such bitter Agonies, that, even the injured *Heartfree*, had not the Apprehension of what his Wife had suffered, shut every Avenue of Compassion, would have pitied him.

When his Mind was thoroughly fatigued, and worn out with the Horrors which the approaching Fate of the poor Wretch, who lay under a Sentence, which he had iniquitously brought upon him, had suggested. Sleep promised him Relief; but this Promise was, alas! delusive. This certain Friend to the tired Body, is often the severest Enemy to the oppressed Mind. So at least it proved to
Wild,

Wild, adding visionary to real Horrors, and tormenting his Imagination with Fantoms too dreadful to be described. At length starting from these Visions, he no sooner recovered his waking Senses than he cry'd out: "I may yet prevent this Catastrophe. It is not too late to discover the whole." He then paused a Moment: But GREATNESS instantly returning to his Assistance, checked the base Thought, as it first offered itself to his Mind. He then reasoned thus coolly with himself: "Shall I, like a Child, or a Woman, or one of those mean Wretches, whom I have always despised, be frightened by Dreams and visionary Phantoms, to sully that Honour which I have so difficultly acquired, and so gloriously maintained! Shall I, to redeem the worthless Life of this silly Fellow, suffer my Reputation to contract a Stain, which the Blood of Millions cannot wipe away! Was it not only that the few, the simple Part of Mankind, should call me a *Rogue*, perhaps I could submit; but to be for ever contemptible to the *PRIGS*, as a Wretch who wanted Spirit to execute my Undertaking, can never be digested. What is the Life of a single Man? Have not whole Armies and Nations been sacrificed to the Humour of *ONE GREAT MAN*? Nay, to omit that first Class of GREATNESS, the Conquerors of Mankind, how often have Numbers fallen, by a fictitious Plot, only to satisfy the Spleen, or perhaps exercise the Ingenuity of a Member of that second Order of GREATNESS the *Ministerial*! What have I done then? Why, I have ruined a Family, and brought an innocent Man to the Gallows. I ought rather to weep, with *Alexander*, that I have ruined no more, than to regret the little I have done." He at length, therefore, bravely resolved to consign over *Heart-*

free

free to his Fate, though it cost him more struggling than may easily be believed, utterly to conquer his Reluctance, and to banish away every Degree of Humanity from his Mind, these little Sparks of which composed one of those Weaknesses, which we lamented in the opening of our History.

But, in Vindication of our Hero, we must beg Leave to observe, that Nature is seldom so kind as those Writers who draw Characters absolutely perfect. She seldom creates any Man so completely GREAT, or completely low, but that some Sparks of Humanity will glimmer in the former, and some Sparks of what the Vulgar call Evil, will dart forth in the latter; utterly to extinguish which will give some Pain and Uneasiness to both; for I apprehend, no Mind was ever yet formed entirely free from Blemish, unless peradventure that of a sanctified Hypocrite, whose Praises a well-fed Flatterer hath gratefully thought proper to sing forth.

CHAP. V.

The Arrival of a Person little expected; with other Matters.

THE Day was now come when poor *Heartfree* was to suffer an ignominious Death. *Friendly* had, in the strongest Manner, confirmed his Assurance of fulfilling his Promise, of becoming a Father to one of his Children, and a Husband to the other. This gave him inexpressible Comfort, and he had, the Evening before, taken his last Leave of the little Wretches, with a Tenderness which drew a Tear from one of the Keepers, joined to a Magnanimity which would have pleased a *Stoic*. When he was informed that the Coach, which *Friendly* had provided for him, was ready, and that the rest of

of the Prisoners were gone, he embraced that faithful Friend with great Passion, and begged that he would leave him here; but the other desired Leave to accompany him to his End; which at last he was forced to comply with. And now he was proceeding towards the Coach, when he found his Difficulties were not yet over; for now a Friend arrived, of whom he was to take a harder and more tender Leave than he had yet gone through. This Friend, Reader, was no other than Mrs. *Heartfree* herself, who ran to him with a Look all wild, staring, and frantic, and, having reached his Arms, fainted away in them without uttering a single Syllable. *Heartfree* was, with great Difficulty, able to preserve his own Senses in such a Surprise at such a Season. And indeed our good-natured Reader will be rather inclined to wish this miserable Couple had, by dying in each other's Arms, put a final Period to their Woes, than have survived to taste those bitter Moments which were to be their Portion, and which the unhappy Wife, soon recovering from the short Intermission of Being, now began to suffer. When she became first Mistress of her Voice, she burst forth into the following Accents: "O my Husband!—Is this
 " the Condition in which I find you after our cruel
 " Separation! Who hath done this? Cruel Heaven!
 " ven! What is the Occasion? I know thou canst
 " deserve no Ill. Tell me, some Body who can
 " speak, while I have my Senses left to under-
 " stand,—What is the Matter?" At which Words several laughed, and one answered: "The Mat-
 " ter! Why no great Matter.—The Gentleman
 " is not the first, nor won't be the last: The
 " worst of the Matter is, that if we are to stay all
 " the Morning here, I shall lose my Dinner." *Heartfree*, pausing a Moment, and recollecting himself, cry'd out; "I will bear all with Pati-
 " ence."

“ence.” And then, addressing himself to the commanding Officer; begged he might only have a few Minutes by himself with his Wife, whom he had not seen before, since his Misfortunes. The GREAT Man answered: “He had Compassion on him, and would do more than he could answer; but he supposed he was too much a Gentleman not to know that something was due for such Civility.” On this hint, *Friendly*, who was himself half dead, pulled five Guineas out of his Pocket; which the GREAT Man took, and said, he would be so generous to give him ten Minutes; on which one observed, that many a Gentleman had bought ten Minutes with a Woman dearer; and many other facetious Remarks were made, unnecessary to be here related. *Heartfree* was now suffered to retire into a Room with his Wife, the Commander informing him at his Entrance, that he must be expeditious, for that the rest of the good Company would be at the Tree before him, and he supposed he was a Gentleman of too much Breeding to make them wait.

This tender wretched Couple were now retiring for these few Minutes, which the Commander without carefully measured with his Watch; and *Heartfree* was mustering all his Resolution to part with what his Soul so ardently doated on; and to conjure her to support his Loss for the sake of her poor Infants, and to comfort her with the Promise of *Friendly* on their Account: but all his Design was frustrated. Mrs. *Heartfree* could not support the Shock, but again fainted away, and so entirely lost every Symptom of Life, that *Heartfree* called vehemently for Assistance. *Friendly* rushed first into the Room, and was soon followed by many others, and, what was remarkable, one who had unmoved beheld the tender Scene between these parting Lovers, was touched to the quick by the pale Looks of

of the Woman, and ran up and down for Water, Drops, &c. with the utmost Hurry and Confusion. The ten Minutes were expired, which the Commander now hinted; and seeing nothing offered for the Renewal of the Term (for indeed *Friendly* had unhappily emptied his Pockets) he began to grow very importunate, and at last told *Heartfree*, *He should be ashamed not to act more like a Man.* *Heartfree* begged his Pardon, and said, he would make him wait no longer. Then, with the deepest Sigh, cry'd: "O my Angel!" and embracing his Wife with the utmost Eagerness, kissed her pale Lips with more Fervency than ever Bridegroom did the blushing Cheeks of his Bride; he then cry'd: "The Great God bless thee, and, if it be his Pleasure, restore thee to Life; if not, I beseech him we may presently meet again in a better World than this." He was breaking from her, when, perceiving her Sense returning, he could not forbear renewing his Embrace, and again pressing her Lips, which now recovered Life and Warmth so fast, that he begged one ten Minutes more to tell her what her Swooning had prevented her hearing. The worthy Commander, being perhaps a little touched at this tender Scene, took *Friendly* aside, and asked him what he would give, if he would suffer his Friend to remain half an Hour? *Friendly* answered, *any thing*; that he had no more Money in his Pocket, but he would certainly pay him that Afternoon. Well then, I'll be moderate, said he,—Twenty Guineas.—*Friendly* answered, It is a Bargain. The Commander having exacted a firm Promise, cry'd,—Then I don't care if they stay a whole Hour together; for what signifies hiding good News?—The Gentleman is reprieved—; of which he had just before received Notice in a Whisper. It would be very impertinent to offer at a Description of the Joy this occasioned

sioned to the two Friends, or to Mrs. *Heartfree*, who was now again recovered. A Surgeon, who was happily present, was employed to bleed them all. After which, the Commander, who had his Promise of the Money again confirmed to him, wished *Heartfree* Joy, and, shaking him very friendly by the Hand, cleared the Room of all the Company, and left the three Friends together.

C H A P. VI.

In which the foregoing happy Incident is accounted for.

BUT here, though I am convinced my good-natured Reader may almost want the Surgeon's Assistance also, and that there is no Passage in this whole Story, which can afford him equal Delight; yet lest our Reprieve should seem to resemble that in the *Beggar's Opera*, I shall endeavour to shew him, that this Incident, which is undoubtedly true, is at least as natural as delightful; for, we assure him, we would rather have suffered half Mankind to be hang'd, than have saved one contrary to the strictest Rules of Writing and Probability.

Be it known then (a Circumstance which I think highly credible) that the GREAT *Fireblood* had been, a few Days before, taken in the Fact of a Robbery, and carried before the same Justice of Peace, who had, on his Evidence, committed *Heartfree* to Prison. This Magistrate, who did indeed no small Honour to the Commission he bore, duly considered the weighty Charge committed to him, by which he was intrusted with Decisions affecting the Lives, Liberties and Properties of his Countrymen; he therefore examined always with the utmost Diligence and Caution, into every minute Circumstance. And, as he had a good deal
balanced

balanced, even when he committed *Heartfree*, on the excellent Character given him by *Friendly* and the Maid; and, as he was much staggered on finding of the two Persons, on whose Evidence alone *Heartfree* had been committed and had been since convicted, one, as he had heard, in *Newgate* for a Felony, and the other now brought before him for a Robbery, he thought proper to put the Matter very home to *Fireblood* at this time. The young *Achates* was taken, as we have said, in the Fact, so that Denial, he saw, was in vain. He, therefore, honestly confest what he knew must be proved; and desired, on the Merit of the Discoveries he made, to be admitted as an Evidence against his Accomplices. This afforded the happiest Opportunity to the Justice, to satisfy his Conscience in relation to *Heartfree*. He told *Fireblood*, that, if he expected the Favour he solicited, it must be on Condition, that he revealed the whole Truth to him concerning the Evidence which he had lately given against a Bankrupt, and which some Circumstances had induced a Suspicion of; that he might depend on it, the Truth would be discovered by other Means, and gave some oblique Hints, (a Deceit entirely justifiable) that *Wild* himself had offered such a Discovery. The very Mention of *Wild*'s Name immediately alarmed *Fireblood*, who did not in the least doubt the Readiness of that GREAT Man to hang any of the Gang, when his own Interest seemed to require it. He, therefore hesitated not a Moment; but, having obtained a Promise from the Justice, that he should be accepted as an Evidence, he discovered the whole Falshood, and that he had been seduced by *Wild*, to depose as he had done.

The Justice having thus luckily and timely discovered this Scene of Villany, *alias* GREATNESS, lost not a Moment in using his utmost Endeavours

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to get the Case of the unhappy Convict represented to the Sovereign; who immediately granted him that gracious Reprieve, which caused such Happiness to the Persons concerned; and which, we hope, we have now accounted for to the Satisfaction of the Reader. Indeed we had Reason to apprehend, it would at first very greatly surprize him, and by that Means lessen the Pleasure of the Critics, a Sort of People, for whom, and for whose Entertainment, we have the tenderest Regard, and to whom we pay all that just Duty and Respect, which, of common Right, they ought to receive from every Author.

The good Magistrate having obtained this Reprieve for *Heartfree*, thought it incumbent on him to visit him in the Prison, and to sound, if possible, the Depth of this Affair, that if he should appear as innocent as he now began to conceive him, he might use all imaginable Methods to obtain his Pardon and Enlargement.

—The next Day therefore after that, when the miserable Scene above described had passed, he went to *Newgate*, where he found those three Persons, namely *Heartfree*, his Wife, and *Friendly*, sitting together. The Justice informed the Prisoner of the Confession of *Fireblood*, with the Steps which he had taken upon it. The Reader will easily conceive the many outward Thanks as well as inward Gratitude which he received from all three; but those were of very little Consequence to him, compared with the secret Satisfaction he felt in his Mind, from reflecting on the Preservation of Innocence, as he soon after very clearly perceived was the Case.

When he entred the Room, Mrs. *Heartfree* was speaking with some Earnestness: As he perceived, therefore, he had interrupted her, he begged she would continue her Discourse, which, if he

he prevented by his Presence, he desired to depart; but *Heartfree* would not suffer it. He said, she had been relating some Adventures, which perhaps might entertain him to hear, and which he the rather desired he would, as they might serve to illustrate the Foundation on which this Fallhood had been built, which had brought on him all his Misfortunes.

The Justice very gladly consented, and Mrs. *Heartfree*, at her Husband's Desire, began the Relation from the first Renewal of *Wild's* Acquaintance with her Husband; but, tho' this Recapitulation was necessary for the Information of our good Magistrate, as it would be useless, and perhaps tedious, to the Reader, we shall only repeat that Part of her Story to which he is a Stranger, beginning with what happened to her, after *Wild* had been turned adrift in the Boat, by the Captain of the *French Privateer*.

C H A P. VII.

Mrs. Heartfree begins to relate her Adventures.

MRS. *Heartfree* proceeded thus. "The Vengeance which the *French* Captain exacted on that Villain, (our Hero) persuaded me, that I was fallen into the Hands of a Man of Honour and Justice; nor, indeed, was it possible for any Person to be treated with more Respect and Civility than I now was; but, if this could not mitigate my Sorrows, when I reflected on the Condition in which I had been betrayed to leave all that was dear to me, much less could it produce such an Effect, when I discovered, as I soon did, that I owed it chiefly to a Passion, which threatened me with great Uneasiness, as it

“ it quickly appeared to be very violent, and as I
 “ was absolutely in the Power of the Person who
 “ possessed it, or was rather possessed by it. I must
 “ however do him the Justice to say, my Fears
 “ carried my Suspicions farther than I afterwards
 “ found I had any Reason for: He did, indeed,
 “ very soon acquaint me with his Passion, and used
 “ all the gentle Methods, which frequently succeed
 “ with our Sex, to prevail with me to gratify it;
 “ but never once threatened, nor had the least Re-
 “ course to Force. He did not even once insin-
 “ ate to me, that I was totally in his Power, which
 “ I myself saw, and whence I drew the most
 “ dreadful Apprehensions, well knowing, that as
 “ there are some Dispositions so brutal, that Cru-
 “ elty adds a Zest and Savour to their Pleasures;
 “ so there are others whose gentler Inclinations are
 “ better gratified, when they win us by softer Me-
 “ thods to comply with their Desires; yet even
 “ these may be often compelled by an unruly Pas-
 “ sion to have recourse at last to the Means of
 “ Violence, when they despair of Success from
 “ Persuasion; but I was happily the Captive of a
 “ better Man. My Conqueror was one of those
 “ over whom Passion hath a limited Jurisdiction,
 “ and tho’ he was easy enough to Sin, he was
 “ proof against any Temptation to Villany.
 “ We had been two Days almost totally be-
 “ calmed, when a brisk Gale rising, as we were
 “ in Sight of *Dunkirk*, we saw a Vessel making
 “ full Sail towards us. The Captain of the Priva-
 “ teer was so strong, that he apprehended no
 “ Danger but from a Man of War, which the
 “ Sailors discerned this not to be. He therefore
 “ struck his Colours, and furled his Sails as much
 “ as possible, in order to lie by and expect her.
 “ hoping she might be a Prize.” (Here *Heartfree*
 smiling, his Wife stopp’d and enquired the Cause.

He

He told her, it was from her using the Sea Terms so aptly: She laughed, and answered, he would wonder less at this, when he heard the long Time she had been on board: And then proceeded)
“ This Vessel now came along-side of us, and
“ hailed us, having perceived that, on which we
“ were aboard, to be of her own Country: They
“ begged us not to put into *Dunkirk*, but to accompany them in their Pursuit of a large *English*
“ Merchant-man, whom we should easily overtake, and both together as easily conquer. Our
“ Captain immediately consented to this Proposition, and ordered all the Sail to be crowded.
“ This was most unwelcome News to me; however, he comforted me all he could, by assuring
“ me, I had nothing to fear, that he would be so far from offering the least Rudeness to me, that
“ he would at the Hazard of his Life protect me from it. This Assurance gave me all the Consolation, which my present Circumstances and
“ the dreadful Apprehensions I had on your
“ dear Account would admit.” (At which Words the tenderest Glances passed on both Sides between the Husband and Wife.)

“ We sailed near twelve Hours, when we came
“ in Sight of the Ship we were in pursuit of, and
“ which we should probably have soon come up with, had not a very thick Mist ravished her
“ from our Eyes. This Mist continued several
“ Hours, and when it cleared up we discovered
“ our Companion at a great Distance from us; but what gave us (I mean the Captain and his
“ Crew) the greatest Uneasiness, was the Sight of
“ a very large Ship within a Mile of us, which
“ presently saluted us with a Gun, and now appeared to be a third Rate *English* Man of War.
“ Our Captain declared the Impossibility of either fighting or escaping, and accordingly struck,
“ without

“ without waiting for the Broadside which was
 “ preparing for us, and which perhaps would have
 “ prevented me from the Happiness I now enjoy.”
 This occasioned *Heartfree* to change Colour, his
 Wife therefore past hastily to Circumstances of a
 more smiling Complexion.

“ I greatly rejoiced at this Event, as I thought
 “ it would not only restore me to the safe Possessi-
 “ on of my Jewels, but to what I value beyond
 “ all the Treasure in the Universe. My Expecta-
 “ tion, however, of both these was somewhat
 “ crost for the present: As to the former, I was
 “ told, they should be carefully preserved; but
 “ that I must prove my Right to them, before I
 “ could expect their Restoration; which, if I
 “ mistake not, the Captain did not very eagerly
 “ desire I should be able to accomplish: And as
 “ to the latter, I was acquainted, that I should be
 “ put aboard the first Ship, which they met on
 “ her Way to *England*; but that they were pro-
 “ ceeding to the *West-Indies*.

“ I had not been long aboard the Man of War,
 “ before I discovered just Reason rather to lament,
 “ than rejoice at the Exchange of my Captivity;
 “ (for such I concluded my present Situation to
 “ be.) I had now another Lover in the Captain,
 “ of this *Englishman*, and much rougher and less
 “ gallant than the *Frenchman* had been. He used
 “ me with scarce common Civility, as indeed he
 “ shewed very little to any other Person, treating
 “ his Officers little better than a Man of no great
 “ Good-Breeding would exert to his meanest Ser-
 “ vant, and that too on some very irritating Pro-
 “ vocation. As for me, he addressed me with the
 “ Insolence of a *Basha* to a *Circassian* Slave; he
 “ talked to me with the loose Licence in which the
 “ most profligate Libertines converse with Harlots,
 “ and which Women abandoned only in a moderate

“ Degree detest and abhor. He often kissed me
“ with very rude Familiarity, and one Day at-
“ tempted further Brutality, when a Gentleman
“ on board, and who was in my Situation, that is,
“ had been taken by a Privateer and was retaken,
“ rescued me from his Hands; for which the
“ Captain confined him, tho’ he was not under
“ his Command, two Days in Irons; when he
“ was released, (for I was not suffered to visit him
“ in his Confinement,) I went to him and thanked
“ him with the utmost Acknowledgment, for
“ what he had done and suffered on my Account.
“ The Gentleman behaved to me in the handsomest
“ Manner on this Occasion; told me, he was
“ ashamed of the high Sense I seemed to entertain
“ of so small an Obligation, of an Action, to
“ which his Duty as a Christian, and his Honour
“ as a Man, obliged him. From this Time I
“ lived in great Familiarity with this Man, whom
“ I regarded as my Protector, which he professed
“ himself ready to be on all Occasions, expressing
“ the utmost Abhorrence of the Captain’s Bruta-
“ lity, especially that shewn towards me, and the
“ Tenderness of a Parent for the Preservation of
“ my Virtue, for which I was not myself more
“ solicitous than he appeared. He was, indeed,
“ the only Man I had hitherto met, since my un-
“ happy Departure, who did not endeavour by all
“ his Looks, Words, and Actions, to assure me,
“ he had a Liking to my unfortunate Person. The
“ rest seeming desirous of sacrificing the little
“ Beauty they complimented, to their Desires,
“ without the least Consideration of the Ruin,
“ which I earnestly represented to them, they
“ were attempting to bring on me and my future
“ Repose.

“ I now past several Days pretty free from the
“ Captain’s Molestation, till one fatal Night.”

Here

Here perceiving *Heartfree* grew pale, she comforted him by an Assurance, that God had preserved her Chastity, and again had restored her unsullied to his Arms; she continued thus: “Perhaps, I give it a wrong Epithet in the Word *fatal*; but a wretched Night, I am sure I may call it, for no Woman, who came off victorious, was, I believe, ever in greater Danger. One Night, I say, having drank his Spirits high with Punch, in Company with the Purser, who was the only Man in the Ship he admitted to his Table, he sent for me into his Cabin; whither, tho’ unwilling, I was obliged to go. We were no sooner alone together, than he seized me by the Hand, and, after affronting my Ears with Discourse which I am unable to repeat, he swore a great Oath, that his Passion was to be dallied with no longer, that I must not expect to treat him in the Manner, to which a Set of Blockhead Land-Men submitted. None of your Coquet Airs, therefore, with me, Madam, said he, for I am resolved to have you this Night. No struggling nor squawling, for both will be impertinent. The first Man who offers to come in here, I will have his Skin flea’d off at the Gangway. He then attempted to pull me violently towards his Bed. I threw myself on my Knees, and with Tears and Entreaties besought his Compassion; but this was, I found, to no Purpose: I then had Recourse to Threats, and endeavoured to frighten him with the Consequence; but neither had this, tho’ it seemed to stagger him more than the other Method, sufficient Force to deliver me. At last, a Stratagem came into my Head, of which my perceiving him reel, gave me the first Hint, I entreated a Moment’s Reprieve only, when collecting all the Spirits I could muster, I put on a constrained

“ Air of Gaiety, and told him with an affected
“ Laugh, he was the roughest Lover I had ever
“ met with, and that I believed I was the first
“ Woman he had ever paid his Addresses to. *Ad-*
“ *dresses*, said he, *d——n your Dresses, I want to*
“ *undress you*. I then begged him to let us drink
“ some Punch together; for that I loved a Can as
“ well as himself, and never would grant the Fa-
“ vour to any Man till I had drank a hearty Glas
“ with him. O, said he, if that be all, you shall
“ have Punch enough to drown yourself in. At
“ which Words he rung the Bell, and ordered in a
“ Gallon of that Liquor. I was in the mean time
“ obliged to suffer his nauseous Kisse, and some
“ Rudenesses which I had great Difficulty to re-
“ strain within moderate Bounds. When the
“ Punch came in, he took up the Bowl and drank
“ my Health ostentatiously, in such a Quantity,
“ that it considerably advanced my Scheme. I
“ followed him with Bumpers, as fast as possible,
“ and was myself obliged to drink so much, that
“ at another time it would have staggered my own
“ Reason, but at present it did not affect me. At
“ length, perceiving him very far gone, I watched
“ an Opportunity, and ran out of the Cabin,
“ resolving to seek Protection of the Sea, if I
“ could find no other: But Heaven was now
“ graciously pleased to relieve me; for in his At-
“ tempt to pursue me, he reeled backwards, and
“ falling down the Cabin Stairs, he dislocated his
“ Shoulder, and so bruised himself, that I was not
“ only preserved that Night from any Danger of
“ my intended Ravisher; but the Accident threw
“ him into a Fever, which endangered his Life,
“ and whether he ever recovered or no, I am not
“ certain; for during his delirious Fits, the eldest
“ Lieutenant commanded the Ship. This was a
“ virtuous and a brave Fellow, who had been
“ twenty

“ twenty five Years in that Post without being able
 “ to obtain a Ship, and had seen several Boys, the
 “ Bastards of Noblemen, put over his Head. One
 “ Day, while the Ship remained under his Com-
 “ mand, an *English* Vessel bound to *Cork*, passed
 “ by ; myself and my Friend, who had lain two
 “ Days in Irons on my Account, went on board
 “ this Ship, with the leave of the good Lieutenant,
 “ who made us such Presents as he was able of
 “ Provisions, and congratulating me on my Deli-
 “ very from a Danger to which none of the Ship’s
 “ Crew had been Strangers, he kindly wished us
 “ both a safe Voyage.

C H A P. VIII.

*In which Mrs. Heartfree continues the Relation of
 her Adventures.*

“ **T**HE first Evening after we were aboard this
 “ Vessel, which was a Brigantine, we being
 “ then at a little Distance from the *Madeiras*, the
 “ most violent Storm arose from the North-West,
 “ in which we presently lost both our Masts ; and
 “ indeed Death now presented itself as inevitable to
 “ us.—I need not tell my *Tommy* what were then
 “ my Thoughts. Our Danger was so great, that the
 “ Captain of the Ship, a professed Atheist, betook
 “ himself to Prayers, and the whole Crew, aban-
 “ doning themselves for lost, fell with the utmost
 “ Eagerness to the emptying a Cask of Brandy,
 “ not one Drop of which, they swore, should be
 “ polluted with Salt Water. I observed here, my
 “ old Friend displayed less Courage than I expect-
 “ ed from him. He seemed entirely swallowed up
 “ in Despair. But, Heaven be praised, we were
 “ all at last preserved ! The Storm, after about

“ eleven Hours Continuance began to abate, and
“ by Degrees entirely ceased; but left us still roll-
“ ing at the Mercy of the Waves, which carried
“ us at their own Pleasure to the South-East, a vast
“ Number of Leagues. Our Crew were all dead
“ drunk with the Brandy which they had taken
“ such Care to preserve from the Sea; but, in-
“ deed, had they been awake, their Labour would
“ have been of very little Service, as we had lost
“ all our Rigging; our Brigantine being reduced
“ to a naked Hulk only. In this Condition we
“ floated above thirty Hours, till in the midst of a
“ very dark Night we spied a Light, which seem-
“ ing to approach us, grew so large, that our Sai-
“ lers concluded it to be the Lanthorn of a Man
“ of War; but when we were cheering ourselves
“ with the Hopes of our Deliverance from this
“ wretched Situation, on a sudden, to our great
“ Concern, the Light entirely disappeared and left
“ us in a Despair, encreased by those pleasing Ima-
“ ginations with which we had entertained our
“ Minds during its Appearance. The rest of the
“ Night we passed in melancholy Conjectures on
“ the Light which had deserted us, which the ma-
“ jor Part of the Sailors concluded to be a Meteor.
“ In this Distress we had one Comfort, which was
“ a plentiful Store of Provision: This so support-
“ ed the Spirits of the Sailors, that they declared,
“ had they but a sufficient Quantity of Brandy,
“ they cared not whether they saw Land for a
“ Month to come; but indeed, we were much
“ nearer it than we imagined, as we perceived at
“ Break of Day: One of the most knowing of
“ the Crew, declared we were near the Continent
“ of *Africa*; but when we were within three
“ Leagues of it, a second violent Storm arose from
“ the North, so that we again gave over all Hopes
“ of Safety. This Storm was not quite so outra-
“ gious

" gious as the former, but of much longer Conti-
 " nuance, for it lasted near three Days; and
 " drove us an immense Number of Leagues to the
 " South. We were within a League of the Shore,
 " expecting every Moment our Ship to be dashed
 " in Pieces, when the Tempest ceased all of a sud-
 " den; but the Waves still continued to roll like
 " Mountains, and before the Sea recovered its calm
 " Motion, our Ship was thrown so near the Land,
 " that the Captain ordered out his Boat, declaring
 " he had scarce any Hopes of saving her; and, in-
 " deed, we had not quitted her many Minutes,
 " before we saw the Justice of his Apprehensions;
 " for she struck against a Rock, and immediately
 " sunk. The Behaviour of the Sailors on this Oc-
 " casion very much affected me, they beheld their
 " Ship perish with the Tenderness of a Lover or a
 " Parent, they spoke of her as the fondest Husband
 " would of his Wife; and many of them, who
 " seemed to have no Tears in their Composition,
 " shed them plentifully at her sinking. The Cap-
 " tain himself cried out, *Go thy Ways, charming*
 " *Molly, the Sea never devoured a lovelier Morsel.*
 " *If I have fifty Vessels, I shall never love another*
 " *like thee. Poor Slut! I shall remember thee to my*
 " *dying Day.*—Well, the Boat now conveyed us
 " all safe to Shore, where we landed with very
 " little Difficulty. It was now about Noon, and
 " the Rays of the Sun, which descended almost
 " perpendicular on our Heads, were extremely hot
 " and troublesome. However, we travelled through
 " this extreme Heat about five Miles over a Plain.
 " This brought us to a vast Wood, which extend-
 " ed itself as far as we could see both to the right
 " and left, and seemed to me to put an entire End
 " to our Progress. Here we decreed to rest and
 " dine on the Provision which we had brought from
 " the Ship, of which we had sufficient for very

“ few Meals; our Boat being so over-loaded with
“ People, that we had very little Room for Lug-
“ gage of any Kind. Our Repast was salt Pork
“ broiled, which the Keeness of Hunger made
“ so delicious to my Companions, that they fed
“ very heartily upon it. As for myself, the Fa-
“ tigue of my Body and the Vexation of my Mind
“ had so thoroughly weakned me, that I was
“ almost entirely deprived of Appetite; and the
“ utmost Dexterity of the most accomplished
“ *French Cook* would have been ineffectual, had
“ he endeavoured to tempt me with Delicacies.
“ I thought myself very little a Gainer by my late
“ Escape from the Tempest, by which I seemed
“ only to have exchanged the Element in which I
“ was presently to die. When our Company had
“ sufficiently, and indeed very plentifully, feasted
“ themselves, they resolved to enter the Wood,
“ and endeavour to pass it, in Expectation of find-
“ ing some Inhabitants, at least Provision; for the
“ Plain which lay between the Wood and the Sea
“ was extremely barren, nor did it afford any other
“ Beast or Fowl than Sea Gulls. We proceeded
“ therefore in the following Order; one Man in
“ the Front with a Hatchet to clear our Way, and
“ two others followed him with Guns to protect
“ the rest from wild Beasts; then walked the rest
“ of our Company, and last of all the Captain
“ himself, being armed likewise with a Gun, to
“ defend us from any Attack behind, in the Rear,
“ I think, you call it. And thus our whole Com-
“ pany, being fourteen in Number, travelled on
“ till Night overtook us, without seeing any thing,
“ unless a few Birds, and some very insignificant
“ Animals. We rested all Night under the Co-
“ vert of some Trees, and indeed we very little
“ wanted Shelter at that Season, the Heat in the
“ Day being the only Inclemency we had to com-
“ bat

"bat with in this Climate. I cannot help telling
 "you, my old Friend lay still nearest to me on the
 "Ground, and declared he would be my Pro-
 "tector, should any of the Sailors offer Rudeness;
 "but I can acquit them of any such Attempt;
 "nor was I ever affronted by any one, more than
 "with a coarse Expression, proceeding rather from
 "the Roughness and Ignorance of their Educa-
 "tion, than from any abandoned Principle, or
 "Want of Humanity.

CH A P. IX.

*A very wonderful Chapter indeed; which, to those
 who have not read many Voyages, may seem incre-
 dible; and which the Reader may believe or not,
 as he pleases.*

"WE had now proceeded a very little Way
 "on our next Day's March, when one of
 "the Sailors cried out, *he spied a Tower on our*
 "Left; a second, looking that Way, said *he*
 "saw it move; and indeed so it did towards us.
 "We presently discovered it was an Animal of
 "an enormous Bigness, being of the Elephantine
 "Kind, but so large, that the Elephant is to it in
 "Size but as the Crayfish to the Lobster. The
 "Approach of this vast Animal struck us all with
 "Terror. As for myself, I felt more than I had
 "done during our two Tempests; for I dreaded
 "less being swallowed by the unmerciful Ocean,
 "than being devoured by the Jaws of this Mon-
 "ster, which, with a Voice suitable to his Bulk,
 "now filled all the Wood with his bellowing. It
 "was impossible to escape him by Flight, nor had
 "our Men much Time to consider what Means
 "they might use for their Defence. Our two

“ Musqueteers in an instant, therefore, resolved
 “ to discharge their several Pieces at his Eyes, the
 “ one agreeing to aim at the right, the other at
 “ the left. They executed this bold Resolution
 “ with such notable Success, that the Beast was
 “ immediately deprived of his Sight, the Bullets
 “ having both luckily entered in at the Sight of the
 “ Eyes; a very fortunate Accident for us, the
 “ whole Dimensions of each Eye being very near
 “ equal to the Capaciousness of a large Hall. The
 “ Beast, which now roared infinitely louder than
 “ before, with the Anguish of the Wound fell to
 “ the Ground. My Friend persuaded the rest to
 “ depart as fast as we could, lest some others, of
 “ the same kind, should come to his Assistance,
 “ which might prove fatal to us: But the Curiosity
 “ of the Sailors was insatiable; they swore they
 “ would go up to the Monster, and examine him;
 “ for they apprehended he was mortally wounded
 “ by the Blow: Whereas in Reality *Windsor*
 “ *Castle*, which our Beast was neither in Size nor
 “ Figure much unlike, would have been in as
 “ much Danger of being battered down by a Mus-
 “ quet Shot, as this Monster was of being killed
 “ by it. But I almost shudder with the Remem-
 “ brance of what I am now going to relate; for
 “ indeed I take it to be the strangest Instance of
 “ that Intrepidity so justly remarked in our Sea-
 “ men, which can be found on Record. In a
 “ Word then, one of our Musqueteers coming up
 “ to the Beast as he lay wallowing on the Ground,
 “ and perceiving his Mouth wide open, marched
 “ directly down his Throat. Had he not declared
 “ his Intention to those near him, we should have
 “ concluded, that he had been swallowed by the
 “ Monster; but as it was, we imagined him little
 “ better than *Felo de so*, and gave over all Thoughts
 “ of ever seeing him again, when suddenly we
 “ heard

" heard the hollow Report of a Gun, seemingly
 " at a great Distance. One of the Sailors declared
 " the Sound came from the Inside of the Animal,
 " nor had he sooner said so, than a River of Blood
 " began to issue out at his Mouth, and shortly
 " after the brave Sailor came forth at another Pas-
 " sage, which I must be excused from naming.
 " He informed us, that he had put the Muzzle of
 " his Gun against his Heart, and shot two Bullets
 " into it, which he perceived had done his Busi-
 " ness, and, indeed, the Monster was absolutely
 " dead.

" As soon as the Blood ceased to flow from his
 " Mouth, our whole Company marched rank and
 " file through the Body; but I could by no means
 " be prevailed on to follow them, whether I look-
 " ed on it as an Indecency, (the Monster being
 " of the Male kind) or was afraid of making my
 " Clothes bloody, or from what other Motive my
 " Aversion arose, is not necessary to determine.
 " Two of our Men, with much Labour, brought
 " forth the Heart. A small Piece of which we
 " broiled; but the Flesh was unfavoury, being
 " much coarser than the worst Neck Beef. I must
 " not take Leave of the Monster before I observe,
 " that a whole Lion was found in him undigested,
 " and which we concluded he had swallowed a very
 " little Time before we came up with him.

" We now quitted the Monster, and saw, as we
 " advanced through the Wood, several wild Beasts,
 " such as Lions, Wolves, Tygers, and others of
 " the common Kind; but I must not omit a large
 " Reptile, we saw, on our third Day's March, of
 " the Colour and Form of a Snake; but so im-
 " mensely long, that he extended near a Quarter of
 " a Mile; a Length to which his Largeness was
 " disproportionate, being no more than about six
 " Times the Size of a moderate Ox. This Sex-
 " pent

“pent would certainly have molested us; but
“though he stirred as we walked by his middle,
“he was fortunately asleep as we past by his Eyes.
“This Day we killed a Bird somewhat resembling
“a Lark, but infinitely larger; for we guess it
“could not weigh less than thirty Stone. We
“drest half the Merry-thought for our Dinner,
“and its Flavour was so excellent, that I myself
“for the first time eat heartily.

“The next Morning we saw a Fire at a little
“Distance from us, when we conceived ourselves
“drawing near some human Habitation; but, on
“our nearer Approach, we perceived a very beautiful Bird just expiring in the Flames. This was
“no other than the celebrated *Phoenix*, so much
“spoke of, and so little known. We would not
“suffer such a Rarity to be consumed; we therefore snatched it from the Fire, and, being resolved to taste this elegant Dish, we first picked
“his Feathers off, and then roasted him; but
“found the Flesh so far from delicious, that it
“was greatly distasteful. The Captain then ordered it to be thrown again into the Fire, that
“it might follow its own Method of propagating
“its Species.

“Our Pork was now gone, and we had nothing left but the Remainder of the Lark to
“live on, which indeed would have been sufficient for a Month's Provision, could we have preserved it from tainting; but as we had no Salt, the extreme Heat of the Climate soon made it
“nauseous both to our Smell and Taste. Death
“now put on a more dreadful Shape than any he
“had hitherto worn, and starving appeared to us
“inevitable; for our Ammunition was all spent, and we could flatter ourselves with no Likelihood of finding the Traces of any human Creature, from whom too, if found, we apprehend-

“ ed much greater Probability of Danger, than of
 “ Comfort or Assistance.

“ We had now travelled two Days together
 “ without any Sustainance, when, coming forth
 “ from the Wood, we saw just before us some-
 “ thing resembling the famous *Stone-henge* in *Wilt-*
 “ *shire*, and which we found to be a Bed of
 “ Pumpkins; but so large that one of them was
 “ more than we could have eaten in two Months,
 “ We scooped out the Inside with some Tools we
 “ had with us, and then crept all of us into the
 “ Shell, which afforded us a cool Retreat from the
 “ scorching Beams of the Sun. The Food was
 “ neither grateful nor nourishing; so that we soon
 “ quitted this Place, and arrived at the bottom of
 “ a high and steep Hill. I was become so faint
 “ with the immoderate Fatigue of my Journey,
 “ with the intense Heat of the Climate, and with
 “ Hunger, that I threw myself on the Ground,
 “ and declared I could go no farther. One of the
 “ Sailors skipt nimbly up the Hill, and, with the
 “ Assistance of a speaking Trumpet, informed us,
 “ that he saw a Town a very little Way off. This
 “ News so comforted me, and gave me such
 “ Strength, as well as Spirits, that, with the Help
 “ of my old Friend, and another who suffered me
 “ to lean on them, I, with much Difficulty, at-
 “ tained the Summit; but was so absolutely over-
 “ come in climbing it, that I had no longer suffi-
 “ cient Strength to support my tottering Limbs,
 “ and was obliged to lay myself again on the
 “ Ground; nor could they prevail on me to un-
 “ dertake descending through a very thick Wood
 “ into a Plain, at the End of which indeed ap-
 “ peared some Houses; but at a much greater
 “ Distance than the Sailor had assured us. The
 “ little Way, as he had called it, seeming to me
 “ full

“ full twenty Miles, nor was it, I believe, much
 “ less.

CHAP. X.

Containing Incidents very surprizing.

“ **T**HE Captain declared, he would, without
 “ Delay, proceed to the Town before him;
 “ in which Resolution he was seconded by all the
 “ Crew; but when I could not be persuaded, nor
 “ was I able to travel any farther before I had
 “ rested myself, my old Friend protested, he would
 “ not leave me, but would stay behind as my
 “ Guard; and, when I had refreshed myself with
 “ a little Repose, he would attend me to the
 “ Town, whence the Captain promised, he would
 “ not depart, before he had seen us.

“ They were no sooner departed than (having
 “ first thanked my Protector for his Care of me)
 “ I resigned myself to sleep, which immediately
 “ closed my Eye-lids, and would probably have
 “ detained me very long in his gentle Dominion,
 “ had I not been awaked with a Squeeze by the
 “ Hand by my Guard; which I at first thought
 “ intended to alarm me with the Danger of some
 “ wild Beast; but I soon perceived it arose from
 “ a softer Motive, and that a gentle Swain was the
 “ only wild Beast I had to apprehend.

“ He began now to disclose his Passion in the
 “ strongest Manner imaginable, indeed with a
 “ Warmth rather beyond that of both my former
 “ Lovers; but as yet without any Attempt of
 “ Force. On my Side Remonstrances were made
 “ in more bitter Exclamations and Revilings than
 “ I had used to any, that Villain *Wild* excepted.

“ I

“ I told him, he was the basest and most treache-
“ rous Wretch alive ; that his having cloaked his
“ iniquitous Designs under the Appearance of Vir-
“ tue and Friendship, added an ineffable Degree
“ of Horror to them ; that I detested him of all
“ Mankind the most, and, could I be brought to
“ yield to Prostitution, he should never enjoy the
“ Ruins of my Honour. He suffered himself not
“ to be provoked by this Language, but only
“ changed his Method of Solicitation from Flate-
“ rery to Bribery. He unript the Lining of his
“ Waistcoat, and pulled forth several Jewels ;
“ these, he said, he had preserved from infinite
“ Danger to the happiest purpose, if I could be
“ won by them. I rejected them often with the
“ utmost Indignation, till at last, casting my Eye,
“ rather by Accident than Design, on a Diamond
“ Necklace, a Thought, like Lightning, shot
“ through my Mind, and, in an instant, I re-
“ membered, that this was the very Necklace you
“ had sold the cursed Count, the Cause of all our
“ Misfortunes. The Confusion of Ideas, into
“ which this Surprise hurried me, prevented my
“ reflecting on the Villain who then stood before
“ me : But the first Recollection presently told
“ me, it could be no other than the Count him-
“ self, the wicked Tool of *Wild's* Barbarity.
“ Good God, what was then my Condition !
“ How shall I describe the Tumult of Passions
“ which then laboured in my Breast ! However,
“ as I was happily unknown to him, the least
“ Suspicion on his Side was altogether impossible.
“ He imputed, therefore, the Eagerness with
“ which I gazed on the Jewels, to a very wrong
“ Cause, and endeavoured to put as much addi-
“ tional Softness into his Countenance as he was
“ able. My Fears were a little quieted, and I
“ was

“ was resolved to be very liberal of Promises, and
“ hoped so thoroughly to persuade him of my Vena-
“ lity, that he might, without any Doubt, be
“ drawn in to wait the Captain and Crew’s Re-
“ turn, who would, I was very certain, not only
“ preserve me from his Violence, but secure the
“ Restoration of what you had been so cruelly
“ robbed of. But, alas ! I was mistaken.” Mrs.
Hearifree again perceiving Symptoms of the utmost
Disquietude in her Husband’s Countenance, cry’d
out : “ My Dear, Don’t you apprehend any
“ Harm.—But, to deliver you as soon as possible
“ from your Anxiety.—When he perceived I
“ declined the Warmth of his Addresses he begged
“ me to consider ; he changed at once the Tone of
“ his Features, and, in a very different Voice from
“ what he had hitherto affected, he swore, I
“ should not deceive him as I had the Captain ;
“ that Fortune had kindly thrown an Opportunity
“ in his Way, which, he was resolved not foolishly
“ to lose ; and concluded with a violent Oath,
“ that he was determined to enjoy me that Mo-
“ ment ; and, therefore, I knew the Consequence
“ of Resistance. He then caught me in his Arms,
“ and began such rude Attempts, that I screamed
“ out with all the Force I could, tho’ I had so
“ little Hopes of being rescued, when there sud-
“ denly rushed forth from a Thicket, a Creature,
“ which, at his first Appearance, and in the
“ hurry of Spirits I then was, I did not take for
“ a Man ; but indeed had he been the fiercest
“ of wild Beasts, I should have rejoiced at his
“ devouring us both. I scarce perceived he had a
“ Musquet in his Hand, before he struck my
“ Ravisher such a Blow with it, that he felled
“ him at my Feet. He then advanced with a
“ gentle Air towards me, and told me in *French*
“ he

“ he was extremely glad he had been luckily
 “ present to my Assistance. He was naked, ex-
 “ cept his Middle and his Feet, if I can call
 “ a Body so which was covered with Hair almost
 “ equal to any Beast whatever. Indeed his Ap-
 “ pearance was so horrid in my Eyes, that the
 “ Friendship he had shewn me, as well as his
 “ courteous Behaviour, could not entirely remove
 “ the Dread I had conceived from his Figure.
 “ I believe he saw this very visibly ; for he begged
 “ me not to be frightened, since, whatever Acci-
 “ dent had brought me thither, I should have
 “ Reason to thank God for meeting him, at whose
 “ Hands I might assure myself of the utmost Ci-
 “ vility and Protection. In the midst of all this
 “ Consternation, I had Spirits enough to take up
 “ the Casket of Jewels, which the Villain, in
 “ falling, had dropt out of his Hands, and con-
 “ veyed it into my Pocket, before he recovered
 “ himself, which he now began to do. My De-
 “ liverer told me, I seemed extremely weak and
 “ faint, and desired me to refresh myself at his
 “ little Hut, which, he said, was hard by. If
 “ his Demeanor had been less kind and obliging,
 “ my desperate Situation must have lent me Confi-
 “ dence ; for sure the Alternative could not be
 “ doubtful, whether I should rather trust this Man,
 “ who, notwithstanding his savage Outside, ex-
 “ pressed so much Devotion to serve me, which,
 “ at least I was not certain of the Falshood of, or
 “ abide with one whom I so perfectly well knew
 “ to be an accomplished Villain. I, therefore,
 “ committed myself to his Guidance, though with
 “ Tears in my Eyes, and begged him to have
 “ Compassion on my Innocence, which was abso-
 “ lutely in his Power. He said, the Treatment
 “ he had been Witness of, which, he supposed,
 “ was from one, who had broken his Trust to-
 “ wards

wards me, sufficiently justified my Suspicion ; but begged me to dry my Eyes, and he would soon convince me, that I was with a Man of different Sentiments. The kind Accents which accompanied these Words, gave me some Comfort, which was assisted by the Re-possession of our Jewels, by an Accident so strongly favouring of the Disposition of Providence in my Favour.

We walked together to his Hut, or rather Cave ; for it was under Ground, on the Side of a Hill ; the Situation was very pleasant, and, from its Mouth, we overlooked a large Plain, and the Town I had before seen. As soon as I entered it, he desired me to sit down on a Bench of Turf, which served him for Chairs, and then laid before me some Fruits, the wild Product of that Country, one or two of which had an excellent Flavour. He likewise produced some baked Flesh, a little resembling that of Venison. He then brought forth a Bottle of Brandy, which, he said, had remained with him ever since his settling there, now above thirty Years ; during all which Time he had never opened it, his only Liquour being Water ; that he had reserved this Bottle as a Cordial in Sickness ; but, he thanked God, he had never yet had Occasion for it. He then acquainted me, that he was a *Hermite* ; that he had been formerly cast away on that Coast, with his Wife, whom he dearly loved, but could not preserve from perishing ; on which account he had resolved never to return to *France*, which was his native Country, but to devote himself to Prayer, and a holy Life, placing all his Hopes in the blest Expectation of meeting that dear Woman again in Heaven, where, he was convinced, she was now a Saint, and an Interceder for him. He said, he

had

“ had exchanged a Watch with the King of that
 “ Country, whom he described to be a very just
 “ and good Man, for a Gun, some Powder, Shot,
 “ and Ball ; with which he sometimes provided
 “ himself Food, but more generally used it in de-
 “ fending himself against wild Beasts ; so that his
 “ Diet was chiefly of the vegetable kind. He
 “ told me many more Circumstances, which I
 “ may relate to you hereafter : But, to be as con-
 “ cise as possible at present, he at length great-
 “ ly comforted me, by promising to conduct me to
 “ a Sea-port, where I might have an Opportunity
 “ to meet with some Vessels trafficking for Slaves ;
 “ and whence I might once more commit myself
 “ to that Element, which, though I had already
 “ suffered so much on it, I must again trust, to put
 “ me in Possession of all I loved.

“ The Character he gave me of the Inhabitants
 “ of the Town we saw below us, and of their
 “ King, made me desirous of being conducted
 “ thither ; especially as I very much wished to see
 “ the Captain and Sailors, who had behaved very
 “ kindly to me, and with whom, notwithstanding
 “ all the civil Behaviour of the Hermit, I was ra-
 “ ther easier in my Mind, than alone with this sin-
 “ gle Man ; but he dissuaded me greatly from at-
 “ tempting such a Walk, till I had recreated my
 “ Spirits with Rest, desiring me to repose myself
 “ on his Couch of Turf, saying, that he himself
 “ would retire without the Cave, where he would
 “ remain as my Guard. I accepted this kind Pro-
 “ posal ; but it was long before I could procure
 “ any Slumber : However, at length, Weariness
 “ prevailed over my Tears, and I enjoyed several
 “ Hours Sleep. When I awaked, I found my
 “ faithful Centinel on his Post, and ready at my
 “ Summons. This Behaviour infused some Confide-
 “ dence into me, and I now repeated my Request,

“ that

“ that he would go with me to the Town below ;
“ but he answered, it would be better advised to
“ take some Repast before I undertook the Jour-
“ ney, which I should find much longer than it ap-
“ pear’d. I consented, and he set forth a greater
“ Variety of Fruits than before, of which I eat
“ very plentifully : My Collation being ended, I
“ renewed the Mention of my Walk ; but he still
“ persisted in dissuading me, telling me, that I
“ was not yet strong enough ; that I could repose
“ myself no where with greater Safety, than in his
“ Cave ; and that, for his Part, he could have no
“ greater Happiness than that of attending me,
“ adding with a Sigh, it was a Happiness he
“ should envy any other, more than all the Gifts
“ of Fortune. You may imagine, I began now
“ to entertain Suspicions ; but he presently remov-
“ ed all Doubt, by throwing himself at my Feet,
“ expressing the warmest Passion for me. I should
“ have now sunk with Despair, had he not ac-
“ companied these Professions with the most vehe-
“ ment Protestations, that he would never offer
“ me any other Love but that of Entreaty, and
“ that he would rather die the most cruel Death by
“ my Coldness, than gain the highest Bliss by be-
“ coming the Occasion of a Tear of Sorrow to
“ these bright Eyes, which, he said, were Stars,
“ under whose benign Influence alone, he could
“ enjoy, or indeed, suffer Life.” She was re-
peating many more Compliments he made her,
when a horrid Uproar, which alarmed the whole
Gate, put a Stop to her Narration at present. It
is impossible for me to give the Reader a better
Idea of the Noise which now arose, than by desir-
ing him to imagine I had the hundred Tongues the
Poet once wished for, and was vociferating from
them all at once, by hollowing, scolding, crying,
swearing, bellowing, and in short, by every diffe-
rent

rent Articulation which is within the Scope of the human Organ.

CHAP. XI.

A horrible Uproar in the Gate.

BUT however great an Idea the Reader may hence conceive of this Uproar, he will think the Occasion more than adequate to it, when he is informed, that our Hero (I blush to name it) had discovered an Injury done to his Honour, and that in the tenderest Point.—In a Word, Reader, (for thou must know it, tho' it give thee the greatest Horror imaginable) he had caught *Fireblood* in the Arms of his lovely *Latitia*.

As the generous Bull, who having long depastured among a Number of Cows, and thence contracted an Opinion, that these Cows are all his own Property, if he beholds another Bull bestride a Cow within his Walks, he roars aloud, and threatens instant Vengeance with his Horns, till the whole Parish are alarmed with his bellowing. Not with less Noise, nor less dreadful Menaces did the Fury of *Wild* burst forth, and terrify the whole *Gate*. Long time did Rage render his Voice inarticulate to the Hearer; as when, at a visiting Day, fifteen or sixteen, or perhaps twice as many Females of delicate but shrill Pipes, ejaculate all at once on different Subjects, all is Sound only, the Harmony entirely melodious indeed, but conveys no Idea to our Ears; but at length, when Reason began to get the better of his Passion, which latter being deserted by his Breath, began a little to retreat, the following Accepts leapt over the Hedge of his Teeth, or rather the Ditch of his Gums, whence those Hedge-stakes

stakes had by a Pattern been displaced in Battle with an Amazon of Drury.

* “ ——— Man of Honour! doth this become
 “ a Friend? Could I have expected such a Breach
 “ of all the Laws of Honour from thee, whom I
 “ had taught to walk in its Paths? Hadst thou
 “ chosen any other Way to injure my Confidence,
 “ I could have forgiven it; but this is a Stab in the
 “ tenderest Part, a Wound never to be healed, an
 “ Injury never to be repaired: For it is not only
 “ the Loss of an agreeable Companion, of the
 “ Affection of a Wife, dearer to my Soul than
 “ Life itself, it is not this Loss alone I lament:
 “ This Loss is accompanied with Disgrace, and
 “ with Dishonour. The Blood of the *Wilds*, which
 “ hath run with such uninterrupted Purity through
 “ so many Generations, this Blood is fouled, is
 “ contaminated: Hence flow my Tears, hence
 “ arises my Grief. This is the Injury never to
 “ be redressed, nor never to be with Honour
 “ forgiven. My ——— in a Bandbox, answered
 “ *Fireblood*, here is a Noise about your Honour:
 “ If the Mischief done to your Blood, be all
 “ you complain of, I am sure you complain of
 “ nothing; for my Blood is as good as yours.
 “ You have no Conception, replied *Wild*, of the
 “ Tenderness of Honour; you know not how
 “ nice and delicate it is in both Sexes; so delicate,
 “ that the least Breath of Air which rudely blows
 “ on it, destroys it. I will prove from your own
 “ Words, says *Fireblood*, I have not wronged your
 “ Honour. Have you not often told me, that the
 “ Honour of a Man consisted in receiving no Af-
 “ front from his own Sex, and that of a Woman in
 “ receiving

* The Beginning of this Speech was lost, for the Reason given before.

“receiving no Kindness from ours. Now, Sir,
 “if I have given you no Affront, how have I
 “injured your Honour? But doth not every
 “Thing, cried *Wild*, of the Wife belong to the
 “Husband? A married Man therefore hath his
 “Wife’s Honour as well as his own, and by in-
 “juring her’s you injure his. How cruelly you
 “have hurt me in this tender Part, I need not
 “repeat, the whole *Gate* knows it, and the World
 “shall. I will apply to *Doctor’s Commons* for my
 “Redress against her; I will shake off as much
 “of my Dishonour as I can by parting with her;
 “and as for you, expect to hear of me in *West-*
 “*minster-Hall*; the modern Method of repairing
 “these Breaches, and of resenting this Affront.
 “D——n your Eyes, cries *Fireblood*, I fear you
 “not, nor do I believe a Word you say. Nay,
 “if you affront me personally, says *Wild*, another
 “Sort of Resentment is prescribed. At which
 “Word, advancing to *Fireblood*, he presented
 “him with a Box on the Ear, which the Youth
 “immediately returned, and now our Hero and
 “his Friend fell to Boxing, tho’ with some Diffi-
 “culty, both being incumbered with the Chains
 “which they wore between their Legs: A few
 “Blows past on both Sides, before the Gentlemen,
 “who stood by, stept in and parted the Comba-
 “tants; and now both Parties having whispered
 “each other, that, if they out-lived the ensuing
 “Sessions and escaped the Tree, the one should
 “give and the other should receive Satisfaction in
 “single Combat; they separated, and the *Gate*
 “soon recovered its former Tranquillity.

Mrs. *Heartfree* was then desired, by the Justice
 and her Husband both, to conclude her Story,
 which she did in the Words of the next Chapter.

CHAP. XII.

The Conclusion of Mrs. Heartfree's Adventures.

“ IF I mistake not, I was interrupted just as I
“ was beginning to repeat some of the Com-
“ pliments made me by the *Hermite*.—Just as
“ you had finished them, I believe, Madam, said
“ the Justice. Very well, Sir, said she, I am sure
“ I have no Pleasure in the Repetition. He con-
“ cluded then with telling me, Though I was, in
“ his Eyes, the most charming Woman in the
“ World, and might tempt a Saint to abandon the
“ Ways of Holiness, yet my Beauty inspired him
“ with a much tenderer Affection towards me,
“ than to purchase any Satisfaction of his own De-
“ sires with my Misery ; if therefore I could be
“ so cruel to him, to reject his honest and sincere
“ Address, nor could submit to a solitary Life with
“ one, who would endeavour, by all possible
“ Means, to make me happy, I had no Force to
“ dread ; for that I was as much at my Liberty as
“ if I was in *France*, or *England*, or any other free
“ Country. I repulsed him with the same Civi-
“ lity with which he advanced ; and told him,
“ that as he professed great Regard to Religion, I
“ was convinced he would cease from all farther
“ Solicitation, when I informed him, that, if I
“ had no other Objection, my own Innocence
“ would not admit of my hearing him on this Sub-
“ ject, for that I was married.—He started a little
“ at that Word, and was for some time silent ;
“ but at length recovering himself, he began to
“ urge the Uncertainty of my Husband's being
“ alive, and the Probability of the contrary ; he
“ then spoke of Marriage as of a civil Policy only ;
“ on which Head he urged many Arguments not
“ worth

“ worth repeating, and was growing so very eager
“ and importunate, that I knew not whither his
“ Passion might have hurried him, had not three
“ of the Sailors well armed, appeared at that In-
“ stant in Sight of the Cave. I no sooner
“ saw them, than, exulting with the utmost
“ inward Joy, I told my Companions were come
“ for me, and that I must now take my Leave of
“ him, assuring him, that I would always remem-
“ ber, with the most grateful Acknowledgment,
“ the Favours I had received at his Hands. He
“ fetched a very heavy Sigh, and, squeezing me
“ tenderly by the Hand, he saluted my Lips with
“ a little more Eagerness than the *European* Salu-
“ tations admit of; and told me, he should like-
“ wise remember my Arrival at his Cave to the
“ last Day of his Life; adding,—O that he could
“ there spend the whole in the Company of one,
“ whose bright Eyes had kindled ———; but I
“ know you will think, Sir, that we, Women,
“ love to repeat the Compliments made us, I will
“ therefore omit them. In a Word, the Sailors
“ being now arrived, I quitted him, with some
“ Compassion for the Reluctance with which he
“ parted from me, and went forward with my
“ Companions.

“ We had proceeded but a very few Paces be-
“ fore one of the Sailors said to his Comrades:
“ D——n me, *Jack*, who knows whether yon
“ Fellow hath not some good Flip in his Cave? I
“ innocently answered, the poor Wretch had only
“ one Bottle of Brandy. — Hath he so, cries the
“ Sailor: Fore *George* we will taste it;—and, so
“ saying, they immediately returned back, and
“ myself with them. We found the poor Man
“ prostrate on the Ground, expressing all the
“ Symptoms of Misery and Lamentation. I told
“ him in *French*, (for the Sailors could not speak
VOL. II. K “ that

“ that Language) what they wanted.—He pointed
“ to the Place where the Bottle was deposited,
“ saying, they were welcome to that, and what-
“ ever else he had; and added, he cared not if
“ they took his Life also. The Sailors searched
“ the whole Cave, where finding nothing more
“ which they deemed worth their taking, they
“ walked off with the Bottle, and, immediately
“ emptying it, without offering me a Drop, they
“ proceeded with me towards the Town.

“ In our Way I observed one whisper another,
“ while he kept his Eye stedfastly fixed on me.
“ This gave me some Uneasiness; but the other
“ answered: No, d——n me, the Captain will
“ never forgive us. Besides, we have enough of
“ it among the black Women, and, in my Mind,
“ one Colour is as good as another. This was
“ enough to give me violent Apprehensions; but
“ I heard no more of that kind, till we came to
“ the Town, where, in about six Hours, I arrived
“ in Safety.

“ As soon as I came to the Captain, he enquired
“ what was become of my Friend, meaning the
“ villainous Count. When he was informed by
“ me of what had happened, he wished me heart-
“ ily Joy of my Delivery, and, expressing the
“ utmost Abhorrence of such Baseness, swore, if
“ ever he met him, he would cut his Throat;
“ but indeed we both concluded, that he had
“ died of the Blow which the *Hermite* had given
“ him.

“ I was now introduced to the Mayor, or chief
“ Magistrate of this Country, who was desirous of
“ seeing me. I will give you a short Description
“ of him: He was chosen (as is the Custom there)
“ for his superior Bravery and Wisdom. His
“ Power is entirely absolute during its Continu-
“ ance; but, on the first Deviation from Equity
“ and

" and Justice, he is liable to be deposed, and
 " punished by the People, the Elders of whom,
 " once a Year, assemble, to examine into his
 " Conduct. Besides the Danger which these Ex-
 " aminations, which are very strict, expose him
 " to, his Office is of such Care and Trouble, that
 " nothing but that restless Love of Power, so
 " predominant in the Mind of Man, could make
 " it the Object of Desire; for he is indeed the
 " only Slave of all the Natives of this Country.
 " He is obliged, in Time of Peace, to hear the
 " Complaint of every Person in his Dominions,
 " and to render him Justice. For which purpose
 " every one may demand an Audience of him, un-
 " less during the Hour which he is allowed for
 " Dinner, when he sits alone at the Table, and is
 " attended, in the most public Manner, with more
 " than *European* Ceremony. This is done to
 " create an Awe and Respect towards him in the
 " Eye of the Vulgar; but, lest it should elevate
 " him too much in his own Opinion, in order to
 " his Humiliation, he receives every Evening in
 " private, from a kind of Beadle, a gentle Kick
 " on his Posteriors; besides which, he wears a
 " Ring in his Nose, somewhat resembling that we
 " ring our Pigs with, and a Chain round his Neck,
 " not unlike that worn by our Aldermen; both
 " which, I suppose, emblematical, but heard not
 " the Reasons of either assigned. There are many
 " more Particularities among these People, which,
 " when I have an Opportunity, I may relate to
 " you. The second Day after my Return from
 " Court, one of his Officers, whom they call
 " SCHACH PIMPACH, waited upon me, and, by
 " a *French* Interpreter who lives here, informed
 " me, that the Mayor liked my Person, and of-
 " fered me an immense Present, if I would suffer
 " him to enjoy it, (this is, it seems, their com-

“ mon Form of making Love.) I rejected the
“ Present, and never heard any further Solicitati-
“ on ; for, as it is no Shame for the Women here
“ to consent at the first Proposal, so they never re-
“ ceive a second.

“ I had resided in this Town a Week, when
“ the Captain informed me, that a Number of
“ Slaves, who had been taken Captives in War,
“ were to be guarded to the Sea-side, where they
“ were to be sold to the Merchants, who traded
“ in them to *America* ; that if I would embrace
“ this Opportunity, I might assure myself of find-
“ ing a Passage to *America*, and thence to *England* ;
“ acquainting me at the same time, that he him-
“ self intended to go with them. I readily agreed
“ to accompany him. The Mayor, being adver-
“ tised of our Designs, sent for us both to Court,
“ and, without mentioning a Word of Love to
“ me, having presented me with a very rich Jewel,
“ of less Value, he said, than my Chastity, took
“ his Leave, recommending me to the Care of
“ God, and ordering us a large Supply of Pro-
“ visions for our Journey.

“ We were provided with Mules for ourselves,
“ and what we carried with us, and, in nine Days,
“ reached the Sea-shore, where we found an *En-
“ glish* Vessel ready to receive both us and the
“ Slaves. We went aboard it, and sailed the next
“ Day with a fair Wind for *New England*, where
“ I hoped to get an immediate Passage to the *Old* :
“ But Providence was kinder than my Expecta-
“ tion ; for the third Day after we were at Sea,
“ we met an *English Man of War* homeward
“ bound ; the Captain of it was a very good-na-
“ tured Man, and agreed to take me on Board.
“ I accordingly took my Leave of my old Friend
“ the Master of the shipwrecked Vessel, who went
“ on to *New England*, whence he intended to pass

“ to

“ to *Jamaica*, where his owners lived. I was now
 “ treated with great Civility, had a little Cabbie
 “ assigned me, and dined every Day at the Captain’s
 “ Table, who was indeed a very gallant Man,
 “ and, at first, made me a Tender of his Affecti-
 “ ons ; but, when he found me resolutely bent to
 “ preserve myself pure and entire for the best of
 “ Husbands, he grew cooler in his Addresses, and
 “ soon behaved in a manner very pleasing to me,
 “ regarding my Sex only so far as to pay me a De-
 “ ference, which is very agreeable to us all.

“ To conclude my Story ; I met with no Ad-
 “ venture in this Passage at all worth relating, ’till
 “ my landing at *Gravesend*, whence the Captain
 “ brought me in his own Boat to the Tower. In
 “ a short Hour after my Arrival we had that Meet-
 “ ing, which, however dreadful at first, will, I
 “ now hope, by the good Offices of the best of
 “ Men, whom God for ever bless, end in our
 “ perfect Happiness, and be a strong Instance of
 “ what I am persuaded is the surest Truth, That
 “ Providence will, sooner or later, procure the
 “ Felicity of the virtuous and innocent.

Mrs. *Heartfree* thus ended her Speech, having
 before delivered to her Husband the Jewels, which
 the Count had robbed him of, and that presented
 her by the *African* Mayor, which latter was of
 immense Value. The good Magistrate was sensibly
 touched at her Narrative, as well on the Considera-
 tion of the Sufferings she had herself undergone,
 as for those of her Husband, which he had himself
 been innocently the Instrument of bringing upon
 him. That worthy Man, however, much rejoiced
 in what he had already done for his Preservation,
 and promised to labour, with his utmost Interest
 and Industry, to procure the absolute Pardon, ra-
 ther of his Sentence, than of his Guilt, which, he

now plainly discovered was a barbarous and false Imputation.

CHAP. XIII.

*The History returns to the Contemplation of GREAT-
NESS.*

BUT we have already perhaps detained our Reader too long in this Relation, from the Consideration of our Hero, who daily gave the most exalted Proofs of GREATNESS, in cajoling the *Prigs*, and in Exaction on the Debtors; which latter now grew so GREAT, and corrupted in their Morals, that they spoke with the utmost Contempt of what the Vulgar call *Honesty*. The greatest Character among them was that of a *Pick-pocket*, or, in truer Language, *a File*; and the only Censure was Want of Dexterity. As to Virtue, Goodness, and such like, they were the Objects of Mirth and Derision, and all *Newgate* was a complete Collection of *Prigs*, every Man being desirous to pick his Neighbour's Pocket, and every one was as sensible that his Neighbour was as ready to pick his; so that (which is almost incredible) as great Roguery was daily committed within the Walls of *Newgate* as without.

The Glory resulting from these Actions of *Wild*, probably animated the Envy of his Enemies against him. The Day of his Trial now approached; for which, as *Socrates* did, he prepared himself; but not weakly and foolishly, like that Philosopher, with Patience and Resignation; but with a good Number of false Witnesses. However, as Success is not always proportioned to the Wisdom of him who endeavours to attain it; so are we more sorry than ashamed to relate, that our Hero, was notwithstanding

withstanding his utmost Caution and Prudence, convicted, and sentenced to a Death; which, when we consider, not only the GREAT MEN who have suffered it, but the much larger Number of those, whose highest Honour it hath been to merit it, we cannot call otherwise than *honourable*. Indeed those, who have unluckily missed it, seem all their Days to have laboured in vain to attain an End, which Fortune, for Reasons only known to herself, hath thought proper to deny them. Without any farther Preface then, our Hero was sentenced to be *hanged by the Neck*: But whatever was to be now his Fate, he might console himself that he had perpetrated what

— *nec Judicis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

For my own Part, I confess, I look on this Death of *Hanging* to be as proper for a *Hero* as any other; and I solemnly declare, that, had *Alexander the Great* been hanged, it would not in the least have diminished my Respect to his Memory. Provided a *Hero* in his Life doth but execute a sufficient Quantity of Mischief; provided he be but well and heartily cursed by the Widow, the Orphan, the Poor, and the Oppressed; (the sole Rewards, as many Authors have bitterly lamented both in Prose and Verse, of GREATNESS, *i. e.* *Priggism*;) I think it avails little of what Nature his Death be, whether it be by the Ax, the Halter, or the Sword. Such Names will be always sure of living to Posterity, and of enjoying that Fame, which they so gloriously and eagerly coveted; for, according to our GREAT Dramatic Poet:

Fame

*Not more survives from good than evil Deeds,
Th' aspiring Youth that fir'd th' Ephesian Dome,
Outlives in Fame the pious Fool who rais'd it.*

Our Hero now suspected that the Malice of his Enemies would overpower him. He, therefore, betook himself to that true Support of GREATNESS in Affliction, a *Bottle*; by Means of which he was enabled to curse, and swear, and bully, and brave his Fate. Other Comfort indeed he had not much; for not a single Friend ever came near him. His Wife, whose Trial was deferred to the next Sessions, visited him but once, when she plagued, tormented, and upbraided him so cruelly, that he forbade the Keeper ever to admit her again. The *Ordinary of Newgate* had frequent Conferences with him, and greatly would it embellish our History, could we record all which that good Man delivered on these Occasions; but unhappily we could procure only the Substance of a single Conference, which Mr. *Wild* committed to Paper the Moment after it had past. We shall transcribe it, therefore, exactly in the same Form and Words we received it; nor can we help regarding it as one of the most curious Pieces, which either ancient or modern History hath recorded.

C H A P. XIV.

A Dialogue between the Ordinary of Newgate and Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great: In which the Subjects of Death, Immortality, and other grave Matters, are very learnedly handled by the former.

Ordinary.

GOOD Morrow to you, Sir; I hope you rested well last Night.

Jonathan. D—n'd ill, Sir. I dreamt so confoundedly of hanging, that it disturbed my Sleep.

Ord. Fie upon it. You should be more resigned. I wish you would make a little better Use of those Instructions which I have endeavoured to inculcate into you, and particularly last Sunday, and from those Words: *Those who do Evil shall go into everlasting Fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels*, I undertook to shew you, First, What is meant by EVERLASTING FIRE; and Secondly, Who were THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS. I then proceeded to draw some Inferences from the whole; in which I am mightily deceived, if I did not convince you, that you yourself was one of those ANGELS; and, consequently, must expect EVERLASTING FIRE to be your Portion in the other World.

Jon. Faith, Doctor, I remember very little of your Inferences; for I fell asleep soon after your naming your Text: But did you preach this Doctrine then, or do you repeat it now, in order to comfort me?

K 5.

Ord.

He pronounced this Word HULL, and perhaps would have spelt it so.

Ord. I do it, in order to bring you to a true Sense of your manifold Sins, and, by that Means, to induce you to Repentance. Indeed, had I the Eloquence of *Cicero*, or of *Tully*, it would not be sufficient to describe the Pains of Hell, or the Joys of Heaven. The utmost that we are taught is, *that Ear bath not heard, nor can Heart conceive.* Who then would, for the pitiful Consideration of the Riches and Pleasures of this World, forfeit such inestimable Happiness! Such Joys! Such Pleasures! Such Delights! Or who would run the Venture of such Misery, which, but to think on, shocks the human Understanding! Who, in his Senses, then would prefer the latter to the former?

Jon. Ay, who indeed! I assure you, *Doctor*, I had much rather be happy than miserable. But^b

.....

Ord. Nothing can be plainer. *St.*

.....

Jon. If once
convinced
no Man
lives of
whereas sure the
Clergy
Opportunity
better informed
all manner of vice

Ord.

.....

^b This Part was so blotted that it was illegible.

Ord. * are * Atheist. * Deist *
 Ari * * * * * cinian * * * * * hanged * *
 burnt * * * * * roiled * * * * * oasted. * * * * *
 Dev * * * his An * * * * * ell Fire * *
 ternal Da * * * * * tion.

Jon. You * * * * * to frighten me out of
 my Wits : But his * * * * * is, I doubt not,
 more merciful than his * * * * * If I should
 believe all you say, I am sure I should die in inex-
 pressible Horror.

Ord. Despair is sinful. You should place your
 Hopes in Repentance and Grace ; and though, it
 is most true, you are in Danger of the Judgment ;
 yet there is still Room for Mercy, and no Man,
 unless excommunicated, is absolutely without Hopes
 of a Reprieve.

Jon. I am not without Hopes of a Reprieve from
 the Cheat yet : I have pretty good Interest ; but if
 I cannot obtain it, you shall not frighten me out
 of my Courage, I will not die like a Pimp. D—n
 me what is Death ? It is nothing but to be with
 Plato's and with Cæsars, — as the Poet says, and
 all the other great Heroes of Antiquity. * * *

Ord. Ay, all this is very true ; but Life is sweet
 for all that, and I had rather live to Eternity, than
 go into the Company of any such Heathens, who
 are, I doubt not, in Hell with the Devil and his
 Angels ; and, as little as you seem to apprehend it,
 you may find yourself there before you expect it.
 Where then will be your Tauntings and your
 Vauntings, your Boastings and your Braggings ?
 You will then be ready to give more for a Drop
 of Water, than you ever gave for a Bottle of
 Wine.

Jon. Faith, Doctor, well minded, What say
 you to a Bottle of Wine ?

Ord.

Ord. I will drink no Wine with an Atheist. I should expect the Devil to make a third in such Company; for, since he knows you are his, he may be impatient to have his Due.

Jon. It is your Business to drink with the Wicked, in order to amend them.

Ord. I despair of it; and so I consign you over to the Devil, who is ready to receive you.

Jon. You are more unmerciful to me than the Judge, *Doctor.* He recommended my Soul to Heaven; and it is your Office to shew me the Way thither.

Ord. No: The Gates are barred against all Revilers of the Clergy.

Jon. I revile only the wicked ones, if any such are, which cannot affect you, who, if Men were preferred in the Church by Merit only, would have long since been a Bishop. Indeed, it might raise any good Man's Indignation to observe one of your vast Learning and Abilities obliged to exert them in so low a Sphere, when so many of your Inferiours wallow in Wealth and Preferment.

Ord. Why, it must be confess'd, there are bad Men in all Orders; but you should not censure too generally. I must own, I might have expected higher Promotion; but I have learnt Patience and Resignation; and I would advise you to the same Temper of Mind, which, if you can attain, I know you will find Mercy; nay, I do now promise you, you will. It is true, you are a Sinner; but your Crimes are not of the blackest Dye: You are no Murderer, nor guilty of Sacrilege. And if you are guilty of Theft, you make some Attonement by suffering for it, which many others do not. Happy is it indeed for those few who are detected in their Sins, and brought to exemplary Punishment for them in this World. So far, therefore, from repining at your Fate when you come

to

to the Tree, you should exult and rejoice in it ; and, to say the Truth, I question whether, to a wise Man, the Catastrophe of many a Man who dies by a Halter, is not more to be envied than pitied. Nothing is so sinful as Sin, and Murther is the greatest of all Sins ; it follows, that whoever commits Murther is happy in suffering for it ; if therefore a Man who commits Murther is so happy in dying for it, how much better must it be for you, who have committed a less Crime.

Jon. All this is very true ; but let us take a Bottle of Wine to cheer our Spirits.

Ord. Why Wine ? Let me tell you, Mr. *Wild*, there is nothing so deceitful as the Spirits given us by Wine. If you must drink, let us have a Bowl of *Punch* ; a Liquor I the rather prefer, as it is nowhere spoken against in Scripture, and as it is more wholesome for the Gravel ; a Distemper with which I am grievously afflicted.

Jonathan (having called for a Bowl.)

I ask your Pardon, *Doctor*, I should have remembered, that *Punch* was your favourite Liquor. I think you never taste Wine while there is any *Punch* remaining on the Table.

Ord. I confess, I look on *Punch* to be the more eligible Liquor, as well for the Reasons I have before mentioned, as likewise for one other Cause, *viz.* it is the properest for a DRAUGHT. I own I took it a little unkind of you to mention Wine, thinking you knew my Palate.

Jon. You are in the right ; and I will take a swinging Cup to your being made a Bishop.

Ord. And I will wish you a Reprieve in as large a DRAUGHT. Come, don't despair : It is yet Time enough to think of dying, you have good Friends, who very probably may prevail for you. I have known many a Man reprieved, who had less Reason to expect it.

Jon.

Jon. But, if I should flatter myself with such Hopes, and be deceived, what then would become of my Soul?

Ord. Pugh! Never mind your Soul, leave that to me; I will render a good Account of it, I warrant you. I have a Sermon in my Pocket, which may be of some Use to you to hear. I do not value myself on the Talent of Preaching, since no Man ought to value himself for any Gift in this World: But perhaps there are not many such Sermons.—But to proceed, since we have nothing else to do till the *Punch* comes.—My Text is the latter Part of a Verse only.

—*To the Greeks FOOLISHNESS.*

The Occasion of these Words was principally, that Philosophy of the *Greeks* which at that Time had over-run great Part of the Heathen World, had poisoned, and as it were puffed up their Minds with Pride, so that they disregarded all Kinds of Doctrine in Comparison of their own; and however safe, and however sound the Learning of others might be, yet, if it any wise contradicted their own Laws, Customs, and received Opinions, away with it, it is not for us. It was *to the Greeks FOOLISHNESS.*

In the former Part therefore of my Discourse on these Words, I shall principally confine myself to the laying open and demonstrating the great Emptiness and Vanity of this Philosophy, with which these idle and absurd Sophists were so proudly blown up and elevated:

And here I shall do two Things: First, I shall expose the Matter; and secondly, The Manner of this absurd Philosophy.

And First, for the First of these, namely the Matter. Now here we may retort the unmannerly Word,

Word, which our Adversaries have audaciously thrown in our Faces; for what was all this mighty Matter of Philosophy, this Heap of Knowledge, which was to bring such large Harvests of Honour to those who sowed it, and so greatly and nobly enrich the Ground on which it fell; what was it, but FOOLISHNESS? An inconsistent Heap of Nonsense, of Absurdities and Contradictions, bringing no Ornament to the Mind in its Theory, nor exhibiting any Usefulness to the Body in its Practice. What were all the Sermons and the Sayings, the Fables and the Morals of all these wise Men, but, to use the Word mentioned in my Text once more, FOOLISHNESS? What was their great Master *Plato*, or their other great Light *Aristotle*? Mere Quibblers and Sophists, idly and vainly attached to certain ridiculous Notions of their own, founded neither on Truth nor Reason. Their whole Works are a strange Medley of the greatest Falshoods, scarce covered over with the Colour of Truth: Their Precepts are neither borrowed from Nature, nor guided by Reason: Meer *Fictions*, serving only to evince the dreadful Height of human Pride. It may be, perhaps, expected of me, that I should give some Instances from their Works to prove this Charge; but as, to transcribe every Passage tending to prove what I have here asserted, would be to transcribe their whole Works, and as in such a plentiful Crop, it is difficult to chuse; instead of trespassing on your Patience, I shall conclude this first Head with a small Alteration of the Words of my Text. The Philosophy of the *Greeks* was FOOLISHNESS.

Proceed we now in the second Place, to consider the Manner in which this inane and simple Doctrine was propagated. And here — But here, the Punch by entering put a Stop to his Reading at this Time: Nor could we obtain of Mr. *Wild* any further

further Account of the Conversation which past at this Interview.

CHAP. XV.

Wild proceeds to the highest Consummation of human GREATNESS.

THE Day now drew nigh, when our GREAT MAN was to exemplify the last and noblest Act of GREATNESS, by which any Hero can signalize himself. This was the Day of Execution, or Consummation, or *Apotheosis*, (for it is called by different Names) which was to give our Hero an Opportunity of facing Death and Damnation, without any Fear in his Heart, or, at least without betraying any Symptoms of it in his Countenance. A Completion of GREATNESS which is heartily to be wished to every GREAT MAN; nothing being more worthy of Lamentation than when Fortune, like a lazy Poet, winds up her Catastrophe aukwardly, and bestowing too little Care on her fifth Act, dismisses the Hero with a sneaking and private Exit, who had in the former Part of the *Drama* performed such notable Exploits, as must promise to every good Judge among the Spectators, a noble, public, and exalted End.

But she was resolved to commit no such Error in this Instance. Our Hero was too much and too deservedly her Favourite to be neglected by her in his last Moments: Accordingly all Efforts for a Reprieve were vain, and the Name of *Wild* stood at the Head of those who were ordered for Execution.

From the Time he gave over all Hopes of Life, his Conduct was truly GREAT and Admirable.

Instead

Instead of shewing any Marks of Dejection or Contrition, he rather infused more Confidence and Assurance into his Looks. He spent most of his Hours in drinking with his Friends, and with the good Man above commemorated. In one of these Compotations, being asked, whether he was afraid to die, he answered, *D—n me, it is only a Dance without Music.* Another Time, when one expressed some Sorrow for his Misfortune, as he termed it, he said, with great Fierceness, *A Man can die but once.* Again, when one of his intimate Acquaintance hinted his Hopes, that he would die like a Man. He cocked his Hat in Defiance, and cried out greatly, *Zounds! who's afraid?*

Happy would it have been for Posterity, could we have retrieved any entire Conversation which passed at this Season, especially between our Hero and his Learned Comforter; but we have searched many Pastebord Records in vain.

On the Eve of his *Apotheosis*, *Wild's* Lady desired to see him, to which he consented. This Meeting was at first very tender on both Sides; but it could not continue so: For unluckily some Hints of former Miscarriages intervening, as particularly when she asked him, how he could have used her so barbarously once, as by calling her *B——*? Whether such Language became a Man, much less a Gentleman? *Wild* flew into a violent Passion, and swore she was the vilest of *B——s*, to upbraid him at such a Season with an unguarded Word spoke long ago. She replied, with many Tears, she was well enough served for her Folly in visiting such a Brute; but she had one Comfort however, that it would be the last Time he could ever treat her so; that indeed she had some Obligation to him, for that his Cruelty to her would reconcile her to the Fate he was To-morrow to suffer, and, indeed, nothing but such Brutality could

could have made the Consideration of his shameful Death (so this weak Woman called Hanging) which was now inevitable to be born even without Madness. She then proceeded to a Recapitulation of his Faults in an exacter Order and with more perfect Memory than one would have imagined her capable of; and, it is probable, would have rehearsed a complete Catalogue, had not our Hero's Patience failed him, so that with the utmost Fury and Violence, he caught her by the Hair and kicked her, as heartily as his Chains would suffer him, out of the Room.

At length, the Morning came, which Fortune resolutely ordained for the Consummation of our Hero's GREATNESS: He had himself indeed modestly declined the public Honours she intended him, and had taken a Quantity of *Laudanum*, in order to retire quietly off the Stage; but we have already observed in the course of our wonderful History, that to struggle against this Lady's Decrees is vain and impotent: And whether she hath determined you shall be hanged or be a Prime Minister, it is in either Case lost Labour to resist. *Laudanum*, therefore, being unable to stop the Breath of our Hero, which the Fruit of Hemp-Seed and not the Spirit of Poppy-Seed was to overcome, he was at the usual Hour attended by the proper Gentlemen appointed for that Purpose, and acquainted that the Cart was ready. On this Occasion he exerted that GREATNESS of Courage, which hath been so much celebrated in other Heroes; and knowing it was impossible to resist, he gravely declared, *he would attend them*; he then descended to that Room where the Fetters of GREAT MEN are knocked off, in a most solemn and ceremonious Manner. Then shaking Hands with his Friends (to wit, those who were conducting him to the Tree) and drinking their Healths in a Bumper of Brandy, he ascend-
ed

ed the Cart, where he was no sooner seated, than he received the Acclamations of the Multitude who were highly ravished with his GREATNESS.

The Cart now moved slowly on, being preceded by a Troop of Horse Guards bearing Javelins in their Hands, through Streets lined with Crowds, all admiring the great Behaviour of our Hero, who rode on sometimes fighting, sometimes swearing, sometimes singing or whistling, as his Humour varied.

When he came to the Tree of Glory, he was welcomed with an universal Shout of the People, who were there assembled in prodigious Numbers, to behold a Sight much more rare in popular Cities than one would reasonably imagine it should be, viz. the proper Catastrophe of a GREAT MAN.

But tho' Envy was, through Fear, obliged to join the general Voice in Applause on this Occasion, there were not wanting some who maligned this Completion of Glory, which was now about to be fulfilled, to our Hero, and endeavoured to prevent it by knocking him on the Head as he stood under the Tree, while the Ordinary was performing his last Office. They therefore began to batter the Cart with Stones, Brickbats, Dirt, and all Manner of mischievous Weapons, some of which erroneously playing on the Robes of the Ecclesiastic, made him so expeditious in his Repetition, that with wonderful Alacrity he had ended almost in an Instant, and conveyed himself into a Place of Safety in a Hackney Coach where he waited the Conclusion with the Temper of Mind described in these Verses

*Suave Mari magno, turbantibus Equora ventis,
E' Terra alterius magnum spectare Laborem.*

We must not however omit one Circumstance, as it serves to shew the most admirable Conversation of Character in our Hero to his last Moment, which was, that whilst the Ordinary was busy in his Ejaculations, *Wild*, in the Midst of the Shower of Stones, &c. which played upon him, applied his Hands to the Parson's Pocket, and emptied it of his Bottle-Screw, which he carried out of the World in his Hand.

The Ordinary being now descended from the Cart, *Wild* had just Opportunity to cast his Eyes around the Crowd and give them a hearty Curse, when immediately the Horses moved on, and with universal Applause our Hero swung out of this World.

Thus fell *Jonathan Wild* the GREAT, by a Death as glorious as his Life had been, and which was so truly agreeable to it, that the latter must have been deplorably maimed and imperfect without the former; a Death which hath been alone wanting to complete the Characters of several ancient and modern Heroes, whose Histories would then have been read with much greater Pleasure by the wisest in all Ages. Indeed we could almost wish, that whenever Fortune seems wantonly to deviate from her Purpose and leave her Work imperfect in this Particular, the Historian would indulge himself in the Licence of Poetry and Romance, and even do a Violence to Truth, to oblige his Reader with a Page, which must be the most delightful in all his History, and which could never fail of producing an instructive Moral.

C H A P. XVI.

The Character of our Hero, and the Conclusion of this History.

WE will now endeavour to draw the Character of this GREAT MAN, and by bringing together those several Features as it were of his Mind, which lie scattered up and down in this History, to present our Readers with a perfect Picture of GREATNESS.

Jonathan Wild had every Qualification necessary to form a GREAT MAN: As his most powerful and predominant Passion was Ambition, so Nature had with consummate Propriety, adapted all his Faculties to the attaining those glorious Ends, to which this Passion directed him. He was extremely ingenious in inventing Designs; artful in contriving the Means to accomplish his Purposes, and resolute in executing them: For, as the most exquisite Cunning, and most undaunted Boldness qualified him for any Undertaking, so was he not restrained by any of those Weaknesses which disappoint the Views of mean and vulgar Souls, and which are comprehended in one general Term of Honesty, which is a Corruption of *Honesty*, a Word derived from what the *Greeks* call an *Afs*. He was entirely free from those low Vices of Modesty and Good-nature, which as he said, implied a total Negative of human GREATNESS, and were the only Qualities which absolutely rendered a Man incapable of making a considerable Figure in the World. His Lust was inferior only to his Ambition; but, as for what simple People call Love, he knew not what it was. His Avarice was immense; but it was of the rapacious not of the tenacious Kind; his Rapaciousness was indeed so violent,

lent, that nothing ever contented him but the whole ; for, however considerable the Share was, which his Coadjutors allowed him of a Booty, he was restless in inventing Means to make himself Master of the meanest Pittance reserved by them. He said, Laws were made for the Use of *Prigs* only, and to secure their Property ; they were never therefore more perverted, than when their Edge was turned against these ; but that this generally happened through their Want of sufficient Dexterity. The Character which he most valued himself upon, and which he principally honoured in others, was that of Hypocrisy. His Opinion was, that no one could carry *Priggism* very far without it ; for which Reason, he said, there was little GREATNESS to be expected in a Man who acknowledged his Vices ; but always much to be hoped from him, who professed great Virtues ; wherefore, though he would always shun the Person whom he discovered guilty of a good Action, yet he was never deterred by a good Character, which was more commonly the Effect of Profession than of Action. For which Reason, he himself was always very liberal of honest Professions, and had as much Virtue and Goodness in his Mouth as a Saint ; never in the least scrupling to swear by his Honour, even to those who knew him the best ; nay, tho', he held Good-nature and Modesty in the highest Contempt, he constantly practised the Affectation of both, and recommended it to others, whose welfare, on his own Account, he wished well to. He laid down several Maxims, as the certain Methods of attaining GREATNESS, to which, in his own Pursuit of it, he constantly adhered. As,

- I. Never to do more Mischief to another, than was necessary to the effecting his Purpose ; for

that Mischief was too precious a thing to be thrown away.

2. To know no Distinction of Men from Affection ; but to sacrifice all with equal Readiness to his Interest.
3. Never to communicate more of an Affair than was necessary, to the Person who was to execute it.
4. Not to trust him, who had deceived him, nor who knew he had himself been deceived by him.
5. To forgive no Enemy ; but to be cautious and often dilatory in Revenge.
6. To shun Poverty and Distress, and to ally himself, as close as possible, to Power and Riches.
7. To maintain a constant Gravity in his Countenance and Behaviour, and to affect Wisdom on all Occasions.
8. To foment eternal Jealousies in his Gang, one of another.
9. Never to reward any one equal to his Merit ; but always to insinuate, that the Reward was above it.
10. That all Men were Knaves or Fools, and much the greater Number a Composition of both.
11. That a good Name, like Money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, in order to bring the Owner any Advantage.
12. That Virtues, like precious Stones, were easily counterfeited ; that Counterfeits in both Cases adorned the Wearer equally, and that very few had Knowledge or Discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit Jewel from the real.
13. That many Men were undone by not going deep enough in Roguery, as in Gaming any
Man

Man may be a Loser who doth not play the whole Game.

14. That Men proclaim their own Virtues, as Shopkeepers expose their Goods, in order to profit by them.

15. That the Heart was the proper Seat of Hatred, and the Countenance of Affection and Friendship.

He had many more of the same Kind, all equally good with these, and which were after his Decease found in his Study, as the twelve excellent and celebrated Rules were in that of King *Charles* the first; for he never promulgated them in his Life time, not having them constantly in his Mouth, as some grave Persons have the Rules of Virtue and Morality, without paying the least Regard to them in their Actions; whereas our Hero, by a constant and steady Adherence to his Rules in conforming every Thing he did to them, acquired at last a settled Habit of walking by them, 'till at last he was in no Danger of inadvertently going out of the Way; and by these Means he arrived at that Degree of GREATNESS, which few have equalled; none, we may say, have exceeded: For, tho' it must be allowed that there have been some few Heroes, who have done greater Mischiefs to Mankind, such as those who have betrayed the Liberties of their Country to others, or have undermined and over-powered it themselves, or Conquerors who have impoverished, pillaged, sacked, burnt, and destroyed the Countries and Cities of their fellow Creatures, from no other Provocation than that of Glory; *i. e.* as the Tragic Poet calls it,

— A Privilege to kill,

A strong Temptation to do bravely ill.

yet,

yet, if we consider it in the Light wherein Actions are placed in this Line,

Lætius est, quoties magno tibi constat honestum.

when we see him, without the least Assistance or Pretence, setting himself at the Head of a Gang, which he had not any Shadow of Right to govern; if we view him maintaining absolute Power, and exercising Tyranny over a lawless Crew, contrary to all Law, but that of his own Will. If we consider him setting up an open Trade publicly, in Defiance, not only of the Laws of his Country, but of the Common Sense of his Countrymen; if we see him first contriving the Robbery of others, and again the defrauding the very Robbers of that Booty, which they had ventured their Necks to acquire, and which without any Hazard they might have retained: Here sure he must appear admirable, and we may challenge not only the Truth of History, but almost the Latitude of Fiction to equal it.

Nor had he any of those Flaws in his Character, which, though they have been commended by weak Writers, have, (as I hinted in the Beginning of this History) by the judicious Reader, been censured and despised. Such is the Clemency of *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, which Nature hath as grossly err'd in giving them, as a Painter would, who should dress a Peasant in Robes of State, or give the Nose, or any other Feature of a *Venus*, to a *Satyr*. What had the Destroyers of Mankind, that glorious Pair, one of which came into the World to usurp the Dominion, and abolish the Constitution of his own Country; the other to conquer, enslave, and rule over the whole World, at least as much as was well known to him, and the Shortness of his Life would give him Leave to visit; what had, I say, such as

these to do with Clemency? Who cannot see the Absurdity and Contradiction of mixing such an Ingredient with those noble and great Qualities I have before mentioned. Now in *Wild*, every thing was truly GREAT, almost without Alloy, as his Imperfections (for surely some small ones he had) were only such as served to denominate him a human Creature, of which kind none ever arrived at consummate Excellence: But surely his whole Behaviour to his Friend *Heartfree* is a convincing Proof, that the true Iron or Steel GREATNESS of his Heart was not debased by any softer Mettle. Indeed while GREATNESS consists in Power, Pride, Insolence, and doing Mischief to Mankind; — to speak out, — while a GREAT Man and a GREAT Rogue are synonymous Terms, so long shall *Wild* stand unrivalled on the Pinacle of GREATNESS. Nor must we omit here, as the finishing of his Character, what indeed ought to be remembered on his Tomb or his Statue, the Conformity above mentioned of his Death to his Life; and that *Jonathan Wild the Great* was, what so few GREAT Men are, though all in Propriety ought to be — hanged by the Neck 'till he was dead.

Having thus brought our Hero to his Conclusion, it may be satisfactory to some Readers (for many, I doubt not, carry their Concern no farther than his Fate) to know what became of *Heartfree*. We shall acquaint them, therefore, that his Sufferings were now at an End; that the good Magistrate easily prevailed for his Pardon, nor was contented 'till he had made him all the Reparation he could for his Suffering, tho' the Share he had in bringing the Calamity upon him, was not only innocent, but, from its Motive, laudable. He procured the Restoration of the Jewels from the Man of War, at her Return to *England*, and, above all, omitted no Labour to restore *Heartfree* to his Reputation, and

and to persuade his Neighbours, Acquaintance, and Customers of his Innocence. When the Commission of Bankruptcy was satisfied, *Heartfree* had a considerable Sum remaining; for the Diamond presented to his Wife was of prodigious Value, and infinitely recompensed the Loss of those Jewels for which the Count had paid, when the *GREAT Wild* procured him to be robbed of the Money. He now set up again in his Trade; Compassion for his unmerited Misfortunes brought him many Customers among those who had any Regard to Humanity; and he hath, by Industry joined with Parsimony, amassed an immense Fortune. His Wife and he are now grown old in the purest Love and Friendship; but never had another Child. *Friendly* married his eldest Daughter at the Age of nineteen, and became his Partner in Trade. As to the youngest, she never would listen to the Addresses of any Lover, not even of a young Nobleman, who offered to take her with two thousand Pounds, which her Father would have willingly produced, and indeed did his utmost to persuade her to the Match: But she refused absolutely, nor would give any other Reason, than that she had dedicated her Days to his Service, and was resolved, no other Duty should interfere with that she owed the best of Fathers, nor prevent her from being the Nurse of his old Age.

Thus *Heartfree*, his Wife, his two Daughters, his Son-in-Law, and his Grand-children, of which he hath several, live all together in one House; and that with such Amity and Affection towards each other, that they are in the Neighbourhood called *the Family of Love*.

As to all the other Persons mentioned in this History, in the Light of *GREATNESS*, they had all the Fate adapted to it, being every one hanged by the Neck, save two, *viz.* Miss *Theodosia Snap*,

who was transported to *America*, where she was pretty well married, reformed, and made a good Wife; and the Count, who recovered of the Wound he had received from the Hermit, and made his Escape into *France*, where he committed a Robbery, was taken, and broke on the Wheel.

Indeed whoever considers the common Fate of GREAT MEN must allow, they well deserve, and hardly earn that Applause which is given them by the World; for, when we reflect on the Labours and Pains, the Cares, Disquietudes, and Dangers which attend their Road to GREATNESS, we may say with the Divine, *that a Man may go to Heaven with half the Pains which it costs him to purchase Hell*; nor is the World so unanimous as they ought to be in conferring this dear-bought Reward. For, while the Majority of Mankind, while Courts and Cities resound the Praises of the said GREAT MEN, there are still some in Cells and Cottages, who view their GREATNESS with a malignant Eye; and dare affirm, that these GREAT MEN, who are always the most pernicious, are generally the most wretched and truly contemptible of all the Works of the Creation.

JOURNEY

FROM THIS
WORLD to the next, &c.

The INTRODUCTION.

WHETHER the ensuing Pages were really the Dream or Vision of some very pious and holy Person ; or whether they were really written in the other World and sent back to this, which is the Opinion of many, (tho' I think, too much inclining to Superstition ;) or lastly, whether, as infinitely the greatest Part imagine, they were really the Production of some choice Inhabitant of *New Bethlehem*, is not necessary nor easy to determine. It will be abundantly sufficient, if I give the Reader an Account by what means they came into my Possession.

Mr. Robert Powney, Stationer, who dwells opposite to *Catbarine-Street* in the *Strand*, a very honest Man, and of great Gravity of Countenance; who, among other excellent Stationary Commodities, is particularly eminent for his Pens, which I am abundantly bound to acknowledge, as I owe to their peculiar Goodness that my Manuscripts have by any Means been legible: this Gentleman, I say, furnished me some time since with a Bundle of those Pens, wrapt up with great Care and Caution, in a very large Sheet of Paper full of Characters, written as it seemed in a very bad Hand. Now, I have a surprizing Curiosity to read every thing which is almost illegible; partly, perhaps, from the sweet Remembrance of the dear *Scrawls*, *Skrawks*, or *Skrales*, (for the Word is variously spelt) which I have in my Youth received from that lovely Part of the Creation for which I have the tenderest Regard; and partly from that Temper of Mind which makes Men set an immense Value on old Manuscripts so effaced, Bustos so maimed, and Pictures so black that no one can tell what to make of them. I therefore perused this Sheet with wonderful Application, and in about a Day's time discovered that I could not understand it. I immediately repaired to Mr. Powney, and inquired very eagerly, whether he had not more of the same Manuscript. He produced about one Hundred Pages, acquainting me that he had saved no more; but that the Book was originally a huge Folio, had been left in his Garret by a Gentleman who lodged there, and who had left him no other Satisfaction for nine Months Lodging. He proceeded to inform me, that the Manuscript had been hawked about (as he phrased it) among all the Bookfellers, who refused to meddle; some alledged that they could not read, others that they could not understand it. Some would

would have it to be an atheistical Book, and some that it was a Libel on the Government; for one or other of which Reasons, they all refused to print it. That it had been likewise shewn to the R—— Society, but they shook their Heads, saying, there was nothing in it wonderful enough for them. That hearing the Gentleman was gone to the *West-Indies*, and believing it to be good for nothing else, he had used it as waste Paper. He said, I was welcome to what remained, and he was heartily sorry for what was missing, as I seemed to set some value on it.

I desired him much to name a Price: but he would receive no Consideration farther than the Payment of a small Bill I owed him, which at that Time he said he looked on as so much Money given him.

I presently communicated this Manuscript to my Friend Parson *Abraham Adams*, who after a long and careful Perusal, returned it me with his Opinion, that there was more in it than at first appeared, that the Author seemed not entirely unacquainted with the Writings of *Plato*: but he wished he had quoted him sometimes in his Margin, that I might be sure (said he) he had read him in the Original: for nothing, continued the Parson, is commoner than for Men now-a-days to pretend to have read *Greek* Authors, who have met with them only in Translations, and cannot conjugate a Verb in *mi*.

To deliver my own Sentiments on the Occasion, I think the Author discovers a philosophical Turn of Thinking, with some little Knowledge of the World, and no very inadequate Value of it. There are some, indeed, who from the Vivacity of their Temper, and the Happiness of their Station, are willing to consider its Blessings as more sub-

stantial, and the whole to be a Scene of more consequence than it is here represented: but without controverting their Opinions at present, the Number of wise and good Men, who have thought with our Author, are sufficient to keep him in Countenance; nor can this be attended with any ill Inference, since he every where teaches this Moral. That the greatest and truest Happiness which this World affords, is to be found only in the Possession of Goodness and Virtue; a Doctrine, which as it is undoubtedly true, so hath it so noble and practical a Tendency, that it can never be too often or too strongly inculcated on the Minds of Men.

JOURNEY, &c.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER VI.

The Author dies, meets with Mercury, and is by him conducted to the Stage which jets out for the other World.

O N the first of *December* 1741 *, I departed this Life, at my Lodgings in *Cheapside*. My Body had been sometime dead before I was at liberty to quit it, lest it should by any Accident return to Life: this is an Injunction imposed on all Souls by the eternall Law of Fate, to prevent the Inconveniencies which would follow. As soon as the destined Period was expired (being no longer than till the Body is become perfectly cold and stiff) I began to move; but found myself under a Difficulty of making

* Some doubt whether this should not be rather 1641, which is a Date more agreeable to the Account given of it in the Introduction: but then there are some Passages which seem to relate to Transactions infinitely later, even within this Year or two. — To say the Truth, there are Difficulties attend either Conjecture; so the Reader may take which he pleases.

making my Escape, for the Mouth, or Door, was shut; so that it was impossible for me to go out at it, and the Windows, vulgarly called the Eyes, were so closely pulled down by the Fingers of a Nurse, that I could by no means open them. At last, I perceived a Beam of Light glimmering at the Top of the House, (for such I may call the Body I had been inclosed in) whither ascending, I gently let myself down through a Kind of Chimney, and issued out at the Nostrils.

No Prisoner, discharged from a long Confinement, ever tasted the Sweets of Liberty with a more exquisite Relish, than I enjoyed in this Delivery from a Dungeon wherein I had been detained upwards of forty Years, and with much the same Kind of Regard I cast * my Eyes backwards upon it.

My Friends and Relations had all quitted the Room, being all (as I plainly overheard) very loudly quarrelling below-stairs about my Will, there was only an old Woman left above, to guard the Body, as I apprehend. She was in a fast Sleep, occasioned, as from her Savour it seemed, by a comfortable Dose of Gin. I had no pleasure in this Company, and therefore as the Window was wide open, I sallied forth into the open Air: but to my great astonishment found myself unable to fly, which I had always during my habitation in the Body conceived of Spirits; however, I came so lightly to the Ground, that I did not hurt myself; and though I had not the Gift of flying (owing probably to my having neither Feathers nor Wings) I was capable of hopping such a prodigious way at once, that it served my turn almost as well.

I had

* Eyes are not, perhaps, so properly adapted to a spiritual Substance: but we are here, as in many other Places, obliged to use corporeal Terms to make ourselves the better understood.

I had not hopped far, before I perceived a tall young Gentleman in a Silk Waistcoat, with a Wing on his left Heel, a Garland on his Head, and a Caduceus in his right Hand *. I thought I had seen this Person before, but had not time to recollect where, when he called out to me, and asked me how long I had been departed. I answered, I was just come forth. You must not stay here, replied he, unless you had been murdered; in which case, indeed, you might have been suffered to walk some time: but if you died a natural Death, you must set out for the other World immediately. I desired to know the Way. O, cried the Gentleman, I will shew you to the Inn whence the Stage proceeds: For I am the Porter. Perhaps you never heard of me, my Name is *Mercury*. Sure, Sir, said I, I have seen you at the Play-House. Upon which he smiled, and without satisfying me, as to that Point, walked directly forward, bidding me hop after him. I obeyed him, and soon found myself in *Warwick-Lane*; where *Mercury* making a full Stop, pointed at a particular House, where he bad me enquire for the Stage, and wishing me a good Journey, took his Leave, saying, he must go seek after other Customers.

I arrived just as the Coach was setting out, and found I had no occasion for Enquiry: for every Person seemed to know my Business, the Moment I appeared at the Door: The Coachman told me, his Horses were to, but that he had no Place left; however, tho' there were already six, the Passengers offered to make room for me. I thanked them, and ascended without much Ceremony.

We

* This is the Dress in which the God appears to Mortals at the Theatres. One of the Offices attributed to this God by the Ancients, was to collect the Ghosts as a Shepherd doth a Flock of Sheep, and drive them with his Wand into the other World.

We immediately began our Journey, being seven in Number; for as the Women wore no Hoops, three of them were but equal to two Men.

Perhaps, Reader, thou may'st be pleas'd with an Account of this whole Equipage, as peradventure thou wilt not, while alive, see any such. The Coach was made by an eminent Toyman, who is well known to deal in immaterial Substance, that being the Matter of which it was compounded. The Work was so extremely fine, that it was entirely invisible to the human Eye. The Horses which drew this extraordinary Vehicle were all Spiritual, as well as the Passengers. They had, indeed, all died in the Service of a certain Post-Master; and as for the Coachman, who was a very thin Piece of immaterial Substance, he had the Honour, while alive, of driving the *Great Peter*, or *Peter the Great*, in whose Service his Soul, as well as Body, was almost starv'd to death.

Such was the Vehicle in which I set out, and now those who are not willing to travel on with me, may, if they please, stop here; those who are, must proceed to the subsequent Chapters, in which this Journey is continued.

C H A P. II.

In which the Author first refutes some idle Opinions concerning Spirits, and then the Passengers relate their several Deaths.

IT is the common Opinion, that Spirits like Owls can see in the dark; nay, and can then most easily be perceived by others. For which Reason, many Persons of good Understanding, to prevent being terrified with such Objects, usually keep a Candle burning by them, that the Light

may prevent their seeing. Mr. *Locke*, in direct opposition to this, hath not doubted to assert that you may see a Spirit in open Day-light full as well as in the darkest Night.

It was very dark when we sat out from the Inn, nor could we see any more than if every Soul of us had been alive. We had travelled a good way, before any one offered to open his Mouth: Indeed, most of the Company were fast asleep*: But as I could not close my own Eyes, and perceived the Spirit, who sat opposite to me, to be likewise awake, I began to make Overtures of Conversation, by complaining *how dark it was*. ‘And extremely cold too,’ answered my Fellow-Traveller, tho’ I thank God, as I have no Body, I feel no Inconvenience from it: But you will believe, Sir, that this frosty Air must seem very sharp to one just issued forth out of an Oven: for such was the inflamed Habitation I am lately departed from. How did you come to your End, Sir? said I. I was murdered, Sir, answered the Gentleman. I am surpris’d then, replied I, that you did not divert yourself by walking up and down, and playing some merry Tricks with the Murderer. Oh, Sir, returned he, I had not that Privilege, I was lawfully put to death. In short, a Physician set me on fire, by giving me Medicines to throw out my Distemper. I died of a hot Regimen, as they call it, in the Small-Pox.

One of the Spirits at that Word started up, and cried out, ‘The Small-Pox! bless me! I hope I am not in Company with that Distemper, which I have all my Life with such Caution avoided, and have so happily escaped hitherto!’ This

* Those who have read of the Gods sleeping in *Homer*, will not be surpris’d at this happening to Spirits.

Fright set all the Passengers who were awake into a loud Laughter; and the Gentleman recollecting himself with some Confusion; and not without blushing, asked Pardon, crying, 'I protest I dreamt that I was alive. Perhaps, Sir, said I, you died of that Distemper, which therefore made so strong an Impression on you. No, Sir, answered he, I never had it in my Life; but the continual and dreadful Apprehension it kept me so long under, cannot I see be so immediately eradicated. You must know, Sir, I avoided coming to London for thirty Years together, for fear of the Small-Pox, till the most urgent Business brought me thither about five Days ago. I was so dreadfully afraid of this Disease, that I refused the second Night of my Arrival to sup with a Friend, whose Wife had recovered of it several Months before, and the same Evening got a Surgeit by eating too many Muscles, which brought me into this good Company.'

'I will lay a Wager, cried the Spirit, who sat next him, there is not one in the Coach able to guess my Distemper.' I desired the Favour of him, to acquaint us with it, if it was so uncommon. 'Why, Sir, (said he) I died of Honour.'— 'Of Honour, Sir! repeated I, with some surprize. Yes, Sir, answered the Spirit, of Honour, for I was killed in a Duel.'

'For my Part, said a fair Spirit, I was inoculated last Summer, and had the good fortune to escape with a very few Marks in my Face. I esteemed myself now perfectly happy, as I imagined I had no Restraint to a full Enjoyment of the Diversions of the Town; but within a few days after my coming up, I caught cold by over-dancing myself at a Ball, and last night died of a violent Fever.'

After

After a short Silence, which now ensued, the fair Spirit who spoke last, it being now Day-light, addressed herself to a Female, who sat next her, and asked her to what Chance they owed the Happiness of her Company. She answered, she apprehended to a Consumption: But the Physicians were not agreed concerning her Distemper, for she left two of them in a very hot Dispute about it, when she came out of her Body. 'And pray, Madam,' said the same Spirit, to the sixth Passenger, How 'came you to leave the other World?' But that female Spirit screwing up her Mouth, answered, she wondered at the Curiosity of some People; that perhaps Persons had already heard some Reports of her Death, which were far from being true: That whatever was the Occasion of it, she was glad at being delivered from a World, in which she had no Pleasure, and where there was nothing but Nonsense and Impertinence; particularly among her own Sex, whose loose Conduct she had long been entirely ashamed of.

The beauteous Spirit perceiving her Question gave offence, pursued it no farther. She had indeed all the Sweetness and Good-humour, which are so extremely amiable (when found) in that Sex, which Tenderness most exquisitely becomes. Her Countenance displayed all the Cheerfulness, the Good-nature, and the Modesty, which diffuse such Brightness round the Beauty of *Seraphina* *, awing every Beholder with Respect, and at the same time ravishing him with Admiration. Had it not been indeed for our Conversation on the Small-pox, I should have imagined we had been honoured with her identical Presence. This Opinion might have been

* A particular Lady of Quality is meant here; but every Lady of Quality, or no Quality, are welcome to apply the Character to themselves.

been heightened by the good Sense she uttered, whenever she spoke; by the Delicacy of her Sentiments, and the Complacency of her Behaviour, together with a certain Dignity, which attended every Look, Word and Gesture; Qualities, which could not fail making an Impression on a Heart † so capable of receiving it as mine, nor was she long in raising in me a very violent Degree of seraphic Love. I do not intend by this, that sort of Love which Men are very properly said to *make* to Women in the lower World, and which seldom lasts any longer than while it is *making*. I mean by seraphic Love, an extreme Delicacy and Tenderneſs of Friendship, of which my worthy Reader, if thou haſt no Conception, as it is probable thou may'ſt not, my Endeavour to inſtruct thee would be as fruitleſs, as it would be to explain the moſt difficult Problems of Sir *Iſaac Newton*, to one ignorant of vulgar Arithmetic.

To return therefore to Matters comprehenſible by all Underſtandings: The Diſcourſe now turned on the Vanity, Folly, and Miſery of the lower World, from which every Paſſenger in the Coach expreſſed the higheſt Satisfaction in being delivered: Tho' it was very remarkable, that notwithſtanding the Joy we declared at our Death, there was not one of us who did not mention the Accident which occaſioned it as a Thing we would have avoided if we could. Nay, the very grave Lady herſelf, who was the forwardeſt in teſtifying her Delight, confeſt inadvertently, that ſhe left a Phyſician by her Bed-ſide. And the Gentleman, who died of Honour,

† We have before made an Apology for this Language, which we here repeat for the laſt time: Tho' the Heart may, we hope, be metaphorically uſed here with more Propriety, than when we apply thoſe Paſſions to the Body, which belong to the Soul.

nour, very liberally cursed both his Folly and his Fencing. While we were entertaining ourselves with these Matters, on a sudden a most offensive Smell began to invade our Noftrils. This very much resembled the Savour, which Travellers, in Summer, perceive at their Approach to that beautiful Village of the *Hague*, arising from those delicious Canals, which, as they consist of standing Water, do at that time emit Odours greatly agreeable to a *Dutch* Taste, but not so pleasant to any other. Those Perfumes, with the Assistance of a fair Wind, begin to affect Persons of quick olfactory Nerves at a League's Distance, and increase gradually as you approach. In the same manner, did the Smell I have just mentioned, more and more invade us, till one of the Spirits looking out of the Coach-Window, declared we were just arrived at a very large City; and indeed he had scarce said so, before we found ourselves in the Suburbs, and at the same time, the Coachman being asked by another, informed us, that the Name of this Place was *the City of Diseases*. The Road to it was extremely smooth, and excepting the above-mentioned Savour, delightfully pleasant. The Streets of the Suburbs were lined with Bagnio's, Taverns, and Cook Shops; in the first we saw several beautiful Women, but in tawdry Dresses, looking out at the Windows; and in the latter, were visibly exposed all Kinds of the richest Dainties: but on our entring the City, we found, contrary to all we had seen in the other World, that the Suburbs were infinitely pleasanter than the City itself. It was, indeed, a very dull, dark, and melancholy Place. Few People appeared in the Streets, and these, for the most part, were old Women, and here and there a formal grave Gentleman, who seemed to be thinking, with large Tie-wigs on, and amber-headed Canes in their Hands.

Hands. We were all in Hopes, that our Vehicle would not stop here; but to our Sorrow, the Coach soon drove into an Inn, and we were obliged to alight.

C H A P. III.

The Adventures we met with in the City of Diseases.

WE had not been long arrived in our Inn, where it seems we were to spend the Remainder of the Day, before our Host acquainted us, that it was customary for all Spirits, in their Passage through that City, to pay their Respects to that Lady *Disease*, to whose Assistance they had owed their Deliverance from the lower World. We answered, we should not fail in any Complacence, which was usual to others; upon which our Host replied, he would immediately send Porters to conduct us. He had not long quitted the Room, before we were attended by some of those grave Persons, whom I have before described in large Tie-Wigs, with amber-headed Canes. These Gentlemen are the Ticket-Porters in this City, and their Canes are the *Insignia*, or Tickets denoting their Office. We informed them of the several Ladies, to whom we were obliged, and were preparing to follow them, when on a sudden they all stared at one another, and left us in a Hurry, with a Frown on every Countenance. We were surprized at this Behaviour, and presently summoned the Host, who was no sooner acquainted with it, than he burst into a hearty Laugh, and told us the Reason was, because we did not see the Gentlemen the Moment they came in, according to the Custom of the Place. We answered with some Confusion, we had brought nothing with us from the other World,

World, which we had been all our Lives informed was not lawful to do. 'No, no, Master, replied the Host, I am apprized of that, and, indeed it was my Fault. I should have first sent you to my Lord * *Scrape*; who would have supplied you with what you want.' My Lord *Scrape* supply us! said I, with Astonishment: Sure you must know we cannot give him Security; and I am convinced he never lent a Shilling without it in his Life.' No, Sir, answered the Host, and for that Reason he is obliged to do it here, where he is sentenced to keep a Bank, and to distribute Money *gratis* to all Passengers. This Bank originally consisted of just that Sum, which he had miserably hoarded up in the other World, and he is to perceive it decrease visibly one Shilling a Day, till it is totally exhausted; after which, he is to return to the other World, and perform the Part of a Miser for seventy Years; then being purified in the Body of a Hog, he is to enter the human Species again, and take a second Trial.' Sir, said I, you tell me Wonders: But, if his Bank be to decrease only a Shilling a Day, how can he furnish all Passengers?' The rest, answered the Host, is supplied again; but in a manner, which I cannot easily explain to you.' I apprehend, said I, this Distribution of his Money is inflicted on him as a Punishment; but I do not see how it can answer that End, when he knows it is to be restored him again. Would it not serve the Purpose as well, if he parted only with the single Shilling, which it seems is all he is really to lose?' Sir, cries the Host, when you observe the Ago-

* That we may mention it once for all, in the panegyrical Part of this Work, some particular Person is always meant, but in the satirical no body.

nies with which he parts with every Guinea, you will be of another Opinion. No Prisoner condemned to Death ever begged so heartily for Transportation, as he, when he received his Sentence, did to go to Hell, provided he might carry his Money with him. But you will know more of these Things, when you arrive at the upper World; and now, if you please, I will attend you to my Lord's, who is obliged to supply you with whatever you desire.

We found his Lordship sitting at the upper End of a Table, on which was an immense Sum of Money, disposed in several Heaps, every one of which would have purchased the Honour of some Patriots, and the Chastity of some Prudes. The moment he saw us, he turned pale, and sighed, as well apprehending our Business. Mine Host accosted him with a familiar Air, which at first surprized me, who so well remembered the Respect I had formerly seen paid this Lord, by Men infinitely superior in Quality to the Person who now saluted him in the following manner: 'Here you, Lord, and be dam—d to your little sneaking Soul, tell out your Money, and supply your Betters with what they want. Be quick, Sirrah, or I'll fetch the Beadle to you. Don't fancy yourself in the lower World again, with your Privilege at your A—.' He then shook a Cane at his Lordship, who immediately began to tell out his Money with the same miserable Air and Face, which the Miser on our Stage wears, while he delivers his Bank-bills. This affected some of us so much, that we had certainly returned with no more than what would have been sufficient to see the Porters, had not our Host, perceiving our Compassion, begged us not to spare a Fellow, who in the midst of immense Wealth had always refused the least Contribution to Charity. Our Hearts were hardened with
this

this Reflection, and we all filled our Pockets with his Money. I remarked a poetical Spirit in particular, who swore he would have a hearty Gripe at him: 'For, says he the Rascal not only refused to subscribe to my Works; but sent back my Letter unanswered, tho' I'm a better Gentleman than himself.'

We now returned from this miserable Object, greatly admiring the Propriety, as well as Justice of his Punishment, which consisted, as our Host informed us, merely in the delivering forth his Money; and he observed we could not wonder at the Pain this gave him, since it was as reasonable that the bare parting with Money should make him miserable, as that the bare having Money without using it should have made him happy.

Other Tie-wig Porters, (for those we had summoned before refused to *visit* us again) now attended us; and we having fed them the instant they entered the Room, according to the Instructions of our Host, they bowed and smiled, and offered to introduce us to whatever Disease we pleased.

We sat out several Ways, as we were all to pay our Respects to different Ladies. I directed my Porter to shew me to the *Fever on the Spirits*, being the Disease which had delivered me from the Flesh. My Guide and I traversed many Streets, and knocked at several Doors, but to no purpose. At one we were told, lived the *Consumption*; at another, the *Maladie Alamode*, a French Lady; at the third, the *Dropsy*; at the fourth, the *Rheumatism*; at the fifth, *Intemperance*; at the sixth, *Misfortune*. I was tired, and had exhausted my Patience, and almost my Purse; for I gave my Porter a new Fee at every Blunder he made: when my Guide, with a solemn Countenance, told me, *he could do no more*; and marched off without any farther Ceremony.

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He was no sooner gone, than I met another Gentleman with a Ticket, *i. e.* an amber-headed Cane in his Hand. I first see'd him, and then acquainted him with the Name of the Disease. He cast himself for two or three Minutes into a thoughtful Posture, then pulled a piece of Paper out of his Pocket, on which he writ something in one of the oriental Languages, I believe; for I could not read a Syllable: he bad me carry it to such a particular Shop, and telling me *it would do my Business*, he took his Leave.

Secure, as I now thought myself of my Direction, I went to the Shop, which very much resembled an Apothecary's. The Person who officiated, having read the Paper, took down about twenty different Jars, and pouring something out of every one of them, made a mixture, which he delivered to me in a Bottle, having first tied a Paper round the Neck of it, on which were written three or four Words, the last containing eleven Syllables. I mentioned the Name of the Disease I wanted to find out; but received no other answer, than that he had done as he was ordered, and the Drugs were excellent.

I began now to be enraged, and quitting the Shop with some anger in my Countenance, I intended to find out my Inn: but meeting in the way a Porter whose Countenance had in it something more pleasing than ordinary, I resolved to try once more, and clapt a Fee into his Hand. As soon as I mentioned the Disease to him, he laughed heartily, and told me I had been imposed on: for in Reality, no such Disease was to be found in that City. He then enquired into the Particulars of my Case, and was no sooner acquainted with them, than he informed me that the *Maladie Alamode* was the Lady, to whom I was obliged. I thanked him, and immediately went to pay my Respects to her.

The

X The House, or rather Palace, of this Lady, was one of the most beautiful and magnificent in the City. The Avenue to it was planted with Sycamore Trees, with Beds of Flowers on each side; it was extremely pleasant, but short. I was conducted through a magnificent Hall, adorned with several Statues and Bustoes, most of them maimed, whence I concluded them all to be true Antiques; but was informed they were the Figures of several modern Heroes, who had died Martyrs to her Ladyship's Cause. I next mounted through a large painted Stair-Case, where several Persons were depicted in Caracatura; and upon enquiry, was told they were the Portraits of those who had distinguished themselves against the Lady in the lower World. I suppose, I should have known the Faces of many Physicians and Surgeons, had they not been so violently distorted by the Painter. Indeed, he had exerted so much Malice in his Work, that I believe he had himself received some particular Favours from the Lady of this Mansion: It is difficult to conceive a Groupe of stranger Figures. I then entered a long Room hung round with the Pictures of Women of such exact Shapes and Features, that I should have thought myself in a Gallery of Beauties, had not a certain fallow Paleness in their Complexions given me a more distasteful Idea. Through this, I proceeded to a second Apartment, adorned, if I may so call it, with the Figures of old Ladies. Upon my seeming to admire at this Furniture, the Servant told me with a Smile, that these had been very good Friends of his Lady, and had done her eminent service in the lower World. I immediately recollected the Faces of one or two of my Acquaintance, who had formerly kept Bagnio's: but was very much surprized to see the Resemblance of a Lady of great Distinction in such Company. The Servant, upon my mentioning

ing this, made no other Answer than that his Lady had Pictures of all degrees.

I was now introduced into the Presence of the Lady herself. She was a thin, or rather meagre Person, very wan in the Countenance, had no Nose, and many Pimples in her Face. She offered to rise at my entrance, but could not stand. After many Compliments, much Congratulation on her side, and the most fervent Expressions of Gratitude on mine, she asked me many Questions concerning the Situation of her Affairs in the lower World; most of which I answered to her intire Satisfaction. At last with a kind of forced Smile, she said, I suppose the *Pill* and *Drop* go on swimmingly. I told her, they were reported to have done great Cures. She replied, she could apprehend no danger from any Person, who was not of regular Practice; for however simple Mankind are, said she, or however afraid they are of Death, they prefer dying in a regular manner to being cured by a *Nostrum*. She then expressed great pleasure at the Account I gave her of the *Beau-Monde*. She said, she had, herself, removed the Hundreds of *Drury* to the Hundreds of *Charing-Cross*, and was very much delighted to find they had spread into *St. James's*; That she imputed this chiefly to several of her dear and worthy Friends, who had lately published their excellent Works, endeavouring to extirpate all Notions of Religion and Virtue; and particularly to the deserving Author of the *Bachelor's Estimate*, to whom, said she, if I had not reason to think he was a Surgeon, and had therefore written from mercenary Views, I could never sufficiently own my Obligations. She spoke likewise greatly in Approbation of the Method so generally used by Parents, of marrying Children very young, and without the least affection between the Parties; and concluded by saying, that if these Fashions continued

nued to spread, she doubted not, but she should shortly be the only Disease who would ever receive a Visit from any Person of considerable Rank.

While we were discoursing, her three Daughters entered the Room. They were all called by *hard Names*, the eldest was named * *Lepra*, the second *Chæras*, and the third *Scorbutia*. They were all genteel, but ugly. I could not help observing the little respect they paid their Parent; which the old Lady remarking in my Countenance, as soon as they quitted the Room, which soon happened, acquainted me with her Unhappiness in her Offspring, every one of which had the confidence to deny themselves to be her Children, though she said she had been a very indulgent Mother, and had plentifully provided for them all. As Family Complaints generally as much tire the Hearer, as they relieve him who makes them, when I found her launching farther into this Subject, I resolved to put an end to my Visit; and taking my leave, with many Thanks for the Favour she had done me, I returned to the Inn, where I found my Fellow-Travellers just mounting into their Vehicle. I shook hands with my Host, and accompanied them into the Coach, which immediately after proceeded on its Journey.

CH A P. IV.

Discourses on the Road, and a Description of the Palace of Death.

WE were all silent for some Minutes, till being well shaken into our several Seats, I opened
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* These Ladies, I believe, by their Names, presided over the *Leprosy*, *King's-Evil*, and *Scurvy*.

my Mouth first, and related what had happened to me after our Separation in the City we had just left. The rest of the Company, except the grave female Spirit, whom our Reader may remember to have refused giving an Account of the Distemper, which occasioned her Dissolution, did the same. It might be tedious to relate these at large, we shall therefore only mention a very remarkable Inveteracy, which the *Surfeit* declared to all the other Diseases, especially to the Fever, who she said, by the Roguery of the Porters, received Acknowledgments from numberless Passengers, which were due to herself. ' Indeed (says she) those *cane-headed* Fellows (for so she called them, alluding, I suppose, to their Ticket) are constantly making such Mistakes : there is no Gratitude in those Fellows ; for I am sure they have greater Obligations to me, than to any other Disease, except the Vapours.' These Relations were no sooner over, than one of the Company informed us, we were approaching to the most noble Building he had ever beheld, and which we learnt from our Coachman, was the *Palace of Death*. Its Outside, indeed, appeared extremely magnificent. Its Structure was of the Gothic Order : vast beyond Imagination, the whole Pile consisting of black Marble. Rows of immense Yews form an Amphitheatre round it of such Height and Thickness, that no Ray of the Sun ever perforates this Grove ; where black eternal Darkness would reign, was it not excluded by innumerable Lamps, which are placed in Pyramids round the Grove. So that the distant Reflection they cast on the Palace, which is plentifully gilt with Gold on the Outside, is inconceivably solemn. To this I may add, the hollow Murmur of Winds constantly heard from the Grove, and the very remote Sound of roaring Waters. Indeed, every Circumstance seems to conspire to fill the Mind with Horror and Conster-

nation

nation as we approach to this Palace. Which we had scarce Time to admire, before our Vehicle stopped at the Gate, and we were desired to alight in order to pay our Respects to his most mortal Majesty, (this being the Title which it seems he assumes.) The outward Court was all full of Soldiers, and, indeed, the whole very much resembled the State of an earthly Monarch, only more magnificent. We past through several Courts, into a vast Hall, which led to a spacious Stair-case, at the Bottom of which stood two Pages, with very grave Countenances; whom I recollected afterwards to have formerly been very eminent Undertakers, and were, in reality, the only dismal Faces I saw here: for this Palace, so awful and tremendous without, is all gay and spritely within, so that we soon lost all those dismal and gloomy Ideas we had contracted in approaching it. Indeed, the still Silence maintained among the Guards and Attendants resembled rather the stately Pomp of Eastern Courts, but there was on every Face such Symptoms of Content and Happiness, that diffused an Air of Cheerfulness all round. We ascended the Stair-case, and past through many noble Apartments, whose Walls were adorned with various Battle-pieces in Tapistry, and which we spent some time in observing. These brought to my Mind those beautiful ones I had in my Life-time seen at *Blenheim*, nor could I prevent my Curiosity from enquiring where the Duke of *Marlborough's* Victories were placed; (for I think they were almost the only Battles of any Eminence I had read of, which I did not meet with :) when the Skeleton of a Beef-eater shaking his Head, told me, a certain Gentleman, one *Lewis XIV.* who had great Interest with his most mortal Majesty, had prevented any such from being hung up there; besides, (says he) His

Majesty, hath no great Respect for that Duke, for he never sent him a Subject, he could keep from him, nor did he ever get a single Subject by his Means, but he lost a thousand others for him. We found the Presence-Chamber, at our Entrance, very full, and a Buz ran through it, as in all Assemblies, before the principal Figure enters: for his Majesty was not yet come out. At the Bottom of the Room were two Persons in close Conference, one with a square black Cap on his Head, and the other with a Robe embroidered with Flames of Fire. These, I was informed, were a Judge long since dead, and an Inquisitor-General. I overheard them disputing with great Eagerness, whether the one had hanged, or the other burnt the most. While I was listening to this Dispute, which seemed to be in no likelihood of a speedy Decision, the Emperor entered the Room, and placed himself between two Figures, one of which was remarkable for the Roughness, and the other for the Beauty of his Appearance: These were, it seems, *Charles XII.* of *Sweden*, and *Alexander* of *Macedon*. I was at too great a Distance to hear any of the Conversation, so could only satisfy my Curiosity by contemplating the several Personages present, of whose Names I informed myself by a Page, who looked as pale and meagre as any Court Page in the other World, but was somewhat more modest. He shewed me here two or three *Turkish* Emperors, to whom his most mortal Majesty seemed to express much Civility. Here were likewise several of the *Roman* Emperors, among whom none seemed so much caressed as *Caligula*, on account, as the Page told me, of his pious Wish, that he could send all the *Romans* hither at one Blow. The Reader may be perhaps surprized, that I saw no Physicians here; as, indeed, I was myself, till informed, that they were

were all departed to the City of Diseases, where they were busy in an Experiment to purge away the Immortality of the Soul.

It would be tedious to recollect the many Individuals I saw here: but I cannot omit a fat Figure well drest in the *French* Fashion, who was received with extraordinary Complacence by the Emperor, and whom I imagined to be *Lewis* the 14th himself; but the Page acquainted me he was a celebrated *French* Cook.

We were at length introduced to the Royal Presence, and had the Honour to kiss Hands. His Majesty asked us a few Questions, not very material to relate, and soon after retired.

When we returned into the Yard, we found our Caravan ready to set out, at which we all declared ourselves well pleased; for we were sufficiently tired with the Formality of a Court, notwithstanding its outward Splendor and Magnificence.

C H A P. V.

The Travellers proceed on their Journey, and meet several Spirits, who are coming into the Flesh.

WE now came to the Banks of the great River *Cocytus*, where we quitted our Vehicle, and past the Water in a Boat, after which we were obliged to travel on foot the rest of our Journey; and now we met, for the first time, several Passengers travelling to the World we had left, who informed us they were Souls going into the Flesh.

The two first we met were walking Arm in Arm in very close and friendly Conference; they informed us, that one of them was intended for a Duke, and the other for a Hackney Coachman. As we had not yet arrived at the Place where we were to

deposite our Passions, we were all surprized at the Familiarity, which subsisted between Persons of such different Degrees, nor could the grave Lady help expressing her Astonishment at it. The future Coachman then replied with a Laugh, that they had exchanged Lots: for that the Duke had with his Dukedom drawn a Shrew of a Wife, and the Coachman only a single State.

As we proceeded on our Journey, we met a solemn Spirit walking alone with great Gravity in his Countenance: our Curiosity invited us, notwithstanding his Reserve, to ask what Lot he had drawn. He answered with a Smile, he was to have the Reputation of a wise Man with 100000 *l.* in his Pocket, and that he was practising the Solemnity, which he was to act in the other World.

A little farther we met a Company of very merry Spirits, whom we imagined by their Mirth to have drawn some mighty Lot, but on enquiry, they informed us they were to be Beggars.

The farther we advanced, the greater Numbers we met, and now we discovered two large Roads leading different Ways, and of very different Appearance; the one all craggy with Rocks, full as it seemed of boggy Grounds, and every where beset with Briars, so that it was impossible to pass through it without the utmost Danger and Difficulty; the other, the most delightful imaginable, leading through the most verdant Meadows, painted and perfumed with all kinds of beautiful Flowers; in short, the most wanton Imagination could imagine nothing more lovely. Notwithstanding which, we were surprized to see great Numbers crouding into the former, and only one or two solitary Spirits chusing the latter. On enquiry we were acquainted that the bad Road was the way to *Greatness*, and the other to *Goodness*. When we express our surprize at the Preference given to the former,

we

we were acquainted that it was chosen for the sake of the Music of Drums and Trumpets, and the perpetual Acclamations of the Mob; with which, those who travelled this way, were constantly saluted. We were told likewise, that there were several noble Palaces to be seen, and lodged in on this Road, by those who had past through the Difficulties of it, (which indeed many were not able to surmount) and great Quantities of all sorts of Treasure to be found in it; whereas the other had little inviting more than the Beauty of the way, scarce a handsome Building, save one greatly resembling a certain House by the *Bath*, to be seen during that whole Journey; and lastly, that it was thought very scandalous and mean-spirited to travel through this, and as highly honourable and noble to pass by the other.

We now heard a violent Noise, when casting our Eyes forwards, we perceived a vast Number of Spirits advancing in pursuit of one, whom they mocked and insulted with all kinds of Scorn. I cannot give my Reader a more adequate Idea of this Scene, than by comparing it to an *English* Mob conducting a Pick-pocket to the Water; or by supposing that an incensed Audience at a Play-house had unhappily possess'd themselves of the miserable damned Poet. Some laugh'd, some hiss'd, some squawl'd, some groan'd, some bawl'd, some spit at him, some threw Dirt at him. It was impossible not to ask who or what the wretched Spirit was, whom they treated in this barbarous Manner; when, to our great Surprise, we were informed that it was a King: We were likewise told, that this Manner of Behaviour was usual among the Spirits, to those who drew the Lots of Emperors, Kings, and other great Men; not from Envy or Anger, but mere Derision and Contempt of earthly Grandeur; That nothing was more common, than

for those who had drawn these great Prizes, (as to us they seemed) to exchange them with Taylors and Cobblers; and that *Alexander the Great* and *Diogenes* had formerly done so; he that was afterwards *Diogenes* having originally fallen on the Lot of *Alexander*.

And now on a sudden, the Mockery ceased, and the King Spirit having obtained a Hearing, began to speak as follows: for we were now near enough to hear him distinctly.

‘ *Gentlemen,*

‘ I am justly surprized at your treating me in
‘ this Manner; since whatever Lot I have drawn,
‘ I did not chuse: if therefore it be worthy of
‘ Derision, you should compassionate me, for it
‘ might have fallen to any of your Shares. I know
‘ in how low a Light the Station to which Fate
‘ hath assigned me is considered here, and that,
‘ when Ambition doth not support it, it becomes
‘ generally so intolerable, that there is scarce any
‘ other Condition for which it is not gladly ex-
‘ changed: for what Portion, in the World to
‘ which we are going, is so miserable as that of
‘ Care? Should I therefore consider myself as be-
‘ come by this Lot essentially your Superior, and
‘ of a higher Order of Being than the rest of my
‘ Fellow-Creatures: Should I foolishly imagine
‘ myself without Wisdom superior to the Wise,
‘ without Knowledge to the Learned, without
‘ Courage to the Brave, and without Goodness
‘ and Virtue to the Good and Virtuous; surely so
‘ preposterous, so absurd a Pride, would justly
‘ render me the Object of Ridicule. But far be it
‘ from to entertain it. And yet, Gentlemen, I
‘ prize the Lot I have drawn, nor would I ex-
‘ change it with any of your’s, seeing it is in my
‘ Eye so much greater than the rest. Ambition,
‘ which

‘ which I own myself possess of, teaches me this.
‘ Ambition, which makes me covet Praise, assures
‘ me, that I shall enjoy a much larger Proportion
‘ of it than can fall within your Power either to
‘ deserve or obtain. I am then superior to you all,
‘ when I am able to do more good, and when I
‘ execute that Power. What the Father is to the
‘ Son, the Guardian to the Orphan, or the Patron
‘ to his Client, that am I to you. You are my
‘ my Children, to whom I will be a Father, a
‘ Guardian, and a Patron. Not one Evening in
‘ my long Reign (for so it is to be) will I repose
‘ myself to rest, without the glorious, the heart-
‘ warming Consideration, that thousands that Night
‘ owe their sweetest Rest to me. What a delici-
‘ ous Fortune is it to him whose strongest Appetite
‘ is doing good, to have every Day the Opportu-
‘ nity and the Power of satisfying it! If such a
‘ Man hath Ambition, how happy is it for him to
‘ be seated so on high, that every Act blazes abroad,
‘ and attracts to him Praises tainted with neither
‘ Sarcasm nor Adulation; but such as the nicest
‘ and most delicate Mind may relish? Thus,
‘ therefore, while you derive your Good from me,
‘ I am your Superior. If to my strict Distribution
‘ of Justice you owe the Safety of your Property
‘ from domestic Enemies: If by my Vigilance and
‘ Valour you are protected from foreign Foes:
‘ If by my Encouragement of genuine Industry,
‘ every Science, every Art which can embellish or
‘ sweeten Life is produced and flourishes among
‘ you; will any of you be so insensible or ungrate-
‘ ful, as to deny Praise and Respect to him, by
‘ whose Care and Conduct you enjoy these Bles-
‘ sings? I wonder not at the Censure which so
‘ frequently falls on those in my Station: but I
‘ wonder that those in my Station so frequently de-
‘ serve it. What strange Perverseness of Nature!

‘ What wanton Delight in Mischief must taint
 ‘ his Composition, who prefers Danger, Difficulty,
 ‘ and Disgrace, by doing evil, to Safety, Ease and
 ‘ Honour, by doing good? who refuses Happiness
 ‘ in the other World, and Heaven in this,
 ‘ for Misery there, and Hell here? But be assured,
 ‘ my Intentions are different. I shall always endeavour
 ‘ the Ease, the Happiness, and the Glory
 ‘ of my People, being confident that by so doing,
 ‘ I take the most certain Method of procuring
 ‘ them all to myself.’—He then struck directly into
 the Road of *Goodness*, and received such a Shout
 of Applause, as I never remember to have heard
 equalled.

He was gone a little way, when a Spirit limped
 after him, swearing he would fetch him back. This
 Spirit I was presently informed, was one who had
 drawn the Lot of his Prime Minister.

CHAP. VI.

*A: Account of the Wheel of Fortune, with a Method
 of preparing a Spirit for this World.*

WE now proceed on our Journey, without
 staying to see whether he fulfilled his Word
 or no; and without encountering any thing worth
 mentioning, came to the Place where the Spirits
 on their Passage to the other World were obliged
 to decide by Lot the Station in which every one
 was to act there. Here was a monstrous Wheel,
 infinitely larger than those in which I had formerly
 seen Lottery Tickets deposited. This was called
 the WHEEL OF FORTUNE. The Goddess herself
 was present. She was one of the most deformed
 Females I ever beheld; nor could I help observing
 the Frowns she exprest when any beautiful
 Spirit

Spirit of her own Sex passed by her, nor the Affability which smiled in her Countenance on the Approach of any handsome Male Spirits. Hence I accounted for the Truth of an Observation I had often made on Earth, that nothing is more fortunate than handsome Men, nor more unfortunate than handsome Women. The Reader may be perhaps pleased with an Account of the whole Method of equipping a Spirit for his Entrance into the Flesh.

First then, he receives from a very sage Person, whose Look much resembled that of an Apothecary, (his Warehouse likewise bearing an affinity to an Apothecary's Shop) a small Phial inscribed, *THE PATHETIC POTION, to be taken just before you are born.* This Potion is a Mixture of all the Passions, but in no exact Proportion, so that sometimes one predominates and sometimes another; nay, often in the hurry of making up, one particular Ingredient is as we were informed left out. The Spirit receiveth at the same time another Medicine called the *NOUSPHORIC DECOCTION*, of which he is to drink *ad Libitum*. This Decoction is an Extract from the Faculties of the Mind, sometimes extremely strong and spirituous, and sometimes altogether as weak: for very little Care is taken in the Preparation. This Decoction is so extremely bitter and unpleasant, that notwithstanding its Wholsomeness, several Spirits will not be persuaded to swallow a Drop of it; but throw it away, or give it to any other who will receive it: by which means some who were not disgusted by the Nauseousness, drank double and treble Potions. I observed a beautiful young Female, who tasting it immediately from Curiosity, screwed up her Face and cast it from her with great disdain, whence advancing presently to the Wheel, she drew a Coronet, which she clapped up so eagerly, that I could not distinguish the Degree; and indeed, I observed

observed several of the same Sex, after a very small sip, throw the Bottles away.

As soon as the Spirit is dismissed by the Operator, or Apothecary, he is at liberty to approach the Wheel, where he hath a Right to extract a single Lot: but those whom Fortune favours, she permits sometimes secretly to draw three or four. I observed a comical kind of Figure who drew forth a Handful, which when he opened, were a Bishop, a General, a Privy-Counsellor, a Player and a Poet Laureate, and returning the three first, he walked off smiling with the two last.

Every single Lot contained two or more Articles, which were generally disposed so as to render the Lots as equal as possible to each other.

On one was written, *Earl,*
Riches,
Health,
Disquietude.

On another, *Cobler,*
Sickness,
Good-Humour.

On a Third, *Poet,*
Contempt,
Self-Satisfaction.

On a Fourth, *General,*
Honour,
Discontent.

On a Fifth, *Cottage,*
Happy-Love.

On a Sixth, *Coach and Six,*
Impotent jealous Husband.

On a Seventh, *Prime-Minister,*
Disgrace.

On

On an Eighth, *Patriot,*
 Glory.

On a Ninth, *Philosopher,*
 Poverty,
 Ease.

On a Tenth, *Merchant,*
 Riches,
 Care.

And indeed the whole seemed to contain such a Mixture of Good and Evil, that it would have puzzled me which to chuse. I must not omit here, that in every Lot was directed, whether the Drawer should marry or remain in Celibacy, the married Lots being all marked with a large Pair of Horns.

We were obliged, before we quitted this Place, to take each of us an Emetic from the Apothecary, which immediately purged us of all our earthly Passions, and presently the Cloud forsook our Eyes, as it doth those of *Aeneas* in *Virgil* when removed by *Venus*, and we discerned Things in a much clearer Light than before. We began to compassionate those Spirits who were making their Entry into the Flesh, whom we had till then secretly envied, and to long eagerly for those delightful Plains which now opened themselves to our Eyes, and to which we now hastened with the utmost Eagerness. On our Way, we met with several Spirits with very dejected Countenances: but our Expedition would not suffer us to ask any Questions.

At length, we arrived at the Gate of *Elysium*. Here was a prodigious Croud of Spirits waiting for Admittance, some of whom were admitted and some were rejected: for all were strictly examined by the Porter, whom I soon discovered to be the celebrated Judge *Minos*.

C H A P. VII.

The Proceedings of Judge Minos, at the Gate of Elysium.

I Now got near enough to the Gate, to hear the several Claims of those who endeavoured to pass. The first, among other Pretensions, set forth, that he had been very liberal to an Hospital; but *Minos* answered, *Ostentation*, and repulsed him. The second exhibited, that he had constantly frequented his Church, been a rigid Observer of Fast-Days. He likewise represented the great Animosity he had shewn to Vice in others, which never escaped his severest Censure; and as to his own Behaviour, he had never been once guilty of Whoring, Drinking, Gluttony, or any other Excess. He said, he had disinherited his Son for getting a Bastard.—Have you so, said *Minos*, then pray return into the other World and beget another; for such an unnatural Rascal shall never pass this Gate. A dozen others, who had advanced with very confident Countenances, seeing him rejected, turned about of their own accord, declaring, if he could not pass, they had no Expectation, and accordingly they followed him back to Earth; which was the Fate of all who were repulsed, they being obliged to take a farther Purification, unless those who were guilty of some very heinous Crimes, who were hustled in at a little back Gate, whence they tumbled immediately into the bottomless Pit.

The next Spirit that came up, declared, he had done neither Good nor Evil in the World: for that since his Arrival at Man's Estate, he had spent his whole Time in search of Curiosities; and particularly in the Study of Butterflies, of which he had collected an immense Number. *Minos* made him

him no Answer, but with great Scorn pushed him back.

There now advanced a very beautiful Spirit indeed. She began to ogle *Minos* the Moment she saw him. She said, she hoped there was some Merit in refusing a great Number of Lovers, and dying a Maid, tho' she had had the Choice of a hundred. *Minos* told her she had not refused enow yet, and turned her back.

She was succeeded by a Spirit, who told the Judge, he believed his Works would speak for him. What Works? answered *Minos*. My Dramatic Works, replied the other, which have done so much Good in recommending Virtue and punishing Vice. —Very well, said the Judge, if you please to stand by, the first Person who passes the Gate, by your means, shall carry you in with him: but if you will take my Advice, I think, for Expedition sake, you had better return and live another Life upon Earth. The Bard grumbled at this, and replied, that besides his Poetical Works, he had done some other good Things: for that he had once lent the whole Profits of a Benefit Night to a Friend, and by that Means had saved him and his Family from Destruction. Upon this, the Gate flew open, and *Minos* desired him to walk in, telling him, if he had mentioned this at first, he might have spared the Remembrance of his Plays. The Poet answered, he believed, if *Minos* had read his Works, he would set a higher Value on them. He was then beginning to repeat, but *Minos* pushed him forward, and turning his Back to him, applied himself to the next Passenger; a very genteel Spirit, who made a very low Bow to *Minos*, and then threw himself into an erect Attitude, and imitated the Motion of taking Snuff with his right Hand. —*Minos* asked him, what he had to say for himself? He answered, he would dance a Minuet with any Spirit in *Elysi-*

um : that he could likewise perform all his other Exercifes very well, and hoped he had in his Life deferved the Character of a perfect *fine Gentleman*. *Minos* replied, it would be great pity to rob the World of fo *fine a Gentleman*, and therefore defired him to take the other Trip. The Beau bowed, thanked the Judge, and said he defired no better. Several Spirits expreffed much Astonifhment at this his Satisfaction ; but we were afterwards informed, he had not taken the Emetic above mentioned.

A miserable old Spirit now crawled forwards, whole Face I thought I had formerly feen near *Westminster-Abbey*. He entertained *Minos* with a long Harangue of what he had done *when in the Houfe* ; and then proceeded to inform him how much he was worth, without attempting to produce a fingle Instance of any one good Action. *Minos* ftopt the Career of his Difcourfe, and acquainted him, he muft take a Trip back again.

What, to S—— Houfe, faid the Spirit in an Extafy ? But the Judge without making him any Answer, turned to another, who with a very folemn Air and great Dignity, acquainted him, he was a Duke.——To the Right about, Mr. Duke, cried *Minos*, you are infinitely too great a Man for *Elyfium* ; and then giving him a Kick on the B——ch, he addreffed himfelf to a Spirit, who with Fear and Trembling begged he might not go to the Bottomlefs Pit : he faid, he hoped *Minos* would confider, that tho' he had gone aftray, he had fuffered for it, that it was Neceffity which drove him to the Robbery of eighteen Pence, which he had committed, and for which he was hanged : that he had done fome good Actions in his Life, that he had fupported an aged Parent with his Labour, that he had been a very tender Husband and a kind Father, and that he had ruined himfelf by being Bail for his Friend.

Friend. At which Words the Gate opened, and *Minos* bid him enter, giving him a slap on the Back as he past by him.

A great Number of Spirits now came forwards, who all declared they had the same Claim, and that the Captain should speak for them. He acquainted the Judge, that they had been all slain in the Service of their Country. *Minos* was going to admit them, but had the Curiosity to ask who had been the Invader, in order, as he said, to prepare the back Gate for him. The Captain answered, they had been the Invaders themselves, that they had entered the Enemies Country, and burnt and plundered several Cities.—And for what Reason? said *Minos*.—By the Command of him who paid us, said the Captain, that is the Reason of a Soldier. We are to execute whatever we are commanded, or we should be a Disgrace to the Army, and very little deserve our Pay. You are brave Fellows indeed, said *Minos*, but be pleased to face about, and obey my Command for once, in returning back to the other World: for what should such Fellows as you do, where there are no Cities to be burnt, nor People to be destroy'd? But let me advise you to have a stricter Regard to Truth for the future, and not call the depopulating other Countries the Service of your own. The Captain answered, in a Rage, D——n me, do you give me the Lye? and was going to take *Minos* by the Nose, had not his Guards prevented him, and immediately turned him and all his Followers back the same Road they came.

Four Spirits informed the Judge, that they had been starved to death through Poverty; being the Father, Mother, and two Children. That they had been honest, and as industrious as possible, till Sickness had prevented the Man from Labour.—All that is very true, cried a grave Spirit, who
stood

stood by : I know the Fact ; for these poor People were under my Cure.—You was, I suppose, the Parson of the Parish, cries *Minos* ; I hope you had a good Living, Sir. That was but a small one, replied the Spirit : but I had another little better.—Very well, said *Minos*, let the poor People pass.—At which the Parson was stepping forwards with a stately Gate before them ; but *Minos* caught hold of him, and pulled him back, saying, Not so fast, Doctor ; you must take one step more into the other World first ; for no Man enters that Gate without Charity.

A very stately Figure now presented himself, and informing *Minos* he was a Patriot, began a very florid Harangue on public Virtue, and the Liberties of his Country. Upon which, *Minos* shewed him the utmost Respect, and ordered the Gate to be opened. The Patriot was not contented with this Applause—he said, he had behaved as well in Place as he had done in the Opposition ; and that, tho' he was now obliged to embrace the Court-Measures, yet he had behaved very honestly to his Friends, and brought as many in as was possible.—Hold a moment, says *Minos*, on second Consideration, Mr. Patriot, I think a Man of your great Virtue and Abilities will be so much mis'd by your Country, that if I might advise you, you should take a Journey back again. I am sure you will not decline it, for I am certain you will with great Readiness sacrifice your own Happiness to the public Good. The Patriot smiled, and told *Minos*, he believed he was in jest ; and was offering to enter the Gate, but the Judge laid fast hold of him, and insisted on his Return, which the Patriot still declining, he at last ordered his Guards to seize him, and conduct him back.

A Spirit now advanced, and the Gate was immediately thrown open to him, before he had spoken
a Word.

a Word. I heard some whisper,—*That is our last Lord Mayor.*

It now came to our Company's turn. The fair Spirit, which I mentioned with so much Applause, in the Beginning of my Journey, past through very easily ; but the grave Lady was rejected on her first Appearance, *Minos* declaring, there was not a single Prude in *Elysium*.

The Judge then address'd himself to me, who little expected to pass this fiery Trial. I confess'd I had indulged myself very freely with Wine and Women in my Youth, but had never done an Injury to any Man living, nor avoided an Opportunity of doing good ; that I pretended to very little Virtue more than general Philanthropy, and private Friendship.—I was proceeding, when *Minos* bid me enter the Gate, and not indulge myself with trumpeting forth my Virtues. I accordingly past forward with my lovely Companion, and embracing her with vast Eagerness, but spiritual Innocence, she returned my Embrace in the same manner, and we both congratulated ourselves on our Arrival in this happy Region, whose Beauty, no Painting of the Imagination can describe.

C H A P. VIII.

The Adventures which the Author met on his first Entrance into Elysium.

WE pursued our way through a delicious Grove of Orange-Trees, where I saw infinite Numbers of Spirits, every one of whom I knew, and was known by them : (for Spirits here know one another by Intuition.) I presently met a little Daughter, whom I had lost several Years before. Good Gods ! what Words can describe the

the Raptures, the melting passionate Tenderness, with which we kiss'd each other, continuing in our Embrace, with the most extatic Joy, a Space, which if Time had been measured here as on Earth, could not be less than half a Year.

The first Spirit, with whom I entered into Discourse, was the famous *Leonidas* of *Sparta*. I acquainted him with the Honours which had been done him by a celebrated Poet of our Nation; to which he answered, he was very much obliged to him.

We were presently afterwards entertained with the most delicious Voice I had ever heard, accompanied by a Violin, equal to Signior *Piantanida*. I presently discovered the Musician and Songster to be *Orpheus* and *Sappho*.

Old *Homer* was present at this Consort, (if I may so call it) and Madam *Dacier* sat in his Lap. He asked much after Mr. *Pope*, and said he was very desirous of seeing him: for that he had read his *Iliad* in his Translation with almost as much delight, as he believed he had given others in the Original. I had the Curiosity to enquire whether he had really writ that Poem in detached Pieces, and sung it about as Ballads all over *Greece*, according to the Report which went of him? He smiled at my Question, and asked me whether there appeared any Connection in the Poem; for if there did, he thought I might answer myself. I then importuned him to acquaint me in which of the Cities, which contended for the Honour of his Birth, he was really born? To which he answered. — Upon my Soul I can't tell.

Virgil then came up to me, with Mr. *Addison* under his Arm. Well, Sir, said he, how many Translations have these few last Years produced of my *Æneid*? I told him, I believed several, but I could not possibly remember; for that I had never
read

read any but Dr. *Trapp's*.—Ay, said he, that is a curious Piece indeed ! I then acquainted him with the Discovery made by Mr. *Warburton* of the *Eleusinian* Mysteries couched in his sixth Book. What Mysteries ? said Mr. *Addison*. The *Eleusinian*, answered *Virgil*, which I have disclosed in my sixth Book. How ! replied *Addison*. You never mentioned a word of any such Mysteries to me in all our Acquaintance. I thought it was unnecessary, cried the other, to a Man of your infinite Learning : besides, you always told me, you perfectly understood my meaning. Upon this I thought the Critic looked a little out of countenance, and turned aside to a very merry Spirit, one *Dick Steele*, who embraced him, and told him, He had been the greatest Man upon Earth ; that he readily resigned up all the Merit of his own Works to him. Upon which, *Addison* gave him a gracious Smile, and clapping him on the Back with much Solemnity, cried out, *Well said, Dick*.

I then observed *Shakespeare* standing between *Betterton* and *Booth*, and deciding a Difference between those two great Actors, concerning the placing an Accent in one of his Lines : this was disputed on both sides with a Warmth, which surprized me in *Elysium*, till I discovered by Intuition, that every Soul retained its principal Characteristic, being, indeed, its very Essence. The Line was that celebrated one in *Othello* ;

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light,
according to *Betterton*. Mr. *Booth* contended to have it thus ;

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light.

I could not help offering my Conjecture on this Occasion, and suggested it might perhaps be,

Put

Put out the Light, and then put out thy Light.

Another hinted a Reading very *sophisticated* in my Opinion,

Put out the Light, and then put out thee, Light ;
making Light to be the vocative Case. Another would have altered the last Word, and read,

Put out thy Light, and then put out thy Sight.

But *Betterton* said, if the Text was to be *disturbed*, he saw no reason why a Word might not be changed as well as a Letter, and instead of *put out thy Light*, you might read *put out thy Eyes*. At last it was agreed on all sides, to refer the matter to the Decision of *Shakespeare* himself, who delivered his Sentiments as follows : ‘ Faith, Gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote the Line, I have forgot my Meaning. This I know, could I have dreamt so much Nonsense would have been talked, and writ about it, I would have blotted it out of my Works : for I am sure, if any of these be my Meaning, it doth me very little Honour.’

He was then interrogated concerning some other ambiguous Passages in his Works ; but he declined any satisfactory Answer : Saying, if Mr. *Theobald* had not *writ about it* sufficiently, there were three or four more new Editions of his Plays coming out, which he hoped would satisfy every one : Concluding, ‘ I marvel nothing so much as that Men will gird themselves at discovering obscure Beauties in an Author. Certes the greatest and most pregnant Beauties are ever the plainest and most evidently striking ; and when two Meanings of a Passage can in the least ballance our Judgments which to prefer, I hold it matter of unquestionable

‘able Certainty, that neither of them are worth a farthing.’

From his Works our Conversation turned on his Monument; upon which, *Shakespeare* shaking his Sides, and addressing himself to *Milton*, cried out; ‘On my word, Brother *Milton*, they have brought a noble Set of Poets together, they would have been hanged erst have convened such a Company at their Tables, when alive.’ ‘True,’ Brother, answered *Milton*, unless we had been as incapable of eating then as we are now.’

C H A P. IX.

More Adventures in Elysium.

A CROUD of Spirits now joined us, whom I soon perceived to be the Heroes, who here frequently pay their Respects to the several Bards, the Recorders of their Actions. I now saw *Achilles* and *Ulysses* addressing themselves to *Homer*, and *Aeneas* and *Julius Cæsar* to *Virgil*: *Adam* went up to *Milton*, upon which I whispered Mr. *Dryden*, that I thought the Devil should have paid his Compliments there, according to his Opinion. *Dryden* only answered, I believe the Devil was in me, when I said so. Several applied themselves to *Shakespeare*, amongst whom *Henry V.* made a very distinguishing Appearance. While my Eyes were fixed on that Monarch, a very small Spirit came up to me, shook me heartily by the Hand, and told me his Name was THOMAS THUMB. I expressed great Satisfaction in seeing him, nor could I help speaking my Resentment against the Historian, who had done such Injustice to the Stature of this Great little Man; which he represented to be no bigger than a Span; whereas I plainly perceived at first sight,

fight, he was a full Foot and a half, (and the 37th Part of an Inch more, as he himself informed me) being indeed little shorter than some considerable Beaus of the present Age.

I asked this little Hero, concerning the Truth of those Stories related of him, viz. of the Pudding, and the Cow's Belly. As to the former, he said it was a ridiculous Legend, worthy to be laughed at; but as to the latter, he could not help owning there was some Truth in it: nor, had he any reason to be ashamed of it, as he was swallowed by Surprise; adding with great Fierceness, that if he had had any Weapon in his Hand, the Cow should have as soon swallowed the Devil.

He spoke the last Word with so much Fury, and seemed so confounded, that perceiving the Effect it had on him, I immediately waved the Story, and passing to other Matters, we had much Conversation touching Giants. He said, So far from killing any, he had never seen one alive; that he believed those Actions were by mistake recorded of him, instead of *Jack* the Giant-killer, whom he knew very well, and who had, he fancied, extirpated the Race. I assured him to the contrary, and told him I had myself seen a huge tame Giant, who very complacently staid in *London* a whole Winter, at the special Request of several Gentlemen and Ladies; tho' the Affairs of his Family called him home to *Sweden*.

I now beheld a stern-looking Spirit leaning on the Shoulder of another Spirit, and presently discerned the former to be *Oliver Cromwell*, and the latter *Charles Martel*. I own I was a little surprized at seeing *Cromwell* here; for I had been taught by my Grandmother, that he was carried away by the Devil himself in a Tempest: but he assured me on his Honour, there was not the least Truth in that Story.

Story. However, he confessed he had narrowly escaped the Bottomless Pit; and, if the former Part of his Conduct had not been more to his Honour than the latter, he had been certainly souled into it. He was nevertheless sent back to the upper World with this Lot,

Army.

Cavalier.

Distress.

He was born for the second Time, the Day of *Charles II's* Restoration, into a Family which had lost a very considerable Fortune in the Service of that Prince and his Father, for which they received the Reward very often conferred by Princes on real Merit, *viz.* — 000. At 16, his Father bought a small Commission for him in the *Army*, in which he served without any Promotion all the Reigns of *Charles II.* and of his Brother. At the Revolution he quitted his Regiment, and followed the Fortunes of his former Master, and was in his Service dangerously wounded at the famous Battle of the *Boyne*, where he fought in the Capacity of a private Soldier. He recovered of this Wound, and retired after the unfortunate King to *Paris*, where he was reduced to support a Wife, and seven Children, (for his Lot had Horns in it) by cleaning Shoes, and snuffing Candles at the Opera. In which Situation after he had spent a few miserable Years, he died half-starved and broken-hearted. He then revisited *Minos*, who compassionating his Sufferings, by means of that Family, to whom he had been in his former Capacity so bitter an Enemy, suffered him to enter here.

My Curiosity could not refrain asking him one Question, *i. e.* Whether in reality he had any Desire to obtain the Crown? He smiled and said, No more than an Ecclesiastic hath to the Mitre,

when he cries *Nolo Episcopari*. Indeed, he seemed to express some Contempt at the Question, and presently turned away.

A venerable Spirit appeared next, whom I found to be the great Historian *Livy*. *Alexander the Great*, who was just arrived from the Palace of Death, past by him with a Frown. The Historian observing it, said, ‘Ay, you may frown: but those Troops which conquered the base *Asiatic* Slaves, would have made no Figure against the *Romans*.’ We then privately lamented the Loss of the most valuable Part of his History, after which he took occasion to commend the judicious Collection made by *Mr. Hooke*, which he said was infinitely preferable to all others; and at my mentioning *Echard’s*, he gave a Bounce, not unlike the going off of a Squib, and was departing from me, when I begged him to satisfy my Curiosity in one Point, Whether he was really superstitious or no? For I had always believed he was, till *Mr. Leibnitz* had assured me to the contrary. He answered sullenly, — ‘Doth *Mr. Leibnitz* know my Mind better than myself?’ and then walked away.

CHAP. X.

The Author is surprized at meeting Julian the Apostate in Elysium: but is satisfied by him, by what Means he procured his Entrance there. Julian relates his Adventures in the Character of a Slave.

AS he was departing, I heard him salute a Spirit by the Name of *Mr. Julian the Apostate*. This exceedingly amazed me: for I had concluded, that no Man ever had a better Title to the Bottomless Pit than he. But I soon found, that this same *Julian the Apostate* was also the very individual

Archbishop

Archbishop *Latimer*. He told me, that several Lies had been raised on him in his former Capacity, nor was he so bad a Man as he had been represented. However, he had been denied Admittance, and forced to undergo several subsequent Pilgrimages on Earth, and to act in the different Characters of a Slave, a Jew, a General, an Heir, a Carpenter, a Beau, a Monk, a Fidler, a wise Man, a King, a Fool, a Beggar, a Prince, a Statesman, a Soldier, a Taylor, an Alderman, a Poet, a Knight, a Dancing-Master, and three times a Bishop before his Martyrdom, together with his other Behaviour in this last Character, satisfied the Judge, and procured him a Passage to the blessed Regions.

I told him, such various Characters must have produced Incidents extremely entertaining; and if he remembered all, as I supposed he did, and had Leisure, I should be obliged to him for the Recital. He answered, he perfectly recollected every Circumstance; and as to Leisure, the only Business of that happy Place was to contribute to the Happiness of each other. He therefore thanked me for increasing his, in proposing to him a Method of pleasing mine. I then took my little Darling in one Hand, and my Favourite Fellow-Traveller in the other, and going with him to a sunny Bank of Flowers, we all sat down, and he began as follows:

I suppose, you are sufficiently acquainted with my Story, during the Time I acted the Part of the Emperor *Julian*, though, I assure you, all which hath been related of me is not true, particularly with regard to the many Prodigies fore-
running my Death. However, they are now
very little worth disputing; and if they can serve
any

any Purpose of the Historian, they are extremely at his Service.

My next Entrance into the World, was at *Laodicea* in *Syria*, in a *Roman* Family of no great Note; and being of a roving Disposition, I came at the Age of Seventeen to *Constantinople*, where after about a Year's Stay, I set out for *Thrace* at the Time when the Emperor *Valens* admitted the *Goths* into that Country. I was there so captivated with the Beauty of a *Gothic* Lady, the Wife of one *Rodoric* a Captain, whose Name, out of the most delicate Tenderness for her lovely Sex, I shall even at this Distance conceal; since her Behaviour to me was more consistent with Good-Nature, than with that Virtue which Women are obliged to preserve against every Assailant. In order to procure an Intimacy with this Woman, I sold myself a Slave to her Husband, who being of a Nation not over-inclined to Jealousy, presented me to his Wife, for those very Reasons, which would have induced one of a jealous Complexion to have with-held me from her, namely, for that I was young and handsome.

Matters succeeded so far according to my Wish, and the Sequel answered those Hopes which this Beginning had raised. I soon perceived my Service was very acceptable to her, I often met her Eyes, nor did she withdraw them without a Confusion which is scarce consistent with entire Purity of Heart. Indeed, she gave me every Day fresh Encouragement, but the unhappy Distance which Circumstances had placed between us, deterred me long from making any direct Attack; and she was too strict an Observer of Decorum, to violate the severe Rules of Modesty by advancing first: but Passion, at last, got the better of my Respect, and I resolved to
make

“ make one bold Attempt, whatever was the Con-
“ sequence. Accordingly, laying hold of the first
“ kind Opportunity, when she was alone, and my
“ Master abroad, I stoutly assailed the Citadel, and
“ carried it by Storm. Well may I say by Storm :
“ for the Resistance I met was extremely resolute,
“ and indeed, as much as the most perfect Decency
“ would require. She swore often she would cry
“ out for Help: but I answered, it was in vain, see-
“ ing there was no Person near to assist her; and
“ probably she believed me, for she did not once
“ actually cry out; which if she had, I might very
“ likely have been prevented.

“ When she found her Virtue thus subdued a-
“ gainst her Will, she patiently submitted to her
“ Fate, and quietly suffered me a long time to en-
“ joy the most delicious Fruits of my Victory: but
“ envious Fortune resolved to make me pay a dear
“ Price for my Pleasure. One Day, in the midst
“ of our Happiness, we were suddenly surprized by
“ the unexpected Return of her Husband, who
“ coming directly into his Wife's Apartment, just
“ allowed me time to creep under the Bed. The
“ Disorder in which he found his Wife, might have
“ surprized a jealous Temper; but his was so far
“ otherwise, that possibly no Mischief might have
“ happened, had he not by a cross Accident disco-
“ vered my Legs, which were not well hid. He
“ immediately drew me out by them, and then
“ turning to his Wife with a stern Countenance,
“ began to handle a Weapon he wore by his Side,
“ with which I am persuaded he would have instant-
“ ly dispatched her, had I not very gallantly and
“ with many Imprecations asserted her Innocence
“ and my own Guilt; which, however, I protest-
“ ed had hitherto gone no farther than Design. She
“ so well seconded my Plea, (for she was a Woman
“ of wonderful Art) that he was at length imposed
“ upon;

upon; and now all his Rage was directed against me, threatening all manner of Tortures, which the poor Lady was in too great a Fright and Confusion to dissuade him from executing; and perhaps, if her Concern for me had made her attempt it, it would have raised a Jealousy in him not afterwards to be removed.

After some Hesitation, *Rodoric* cried out, he had luckily hit on the most proper Punishment for me in the World, by a Method which would at once do severe Justice on me for my criminal Intention, and at the same time, prevent me from any Danger of executing my wicked Purpose hereafter. This cruel Resolution was immediately executed, and I was no longer worthy the Name of a Man.

Having thus disqualified me from doing him any future Injury, he still retained me in his Family: but the Lady, very probably repenting of what she had done, and looking on me as the Author of her Guilt, would never, for the future, give me either a kind Word or Look: and shortly after, a great Exchange being made between the *Romans* and the *Goths* of Dogs for Men, my Lady exchanged me with a *Roman* Widow for a small Lap-Dog, giving a considerable Sum of Money to boot.

In this Widow's Service I remained seven Years, during all which time I was very barbarously treated. I was worked without the least Mercy, and often severely beat by a swinging Maid-Servant, who never called me by any other Names than those of *the Thing* and *the Animal*. Though I used my utmost Industry to please, it never was in my power. Neither the Lady nor her Woman would eat any thing I touched, saying, they did not believe me wholesome. It is unnecessary to repeat Particulars; in a Word, you

‘ you can imagine no kind of ill Usage which I did
‘ not suffer in this Family.

‘ At last, a Heathen Priest, an Acquaintance of
‘ my Lady’s obtained me of her for a Present.
‘ The Scene was now totally changed, and I had
‘ as much Reason to be satisfied with my present
‘ Situation, as I had to lament my former. I was
‘ so absolutely my Master’s Favourite, that the rest
‘ of the Slaves paid me almost as much Regard as
‘ they shewed to him, well knowing, that it was
‘ intirely in my Power to command and treat them
‘ as I pleased. I was intrusted with all my Master’s
‘ Secrets, and used to assist him in privately convey-
‘ ing away by Night the Sacrifices from the Altars,
‘ which the People believed the Deities themselves
‘ devoured. Upon these we feasted very elegant-
‘ ly, nor could Invention suggest a Rarity
‘ which we did not pamper ourselves with. Perhaps
‘ you may admire at the close Union between this
‘ Priest and his Slave : but we lived in an Intimacy
‘ which the Christians thought criminal : but my
‘ Master, who knew the Will of the Gods, with
‘ whom he told me he often conversed, assured me
‘ it was perfectly innocent.

‘ This happy Life continued about four Years,
‘ when my Master’s Death, occasioned by a Sur-
‘feit got by over-feeding on several exquisite Dain-
‘ties, put an End to it.

‘ I now fell into the Hands of one of a very
‘ different Disposition, and this was no other than
‘ the celebrated St. *Chrysofome*, who dieted me
‘ with Sermons instead of Sacrifices, and filled my
‘ Ears with good Things, but not my Belly. In-
‘ stead of high Food to fatten and pamper my Flesh,
‘ I had Receipts to mortify and reduce it. With
‘ these I edified so well, that within a few Months
‘ I became a Skeleton. However as he had con-

• verted me to his Faith, I was well enough satis-
 • fied with this new Manner of living, by which
 • he taught me I might insure myself an eternal
 • Reward in a future State. The Saint was a good-
 • natured Man, and never gave me an ill Word
 • but once, which was occasioned by my neglecting
 • to place *Aristophanes*, which was his constant Bed-
 • fellow, on his Pillow. He was, indeed, ex-
 • tremely fond of that *Greek* Poet, and frequently
 • made me read his Comedies to him : when I came
 • to any of the loose Passages, he would smile, and
 • say, *It was pity his Matter was not as pure as his*
 • *Style* ; of which latter, he was so immoderately
 • fond, that notwithstanding the Detestation he
 • expressed for Obscenity, he hath made me repeat
 • those Passages ten times over. The Character of
 • this good Man hath been very unjustly attacked
 • by his Heathen Cotemporaries, particularly with
 • regard to Women ; but his severe Invectives
 • against that Sex, are his sufficient Justification.

• From the Service of this Saint, from whom I
 • received Manumission, I entered into the Family
 • of *Timasius*, a Leader of great Eminence in the
 • Imperial Army, into whose Favour I so far infi-
 • nuated myself, that he preferred me to a good
 • Command, and soon made me Partaker of both
 • his Company and his Secrets. I soon grew in-
 • toxicated with this Preferment, and the more he
 • loaded me with Benefits, the more he raised my
 • Opinion of my own Merit ; which still outstrip-
 • ping the Rewards he conferred on me, inspired
 • me rather with Dissatisfaction than Gratitude.
 • And thus, by preferring me beyond my Merit,
 • or first Expectation, he made me an envious,
 • aspiring Enemy, whom, perhaps, a more mo-
 • derate Bounty, would have preserved a dutiful
 • Servant.

• I fell

I fell now acquainted with one *Lucilius*, a
 Creature of the Prime-Minister *Eutropius*, who
 had by his Favour been raised to the Post of a
 Tribune; a Man of low Morals, and eminent
 only in that meanest of all Qualities, Cunning.
 This Gentleman imagining me a fit Tool for the
 Minister's Purpose, having often sounded my
 Principles of Honour and Honesty; both which
 he declared to me were Words without Mean-
 ing: and finding my ready Concurrence in his
 Sentiments, recommended me to *Eutropius*, as
 very proper to execute some wicked Purposes he
 had contrived against my Friend *Timaeus*. The
 Minister embraced this Recommendation, and I
 was accordingly acquainted by *Lucilius*, (after
 some previous Accounts of the great Esteem *Eutropius*
 entertained of me, from the Testimony
 he had born of my Parts) that he would intro-
 duce me to him; adding, that he was a great
 Encourager of Merit, and that I might depend
 upon his Favour.

I was with little difficulty prevailed on to ac-
 cept this Invitation. A late Hour therefore the
 next Evening being appointed, I attended my
 Friend *Lucilius* to the Minister's House. He
 received me with the utmost Civility and Cheer-
 fulness, and affected so much Regard to me,
 that I, who knew nothing of these high Scenes of
 Life, concluded I had in him a most disinterested
 Friend, owing to the favourable Report which
Lucilius had made of me. I was however soon
 cured of this Opinion: for immediately after
 Supper, our Discourse turned on the Injustice
 which the Generality of the World were guilty
 of in their Conduct to Great Men, expecting that
 they should reward their private Merit, without
 ever endeavouring to apply it to their Use. *What*
avail (said Eutropius) the Learning, Wit, Courage,

or any Virtue which a Man may be possess of to me,
 unless I receive some Benefit from them? Hath he
 not more Merit to me, who doth my Business, and
 obeys my Commands, without any of those Quali-
 ties? I gave such entire Satisfaction in my An-
 swers on this Head, that both the Minister and
 his Creature grew bolder, and after some Preface,
 began to accuse *Timasius*. At last, finding I did
 not attempt to defend him, *Lucilius* swore a great
 Oath, that he was not fit to live, and that he
 would destroy him. *Eutropius* answered, that it
 would be too dangerous a Task: Indeed, says he,
 his Crimes are of so black a Dye, and so well known
 to the Emperor, that his Death must be a very accep-
 table Service, and could not fail meeting a proper Re-
 ward; but I question whether you are capable of ex-
 ecuting it. If he is not, cried I, I am; and surely, no
 Man can have greater Motives to destroy him than
 my self: for, besides his Disloyalty to my Prince, for
 whom I have so perfect a Duty, I have private
 Disobligations to him. I have had Fellows put
 over my head, to the great Scandal of the Service
 in general, and to my own Prejudice and Disap-
 pointment in particular.—I will not repeat you
 my whole Speech: but to be as concise as possi-
 ble, when we parted that Evening, the Minister
 squeezed me heartily by the Hand, and with great
 Commendation of my Honesty, and Assurances
 of his Favour, he appointed me, the next Even-
 ing, to come to him alone; when finding me,
 after a little more Scrutiny, ready for his Pur-
 pose, he proposed to me, to accuse *Timasius* of
 High-Treason: promising me the highest Re-
 wards, if I would undertake it. The Conse-
 quence to him, I suppose you know, was Ruin:
 but what was it to me? Why truly, when I
 waited on *Eutropius*, for the fulfilling his Pro-
 mises,

' misers, he received me with great Distance and
 ' Coldness ; and on my dropping some Hints of
 ' my Expectations from him, he affected not to
 ' understand me ; saying, he thought Impunity
 ' was the utmost I could hope for, on discovering
 ' my Accomplice, whose Offence was only greater
 ' than mine, as he was in a higher Station ; and
 ' telling me, he had great difficulty to obtain a
 ' Pardon for me from the Emperor, which, he said
 ' he had struggled very hardly for, as he had worked
 ' the Discovery out of me, he turned away, and
 ' addressed himself to another Person.

' I was so incensed at this Treatment, that I
 ' resolved Revenge, and should certainly have pur-
 ' sued it, had he not cautiously prevented me, by
 ' taking effectual Means to dispatch me soon after
 ' out of the World.

' You will, I believe, now think, I had a
 ' second good Chance for the Bottomless Pit, and
 ' indeed *Minos* seemed inclined to tumble me in,
 ' till he was informed of the Revenge taken on me
 ' by *Rodoric*, and my seven Years subsequent Ser-
 ' vitude to the Widow ; which he said he thought
 ' sufficient to make Atonement for all the Crimes
 ' a single Life could admit of, and so sent me back
 ' to try my Fortune a third time.'

C H A P. XI.

*In which Julian relates his Adventures in the Cha-
 racter of an avaritious Jew.*

' THE next Character in which I was destined
 ' to appear in the Flesh, was that of an avar-
 ' itious Jew. I was born in *Alexandria in Egypt*.
 ' My Name was *Balthazar*. Nothing very re-
 ' markable happened to me, till the Year of the
 ' memorable

memorable Tumult, in which the *Jews* of that City are reported in History to have massacred more Christians, than at that time dwelt in it. Indeed, the truth is, they did maul the Dogs pretty handsomely; but I my self was not present: for as all our People were ordered to be armed, I took that opportunity of selling two Swords, which probably I might otherwise never have disposed of, they being extremely old and rusty: so that having no Weapon left, I did not care to venture abroad. Besides, tho' I really thought it an Act meriting Salvation to murder the *Nazarenes*, as the Fact was to be committed at Midnight, at which Time, to avoid Suspicion, we were all to sally from our own Houses; I could not persuade myself to consume so much Oil in sitting up till that Hour: for these Reasons therefore, I remained at home that Evening.

I was at this time greatly enamoured with one *Hypatia*, the Daughter of a Philosopher; a young Lady of the greatest Beauty and Merit: indeed, she had every imaginable Ornament both of Mind and Body. She seemed not to dislike my Person: but there were two Obstructions to our Marriage, *viz.* my Religion and her Poverty: both which might probably have been got over, had not those Dogs the Christians murdered her; and, what is worse, afterwards burnt her Body: worse, I say, because I lost by that means a Jewel of some Value, which I had presented to her, designing, if our Nuptials did not take place, to demand it of her back again.

Being thus disappointed in my Love, I soon after left *Alexandria*, and went to the Imperial City, where I apprehended I should find a good Market for Jewels on the approaching Marriage of the Emperor with *Athenais*. I disguised my self as a Beggar on this Journey, for these Reasons:

sons: first, as I imagined I should thus carry my Jewels with greater Safety; and secondly, to lessen my Expences: which latter Expedient succeeded so well, that I begged two Oboli on my way more than my Travelling cost me, my Diet being chiefly Roots, and my Drink Water.

But perhaps, it had been better for me if I had been more lavish, and more expeditious: for the Ceremony was over before I reached *Constantinople*; so that I lost that glorious Opportunity of disposing of my Jewels, with which many of our People were greatly enriched.

The Life of a Miser is very little worth relating, as it is one constant Scheme of getting or saving Money. I shall therefore repeat to you some few only of my Adventures, without regard to any Order.

A *Roman Jew*, who was a great Lover of *Falernian Wine*, and who indulged himself very freely with it, came to dine at my House; when knowing he should meet with little Wine, and that of the cheaper sort, sent me in half a dozen Jars of *Falernian*. Can you believe I would not give this Man his own Wine? Sir, I adulterated it so, that I made six Jars of them; three, which he and his Friend drank; the other three I afterwards sold to the very Person who originally sent them me, knowing he would give a better Price than any other.

A noble *Roman* came one day to my House in the Country, which I had purchased, for half the Value, of a distressed Person. My Neighbours paid him the Compliment of some Music, on which account, when he departed, he left a Piece of Gold with me, to be distributed among them. I pocketed this Money, and ordered them a small Vessel of four Wine, which I could not have sold for above two Drachmas, and afterwards

wards made them pay in Work three times the Value of it.

As I was not entirely void of Religion, tho' I pretended to infinitely more than I had, so I endeavoured to reconcile my Transactions to my Conscience as well as possible. Thus I never invited any one to eat with me, but those on whose Pockets I had some Design. After our Collation, it was constantly my Method to set down in a Book I kept for that purpose, what I thought they owed me for their Meal. Indeed, this was generally a hundred times as much as they could have dined elsewhere for: but however, it was *quid pro quo*, if not *ad valorem*. Now whenever the Opportunity offered of imposing on them, I considered it only as paying myself what they owed me: indeed, I did not always confine my self strictly to what I had set down, however extravagant that was; but I reconciled taking the Overplus to my self as Usance.

But I was not only too cunning for others, I sometimes over-reached my self. I have contracted Distempers for want of Food and Warmth, which have put me to the Expence of a Physician: Nay, I once very narrowly escaped Death by taking bad Drugs, only to save one Seven Eighths *per Cent.* in the Price.

By these and such like Means, in the midst of Poverty and every kind of Distress, I saw my self Master of an immense Fortune: the casting up and summing on which was my daily and only Pleasure. This was however obstructed and embittered by two Considerations, which against my Will often invaded my Thoughts. One would have been intolerable (but that indeed seldom troubled me) was, that I must one day leave my darling Treasure. The other haunted me continually, *viz.* that my Riches were no greater. However,

However, I comforted my self against this Reflection, by an Assurance that they would increase daily: On which Head, my Hopes were so extensive, that I may say with *Virgil*,

His ego nec Metas Rerum nec Tempora pono.

Indeed I am convinced, that had I possessed the whole Globe of Earth, save one single Drachma, which I had been certain never to be master of, I am convinced, I say, that single Drachma, would have given me more Uneasiness than all the rest could afford me Pleasure.

To say the truth, between my Solicitude in contriving Schemes to procure Money, and my extreme Anxiety in preserving it, I never had one Moment of Ease while awake, nor of Quiet when in my Sleep. In all the Characters through which I have passed, I have never undergone half the Misery I suffered in this, and indeed *Minos* seemed to be of the same Opinion: for while I stood trembling and shaking in Expectation of my Sentence, he bid me go back about my Business; for that no body was to be d—n'd in more Worlds than one. And indeed, I have since learnt, that the Devil will not receive a Miser.

C H A P. XII.

What happened to Julian in the Characters of a General, an Heir, a Carpenter, and a Beau.

THE next Step I took into the World, was at *Apollonia* in *Thrace*; where I was born of a beautiful *Greek* Slave, who was the Mistress of *Eutyches*, a great Favourite of the Emperor *Zeno*.

• *Zeno*. That Prince, at his Restoration, gave me
 • the Command of a Cohort, I being then but
 • fifteen Years of Age; and a little afterwards, be-
 • fore I had ever seen an Army, preferred me, o-
 • ver the Heads of all the old Officers, to be a
 • Tribune.

• As I found an easy Access to the Emperor, by
 • means of my Father's Intimacy with him, he be-
 • ing a very good Courtier, or in other Words, a
 • most prostitute Flatterer; so I soon ingratiated
 • myself with *Zeno*, and so well imitated my Fa-
 • ther in flattering him, that he would never part
 • with me from about his Person. So that the first
 • armed Force I ever beheld, was that with which
 • *Martian* surrounded the Palace, where I was
 • then shut up with the rest of the Court.

• I was after put at the Head of a Legion, and
 • ordered to march into Syria, with *Theodoric* the
 • Goth; that is, I mean my Legion was so order-
 • ed: for as to myself, I remained at Court, with
 • the Name and Pay of a General, without the
 • Labour or the Danger.

• As nothing could be more gay, *i. e.* debauch-
 • ed, than *Zeno's* Court, so the Ladies of gay Dis-
 • position had great sway in it; particularly one,
 • whose Name was *Fausta*, who, tho' not ex-
 • tremely handsome, was by her Wit and Spriteli-
 • ness very agreeable to the Emperor. With her I
 • lived in good Correspondence, and we together
 • disposed of all kinds of Commissions in the Ar-
 • my, not to those who had most Merit, but who
 • would purchase at the highest Rate. My Levee
 • was now prodigiously thronged by Officers, who
 • returned from the Campaigns; who, tho' they
 • might have been convinced, by daily Example,
 • how ineffectual a Recommendation their Services
 • were, still continued indefatigable in Attendance,
 • and behaved to me with as much Observance and
 • Respect,

• Respect, as I should have been entitled to, for
• making their Fortunes, while I suffered them and
• their Families to starve.

• Several Poets, likewise, address'd Verses to
• me, in which they celebrated my military At-
• chievements, and what, perhaps, may seem strange
• to us at present, I received all this Incense with
• most greedy Vanity, without once reflecting, that
• as I did not deserve these Compliments, they
• should rather put me in mind of my Defects.

• My Father was now dead, and I became so
• absolute in the Emperor's Grace, that one un-
• acquainted with Courts would scarce believe the
• Servility with which all kinds of Persons, who
• entered the Walls of the Palace, behaved towards
• me. A Bow, a Smile, a Nod from me, as I pass'd
• through cringing Crouds, were esteem'd as signal
• Favours, but a gracious Word made any one hap-
• py; and, indeed, had this real Benefit attending
• it, that it drew on the Person, on whom it was
• bestow'd, a very great Degree of Respect from
• all others; for these are of current Value in
• Courts, and, like Notes in trading Communities,
• are assignable from one to the other. The Smile
• of a Court Favourite immediately raises the Per-
• son who receives it, and gives a Value on his
• Smile when confer'd on an Inferior: thus the
• Smile is transferred from one to the other, and
• the Great Man at last is the Person to discount
• it. For Instance, a very low Fellow hath a De-
• sire for a Place. To whom is he to apply? Not
• to the Great Man; for to him he hath no Access.
• He therefore applies to *A*, who is the Creature of
• *B*, who is the Tool of *C*, who is the Flatterer of
• *D*, who is the Catamite of *E*, who is the Pimp
• of *F*, who is the Bully of *G*, who is the Buf-
• foon of *I*, who is the Husband of *K*, who is the
• Whore of *L*, who is the Bastard of *M*, who is
• the

the Instrument of the Great Man. Thus the Smile descending regularly from the Great Man to *A*, is discounted back again, and at last paid by the Great Man.

It is manifest, that a Court would subsist as difficultly without this kind of Coin, as a trading City without Paper Credit. Indeed, they differ in this, that their Value is not quite so certain, and a Favourite may protest his Smile without the Danger of Bankruptcy.

In the midst of all this Glory, the Emperor died, and *Anastasius* was preferred to the Crown. As it was yet uncertain whether I should not continue in Favour, I was received as usual at my Entrance into the Palace, to pay my Respects to the new Emperor; but I was no sooner rumped by him, than I received the same Compliment from all the rest; the whole Room, like a Regiment of Soldiers, turning their Backs to me all at once, my Smile now was become of equal Value with the Note of a broken Banker, and every one was as cautious not to receive it.

I made as much Haste as possible from the Court, and shortly after from the City, retreating to the Place of my Nativity, where I spent the Remainder of my Days in a retired Life in Husbandry, the only Amusement for which I was qualified, having neither Learning nor Virtue.

When I came to the Gate, *Minos* again seemed at first doubtful, but at length dismissed me; saying, tho' I had been guilty of many heinous Crimes, in as much as I had, tho' a General, never been concerned in spilling human Blood, I might return again to Earth.

I was now again born in *Alexandria*, and, by great Accident, entering into the Womb of my Daughter-in-Law, came forth my own Grand-son.

son, inheriting that Fortune which I had before amassed.

Extravagance was now as notoriously my Vice, as Avarice had been formerly; and I spent, in a very short Life, what had cost me the Labour of a very long one to rake together. Perhaps, you will think my present Condition was more to be envied than my former: but upon my Word it was very little so; for by possessing every Thing almost before I desired it, I could hardly ever say, I enjoyed my With: I scarce ever knew the Delight of satisfying a craving Appetite. Besides, as I never once thought, my Mind was useless to me, and I was an absolute Stranger to all the Pleasures arising from it. Nor, indeed, did my Education qualify me for any Delicacy in other Enjoyments; so that in the midst of Plenty I loathed every Thing. Taste for Elegance, I had none; and the greatest of corporeal Bliss I felt no more from, than the lowest Animal. In a Word, as while a Miser I had Plenty without, daring to use it, so now I had it without Appetite.

But if I was not very happy in the Height of my Enjoyment, so I afterward became perfectly miserable; being soon overtaken by Disease, and reduced to Distress, 'till at length with a broken Constitution, and broken Heart, I ended my wretched Days in a Goal: nor can I think the Sentence of *Minos* too mild, who condemned me, after having taken a large Dose of Avarice, to wander three Years on the Banks of *Cocytus*, with the Knowledge of having spent the Fortune in the Person of the Grandson, which I had raised in that of the Grandfather.

The Place of my Birth, on my Return to the World, was *Constantinople*, where my Father was a Carpenter. The first Thing I remember was, the

the Triumph of *Belisarius*; which was, indeed, a most noble Shew: but nothing pleased me so much as the Figure of *Gelimer*, King of the *African Vandals*, who being led Captive on this Occasion, reflecting with Disdain on the Mutation of his own Fortune, and on the ridiculous empty Pomp of the Conqueror, cried out, VANITY, VANITY, ALL IS MERE VANITY.

I was bred up to my Father's Trade, and you may easily believe so low a Sphere could produce no Adventures worth your Notice. However, I married a Woman I liked, and who proved a very tolerable Wife. My Days were past in hard Labour, but this procured me Health, and I enjoyed a homely Supper at Night with my Wife, with more Pleasure than I apprehend greater Persons find at their luxurious Meals. My Life had scarce any Variety in it, and at my Death, I advanced to *Minor* with great Confidence of entering the Gate: but I was unhappily obliged to discover some Frauds I had been guilty of in the Measure of my Work, when I worked by the Foot, as well as my Laziness, when I was employed by the Day. On which Account when I attempted to pass, the angry Judge laid hold on me by the Shoulders, and turned me back so violently, that had I had a Neck of Flesh and Bone, I believe he would have broke it.

CHAP. XIII.

Julian passes into a Pop.

MY next Scene of Action was *Rome*. I was born into a noble Family, and Heir to a considerable Fortune. On which my Parents, thinking I should not want any Talents, resolved

very

' very kindly and wisely to throw none away upon
 ' me. The only Instructors of my Youth were
 ' therefore one *Saltator*, who taught me several
 ' Motions for my Legs; and one *Ficus*, whose
 ' Business was to shew me the cleanest way (as he
 ' called it) of cutting off a Man's Head. When
 ' I was well accomplished in these Sciences, I
 ' thought nothing more wanting, but what was to be
 ' furnished by the several Mechanics in *Rome*, who
 ' dealt in dressing and adorning the Pope. Being
 ' therefore well equipped with all which their Art
 ' could produce, I became at the Age of Twenty,
 ' a complete finished Beau. And now during 45
 ' Years I drest, I sang and danced, and danced and
 ' sang, I bowed and ogled, and ogled and bowed,
 ' till in the 66th Year of my Age, I got cold by
 ' over-heating myself with dancing, and died.
 ' *Minos* told me as I was unworthy of *Elysium*,
 ' so I was too insignificant to be damned, and there-
 ' fore bad me walk back again.

C H A P. XIV.

Adventures in the Person of a Monk.

' FORTUNE now placed me in the Character of
 ' a younger Brother of a good House, and I
 ' was in my Youth sent to School; but Learning
 ' was now at so low an Ebb, that my Master him-
 ' self could hardly construe a Sentence of *Latin*;
 ' and as for *Greek*, he could not read it. With
 ' very little Knowledge therefore, and with alto-
 ' gether as little Virtue, I was set apart for the
 ' Church, and at the proper Age commenced
 ' Monk. I lived many Years retired in a Cell, a
 ' Life very agreeable to the Gloominess of my
 ' Temper, which was much inclined to despise the
 ' World;

World; that is, in other Words, to envy all
 Men of superior Fortune and Qualifications, and
 in general, to hate and detest the human Species.
 Notwithstanding which, I could, on proper Oc-
 casions, submit to flatter the vilest Fellow in
 Nature, which I did one *Stephen* an Eunuch,
 a Favourite of the Emperor *Justinian* II. one of
 the wickedest Wretches whom perhaps the World
 ever saw. I not only wrote a Panegyric on this
 Man, but I commended him as a Pattern to all
 others in my Sermons, by which Means I so
 greatly ingratiated myself with him, that he in-
 troduced me to the Emperor's Presence, where I
 prevailed so far by the same Methods, that I was
 shortly taken from my Cell, and preferred to a
 Place at Court. I was no sooner established in
 the Favour of *Justinian*, than I prompted him to
 all Kind of Cruelty. As I was of a sour morose
 Temper, and hated nothing more than the Symp-
 toms of Happiness appearing in any Countenance,
 I represented all kind of Diversion and Amuse-
 ment as the most horrid Sins. I inveighed against
 Chearfulness as Levity, and encouraged nothing
 but Gravity, or, to confess the Truth to you,
 Hypocrisy. The unhappy Emperor followed my
 Advice, and incensed the People by such repeated
 Barbarities, that he was at last deposed by them
 and banished.

I now retired again to my Cell, (for Historians
 mistake in saying I was put to Death) where I
 remained safe from the Danger of the irritated
 Mob, whom I cursed in my own Heart, as much
 as they could curse me.

Justinian, after three Years of his Banishment,
 returned to *Constantinople* in disguise, and paid
 me a Visit. I at first affected not to know him;
 and without the least Compunction of Gratitude
 for his former Favours, intended not to receive
 him,

him, till a Thought immediately suggesting itself to me, how I might convert him to my Advantage, I pretended to recollect him; and blaming the Shortness of my Memory and Badness of my Eyes, I sprung forward and embraced him with great Affection.

My Design was to betray him to *Apfimar*, who, I doubted not, would generously reward such a Service. I therefore very earnestly requested him to spend the whole Evening with me; to which he consented. I formed an Excuse for leaving him a few Minutes, and ran away to the Palace to acquaint *Apfimar* with the Guest whom I then had in my Cell. He presently ordered a Guard to go with me and seize him: but whether the Length of my Stay gave him any Suspicion, or whether he changed his Purpose after my Departure, I know not: for at my Return, we found he had given us the slip; nor could we with the most diligent Search discover him.

Apfimar being disappointed of his Prey, now raged at me; at first denouncing the most dreadful Vengeance, if I did not produce the deposed Monarch: However, by soothing his Passion when at the highest, and afterwards by Canting and Flattery, I made a shift to escape his Fury.

When *Justinian* was restored, I very confidently went to wish him Joy of his Restoration: but it seems, he had unfortunately heard of my Treachery, so that he at first received me coldly, and afterwards upbraided me openly with what I had done. I persevered stoutly in denying it, as I knew no Evidence could be produced against me; till finding him irreconcilable, I betook myself to reviling him in my Sermons, and on every other Occasion, as an Enemy to the Church, and good Men, and as an Infidel, and Heretic,

Heretic, an Atheist, a Heathen, and an Arian. This I did immediately on his Return, and before he gave those flagrant Proofs of his Inhumanity, which afterwards sufficiently verified all I had said.

Luckily, I died on the same Day, when a great Number of those Forces which *Justinian* had sent against the *Thracian Bosphorus*, and who had executed such unheard of Cruelties there, perished. As every one of these was cast into the Bottomless Pit, *Minos* was so tired with Condemnation, that he proclaimed that all present, who had not been concerned in that bloody Expedition, might, if they pleased, return to the other World. I took him at his Word, and presently turning about, began my Journey.

C H A P. XV.

Julian passes into the Character of a Fidler.

ROME was now the Seat of my Nativity. My Mother was an *African*, a Woman of no great Beauty, but a Favourite, I suppose from her Piety, to Pope *Gregory II.* Who was my Father, I know not; but I believe no very considerable Man: for after the Death of that Pope, who was, out of his Religion, a very good Friend of my Mother, we fell into great Distress, and were at length reduced to walk the Streets of *Rome*; nor had either of us any other Support but a Fiddle, on which I played with pretty tolerable skill: for as my Genius turned naturally to Music, so I had been in my Youth very early instructed at the Expence of the good Pope. This afforded us but a very poor Livelihood: for tho' I had often a numerous Croud of

‘ of Hearers, few ever thought themselves obliged
‘ to contribute the smallest Pittance to the poor
‘ starving Wretch who had given them Pleasure.
‘ Nay, some of the graver Sort after an Hour’s
‘ Attention to my Music, have gone away shaking
‘ their Heads, and crying, it was a shame such Va-
‘ gabonds were suffered to stay in the City.

‘ To say the truth, I am confident the Fiddle
‘ would not have kept us alive, had we entirely de-
‘ pended on the Generosity of my Hearers. My
‘ Mother therefore was forced to use her own In-
‘ dustry ; and while I was soothing the Ears of
‘ the Croud, she applied to their Pockets, and
‘ that generally with such good Success, that we
‘ now began to enjoy a very comfortable Subsi-
‘ stence ; and indeed, had we had the least Pru-
‘ dence or Forecast, might have soon acquired
‘ enough to enable us to quit this dangerous and
‘ dishonourable Way of Life : but I know not
‘ what is the reason, that Money got with Labour
‘ and Safety is constantly preserved, while the
‘ Produce of Danger and Ease is commonly spent
‘ as easily, and often as wickedly, as acquired.
‘ Thus we proportioned our Expences rather by
‘ what we had than what we wanted, or even de-
‘ sired ; and on obtaining a considerable Booty, we
‘ have even forced Nature into the most profligate
‘ Extravagance ; and have been wicked without
‘ Inclination.

‘ We carried on this Method of Thievery for
‘ a long time without Detection : but as Fortune
‘ generally leaves Persons of extraordinary Ingenui-
‘ ty in the lurch at last ; so did she us : for my
‘ poor Mother was taken in the Fact, and together
‘ with my self, as her Accomplice, hurried before
‘ a Magistrate.

‘ Luckily for us, the Person who was to be
‘ our Judge, was the greatest Lover of Music in
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the whole City, and had often sent for me to play to him, for which, as he had given me very small Rewards, perhaps his Gratitude now moved him : but, whatever was his Motive, he brow-beat the Informers against us, and treated their Evidence with so little Favour, that their Mouths were soon stopped, and we dismissed with Honour ; acquitted, I should rather have said : for we were not suffered to depart, till I had given the Judge several Tunes on the Fiddle.

We escaped the better on this Occasion, because the Person robbed happened to be a Poet ; which gave the Judge, who was a facetious Person, many Opportunities of jesting. He said, Poets and Musicians should agree together, seeing they had married Sisters, which he afterwards explained to be the Sister Arts. And when the Piece of Gold was produced, he burst into a loud Laugh, and said it must be the golden Age when Poets had Gold in their Pockets, and in that Age there could be no Robbers. He made many more Jest of the same kind, but a small Taste will suffice.

It is a common Saying, that Men should take Warning by any signal Delivery ; but I cannot approve the Justice of it : for to me it seems, that the Acquittal of a guilty Person should rather inspire him with Confidence, and it had this Effect on us : for we now laughed at the Law and despised its Punishments, which we found were to be escaped even against positive Evidence. We imagined the late Example was rather a Warning to the Accuser than the Criminal, and accordingly proceeded in the most impudent and flagitious manner.

Among other Robberies, one Night being admitted by the Servants into the House of an opulent Priest, my Mother took an opportunity whilst the
Servants

* Servants were dancing to my Tunes, to convey
* away a Silver Vessel ; this she did without the least
* sacrilegious Intention : but it seems the Cup,
* which was a pretty large one, was dedicated to
* holy Uses, and only borrowed by the Priest on an
* Entertainment which he made for some of his Bre-
* thren. We were immediately pursued upon this
* Robbery, (the Cup being taken in our possession,)
* and carried before the same Magistrate, who had
* before behaved to us with so much Gentleness : but
* his Countenance was now changed ; for the mo-
* ment the Priest appeared against us, his Severity
* was as remarkable as his Candour had been before,
* and we were both ordered to be stript and whipt
* through the Streets.

* This Sentence was executed with great Severi-
* ty, the Priest himself attending and encouraging
* the Executioner, which he said he did for the
* good of our Souls : but though our Backs were
* both flea'd, neither my Mothers Torments nor
* my own afflicted me so much, as the Indignity
* offered to my poor Fiddle, which was carried in
* Triumph before me, and treated with a Contempt
* by the Multitude, intimating a great Scorn for
* the Science I had the Honour to profess ; which,
* as it is one of the noblest Inventions of Men, and
* as I had been always in the highest degree proud
* of my Excellence in it, I suffered so much from
* the ill Treatment my Fiddle received, that I
* would have given all my Remainder of Skin to
* have preserved it from this Affront.

* My Mother survived the Whipping a very
* short time, and I was now reduced to great Di-
* stress and Misery ; till a young *Roman* of consi-
* derable Rank took a fancy to me, received me
* into his Family, and conversed with me in the
* utmost Familiarity. He had a violent Attach-
* ment to Music, and would learn to play on the

‘ Fiddle : but through want of Genius for the
‘ Science, he never made any considerable progress.
‘ However, I flattered his Performance, and he
‘ grew extravagantly fond of me for so doing.
‘ Had I continued this Behaviour, I might possibly
‘ have reaped the greatest Advantages from his
‘ Kindness : but I had raised his own Opinion of
‘ his musical Abilities so high, that he now began
‘ to prefer his Skill to mine, a Presumption I could
‘ not bear. One day as we were playing in Con-
‘ cert he was horribly out ; nor was it possible, as
‘ he destroyed the Harmony, to avoid telling him
‘ of it. Instead of receiving my Correction, he
‘ answered, It was my Blunder, and not his, and
‘ that I had mistaken the Key. Such an Affront
‘ from my own Scholar was beyond human Pati-
‘ ence ; I flew into a violent Passion, I flung down
‘ my Instrument in a Rage, and swore I was not to
‘ be taught Music at my Age. He answered with
‘ as much Warmth, nor was he to be instructed by
‘ a strolling Fiddler. The Dispute ended in a
‘ Challenge to play a Prize before Judges. This
‘ Wager was determined in my Favour : but the
‘ Purchase was a dear one ; for I lost my Friend by
‘ it, who now twitting me with all his Kindness,
‘ with my former ignominious Punishment, and
‘ the destitute Condition from which I had been by
‘ his Bounty relieved, discarded me for ever.

‘ While I lived with this Gentleman, I became
‘ known, among others, to *Sabina*, a Lady of Dis-
‘ tinction, and who valued herself much on her
‘ Taste for Music. She no sooner heard of my
‘ being discarded, than she took me into her House,
‘ where I was extremely well cloathed and fed.
‘ Notwithstanding which, my Situation was far
‘ from agreeable : for I was obliged to submit to
‘ her constant Reprehensions before Company ;
‘ which gave me the greater Uneasiness, because
‘ they

“ they were always wrong ; nor am I certain that
 “ she did not by these Provocations contribute to
 “ my Death : for as Experience had taught me to
 “ give up my Resentment to my Bread, so my
 “ Passions, for want of outward Vent, preyed in-
 “ wardly on my Vitals, and perhaps occasioned the
 “ Distemper of which I sicken’d.

“ The Lady who, amidst all the Faults she found,
 “ was very fond of me ; nay, probably was the
 “ fonder of me the more Faults she found ; imme-
 “ diately called in the Aid of three celebrated
 “ Physicians. The Doctors (being well see’d,) made
 “ me seven Visits in three Days ; and two of them
 “ were at the Door to visit me the eighth time,
 “ when being acquainted that I was just dead, they
 “ shook their Heads and departed.

“ When I came to *Mings*, he asked me with a
 “ Smile, whether I had brought my Fiddle with
 “ me ; and receiving an Answer in the Negative,
 “ he bid me get about my Business, saying, it
 “ was well for me that the Devil was no Lover of
 “ Music.

C H A P. XVI.

The History of the Wise Man.

“ **I** Now returned to *Rome*, but in a very different
 “ Character. Fortune had now allotted me a
 “ serious Part to act. I had, even in my Infancy
 “ a grave Disposition, nor was I ever seen to smile ;
 “ which infused an Opinion into all about me,
 “ that I was a Child of great Solidity, some fore-
 “ seeing that I should be a Judge, and others a Bi-
 “ shop. At two Years old my Father presented
 “ me with a Rattle, which I broke to pieces with

great indignation. This the good Parent, being extremely wise, regarded as an eminent Symptom of my Wisdom, and cried out in a kind of Extasy, *Well said, Boy, I warrant thou makest a Great Man.*

At School, I could never be persuaded to play with my Mates; not that I spent my Hours in Learning, to which I was not in the least addicted, nor indeed had I any Talents for it. However, the Solemnity of my Carriage won so much on my Master, who was a most sagacious Person, that I was his chief Favourite, and my Example on all Occasions was recommended to the other Boys, which filled them with Envy, and me with Pleasure: but though they envied me, they all paid me that involuntary Respect, which it is the Curse attending this Passion to bear towards its Object.

I had now obtained universally the Character of a very wise young Man, which I did not altogether purchase without Pains; for the Restraint I laid on myself, in abstaining from the several Diversions adapted to my Years, cost me many a yearning: but the Pride which I inwardly enjoyed in the fancied Dignity of my Character, made me some Amends.

Thus I past on, without any thing very memorable happening to me, till I arrived at the Age of Twenty-three; when unfortunately I fell acquainted with a young *Neapolitan* Lady, whose Name was *Ariadne*. Her Beauty was so exquisite, that her first Sight made a violent Impression on me; this was again improved by her Behaviour, which was most genteel, easy, and affable: Lastly, her Conversation compleated the Conquest. In this she discovered a strong and lively Understanding, with the sweetest and most benign Temper. This lovely Creature was about
Eighteen

Eighteen when I first unhappily beheld her at Rome, in a Visit to a Relation, with whom I had great Intimacy. As our Interviews at first were extremely frequent, my Passions were captivated before I apprehended the least Danger; and the sooner probably, as the young Lady herself to whom I consulted every Method of Recommendation, was not displeased with my being her Admirer.

Ariadne having spent three Months at Rome, now returned to *Naples*, bearing my Heart with her; on the other hand, I had all the Assurances consistent with the Constraint under which the most perfect Modesty lays a young Woman, that her own Heart was not entirely unaffected. I soon found her Absence gave me an Uneasiness not easy to be borne, or to remove. I now first applied to Diversions (of the graver Sort, particularly to Music) but in vain; they rather raised my Desires, and heightened my Anguish. My Passion at length grew so violent, that I began to think of satisfying it. As the first Step to this, I cautiously enquired into the Circumstances of *Ariadne's* Parents, with which I was hitherto unacquainted; tho', indeed, I did not apprehend they were extremely great, notwithstanding the handsome Appearance of their Daughter at Rome. Upon Examination, her Fortune exceeded my Expectation; but was not sufficient to justify my Marriage with her, in the Opinion of the Wise and Prudent. I had now a violent Struggle between Wisdom and Happiness, in which, after several grievous Pangs, Wisdom got the better. I could by no means prevail with myself to sacrifice that Character of profound Wisdom, which I had with such uniform Conduct obtained, and with such Caution

hitherto preserved. I therefore resolved to conquer my Affection, whatever it cost me, and, indeed, it did not cost me a little.

While I was engaged in this Conflict, (for it lasted a long time) *Ariadne* returned to *Rome*: Her Presence was a terrible Enemy to my Wisdom, which even in her Absence had with great difficulty stood its ground. It seems (as she hath since told me in *Elysium* with much merriment) I had made the same Impressions on her which she had made on me. Indeed, I believe my Wisdom would have been totally subdued by this Surprise, had it not cunningly suggested to me a Method of satisfying my Passion without doing any Injury to my Reputation. This was by engaging her privately as a Mistress, which was at that time reputable enough at *Rome*, provided the Affair was managed with an Air of Slyniness and Gravity, tho' the Secret was known to the whole City.

I immediately set about this Project, and employed every Art and Engine to effect it. I had particularly bribed her Priest, and an old Female Acquaintance and distant Relation of hers into my Interest: but all was in vain; her Virtue opposed the Passion in her Breast as strongly as Wisdom had opposed it in mine. She received my Proposals with the utmost Disdain, and presently refused to see or hear from me any more.

She returned again to *Naples*, and left me in a worse Condition, than before. My Days I now passed with the most irksome Uneasiness, and my Nights were restless and sleepless. The Story of our Amour was now pretty public, and the Ladies talked of our Match as certain; but my Acquaintance denied their Assent, saying, No, no, he is too wise to marry so imprudently. This
their

‘ their Opinion gave me, I own, very great Pleasure : but to say the truth, scarce compensated the Pangs I suffered to preserve it.

‘ One day, while I was balancing with myself, and had almost resolved to enjoy my Happiness, at the Price of my Character, a Friend brought me word, that *Ariadne* was married. This News struck me to the Soul, and tho’ I had Resolution enough to maintain my Gravity before him, (for which I suffered not a little the more) the Moment I was alone, I threw myself into the most violent Fit of Despair, and would willingly have parted with Wisdom, Fortune, and every thing else, to have retrieved her : but that was impossible, and I had now nothing but Time to hope a Cure from. This was very tedious in performing it, and the longer as *Ariadne* had married a *Roman* Cavalier, was now become my near Neighbour, and I had the mortification of seeing her make the best of Wives, and of having the Happiness, which I had lost, every Day before my Eyes.

‘ If I suffered so much on Account of my Wisdom, in having refused *Ariadne*, I was not much more obliged to it, for procuring me a rich Widow, who was recommended to me by an old Friend, as a very prudent Match, and, indeed, so it was ; her Fortune being superior to mine, in the same Proportion as that of *Ariadne* had been inferior. I therefore embraced this Proposal, and my Character of Wisdom soon pleaded so effectually for me with the Widow, who was herself a Woman of great Gravity and Discretion, that I soon succeeded ; and as soon as Decency would permit, (of which this Lady was the strictest Observer) we were married ; being the second Day of the second Week, of the second Year, after her Husband’s Death : for she

• said, she thought some Period of Time above the
• Year had a great Air of Decorum.

• But prudent as this Lady was, she made me
• miserable. Her Person was far from being love-
• ly; but her Temper was intolerable. During
• fifteen Years Habitation, I never passed a single
• Day without heartily cursing her, and the Hour
• in which we came together. The only Comfort
• I received in the midst of the highest Torments,
• was from continually hearing the Prudence of
• my Match commended by all my Acquaint-
• ance.

• Thus you see in the Affairs of Love, I bought
• the Reputation of Wisdom pretty dear. In other
• Matters, I had it somewhat cheaper; not that
• Hypocrisy, which was the Price I gave for it,
• gives one no pain. I have refused myself, a thou-
• sand little Amusements with a feign'd Contempt,
• while I have really had an Inclination to them.
• I have often almost choaked myself to restrain
• from laughing at a Jest, and (which was perhaps
• to myself the least hurtful of all my Hypocrisy)
• have heartily enjoyed a Book in my Closet,
• which I have spoke with detestation of in public.
• To sum up my History in short, as I had few
• Adventures worth remembring, my whole Life
• was one constant Lye; and happy would it have
• been for me, if I could as thoroughly have im-
• posed on myself, as I did on others: for Reflecti-
• on, at every turn, would often remind me I
• was not so wise as People thought me; and this
• considerably embittered the Pleasure I received
• from the public Commendation of my Wisdom.
• This Self-Admonition, like a *Memento mori*, or
• *Mortalis es*, must be, in my opinion, a very
• dangerous Enemy to Flattery: indeed, a Weight
• sufficient to counter-balance all the false Praise
• of the World. But whether it be, that the ge-
• nerality

nerality of wise Men do not reflect at all, or whether they have, from a constant Imposition on others, contracted such a Habit of Deceit, as to deceive themselves; I will not determine: it is, I believe, most certain, that very few wise Men know themselves what Fools they are, more than the World doth. Good Gods! could one but see what passes in the Closet of Wisdom! how ridiculous a Sight must it be to behold the wise Man, who despises gratifying his Palate, devouring Custard; the sober wise Man with his Dram-bottle; or, the Anti-Carnalist (if I may be allowed the Expression) chuckling over a B—y Book or Picture, and perhaps caressing his House-Maid!

But to conclude a Character, in which I apprehend I made as absurd a Figure, as in any which I trod the Stage of Earth, my Wisdom at last put an end to itself; that is, occasioned my Dissolution.

A Relation of mine in the Eastern Part of the Empire, disinherited his Son, and left me his Heir. This happened in the depth of Winter, when I was in my grand Climacteric, and had just recovered of a dangerous Disease. As I had all the Reason imaginable to apprehend the Family of the Deceased would conspire against me, and embezzle as much as they could, I advised with a grave and wise Friend, what was proper to be done; whether I should go myself, or employ a Notary on this occasion, and defer my Journey to the Spring. To say the truth, I was most inclined to the latter; the rather, as my Circumstances were extremely flourishing, as I was advanced in Years, and had not one Person in the World, to whom I should with pleasure bequeath any Fortune at my Death.

My

‘ My Friend told me, he thought my Question
‘ admitted no manner of Doubt or Debate ; that
‘ common Prudence absolutely required my immediate Departure ; adding, that if the same good
‘ luck had happened to him, he would have been
‘ already on his Journey : For, continued he, a
‘ Man who knows the World so well as you,
‘ would be inexcusable to give Persons such an Opportunity of cheating you, who, you must be
‘ assured, will be too well inclined ; and as for
‘ employing a Notary, remember that excellent
‘ Maxim, *Ne facias per alium, quod fieri potest per te*. I own the Badness of the Season, and your
‘ very late Recovery are unlucky Circumstances :
‘ but a wise Man must get over Difficulties, when
‘ Necessity obliges him to encounter them.

‘ I was immediately determined by this Opinion.
‘ The Duty of a wise Man made an irresistible
‘ Impression, and I took the Necessity for granted,
‘ without Examination. I accordingly set forward
‘ the next Morning ; very tempestuous Weather
‘ soon overtook me ; I had not travelled three Days
‘ before I relapsed into my Fever, and died.

‘ I was now as cruelly disappointed by *Minos*, as
‘ I had formerly been happily so. I advanced with
‘ the utmost Confidence to the Gate, and really
‘ imagined I should have been admitted by the
‘ Wisdom of my Countenance, even without any
‘ Questions asked : but this was not my Case ; and
‘ to my great Surprise, *Minos*, with a menacing
‘ Voice, called out to me—You Mr. there, with
‘ the grave Countenance, whither so fast, pray ?
‘ Will you please, before you move any farther
‘ forwards, to give me a short Account of your
‘ Transactions below. I then began, and recounted
‘ to him my whole History, still expecting, at
‘ the end of every Period, that the Gate would be
‘ ordered

ordered to fly open : but I was obliged to go quite through with it, and then *Minos*, after some little Consideration, spoke to me as follows.

‘ You, Mr. *Wise-man* ; stand forth, if you please. Believe me, Sir, a Trip back again to Earth, will be one of the wisest Steps you ever took, and really more to the Honour of your Wisdom, than any you have hitherto taken. On the other side, nothing could be simpler, than to endeavour at *Elysium* ; for who, but a Fool, would carry a Commodity, which is of such infinite Value in one Place, into another where it is of none. But without attempting to offend your Gravity with a Jest, you must return to the Place from whence you came : for *Elysium* was never designed for those who are too wise to be happy.

‘ This Sentence confounded me greatly, especially as it seemed to threaten me with carrying my Wisdom back again to Earth. I told the Judge, tho’ he would not admit me at the Gate, I hoped I had committed no Crime, while alive, which merited my being wise any longer. He answered me, I must take my Chance as to that Matter, and immediately we turned our Backs to each other.

C H A P. XVII.

Julian enters into the Person of a King.

‘ I WAS now born at *Oviedo* in *Spain*. My Father’s Name was *Veremond*, and I was adopted by my Uncle, King *Alphonso* the Chaste. I don’t recollect in all the Pilgrimages I have made on Earth, that I ever past a more miserable Infancy, than now ; being under the utmost Confinement
and

and Restraint, and surrounded with Physicians, who were ever dosing me; and Tutors, who were continually plaguing me with their Instructions; even those Hours of Leisure, which my Inclination would have spent in Play, were allotted to tedious Pomp and Ceremony, which at an Age wherein I had no Ambition to enjoy the Servility of Courtiers, enslaved me more than it could the meanest of them. However, as I advanced towards Manhood, my Condition made me some Amends: for the most beautiful Women of their own accord threw out Lures for me, and I had the Happiness, which no Man in an inferior Degree can arrive at, of enjoying the most delicious Creatures, without the previous and tiresome Ceremonies of Courtship, unless with the most simple, young and unexperienced. As for the Court Ladies, they regarded me rather as Men do the most lovely of the other Sex; and tho' they outwardly retained some Appearance of Modesty, they in reality rather considered themselves as receiving than conferring Favours.

Another Happiness I enjoyed, was in conferring Favours of another Sort; for as I was extremely good-natured and generous, so I had daily Opportunities of satisfying those Passions. Besides my own princely Allowance, which was very bountiful, and with which I did many liberal and good Actions, I recommended numberless Persons of Merit in Distress to the King's Notice, most of whom were provided for.

Indeed, had I sufficiently known my blest Situation at this time, I should have grieved at nothing more than the Death of *Alphonso*, by which the Burden of Government devolved upon me: but so blindly fond is Ambition, and such Charms doth it fancy in the Power, and Pomp, and Splendor

‘ Splendor of a Crown, that tho’ I vehemently
‘ loved that King, and had the greatest Obligations
‘ to him, the Thoughts of succeeding him obliterated my Regret at his Loss, and the Wish for
‘ my approaching Coronation dried my Eyes at his
‘ Funeral.

‘ But my Fondness for the Name of King, did
‘ not make me forgetful of those, over whom I was
‘ to reign. I considered them in the Light in
‘ which a tender Father regards his Children, as
‘ Persons whose Well-being God had intrusted to
‘ my Care; and again, in that in which a prudent
‘ Lord respects his Tenants, as those on whose
‘ Wealth and Grandeur he is to build his own.
‘ Both these Considerations inspired me with the
‘ greatest Care for their Welfare, and their Good
‘ was my first and ultimate Concern.

‘ The Usurper *Mauregas* had impiously obliged
‘ himself, and his Successors, to pay to the *Moors*
‘ every Year an infamous Tribute of a hundred
‘ young Virgins: from this cruel and scandalous
‘ Impolition, I resolved to relieve my Country.
‘ Accordingly, when their Emperor *Abderames* the
‘ Second had the Audaciousness to make this Demand of me, instead of complying with it, I
‘ ordered his Ambassadors to be driven away with
‘ all imaginable Ignominy, and would have condemned them to Death, could I have done it
‘ without a manifest Violation of the Law of Nations.

‘ I now raised an immense Army. At the levying of which, I made a Speech from my Throne, acquainting my Subjects with the Necessity, and the Reasons of the War in which I was going to engage: which I convinced them I had undertaken for their Ease and Safety, and not for satisfying any wanton Ambition, or revenging any private Pique of my own. They all declared
‘ unanimously

‘ unanimously, that they would venture their Lives,
‘ and every thing dear to them in my Defence,
‘ and in the Support of the Honour of my Crown.
‘ Accordingly my Levies were instantly complete,
‘ sufficient Numbers being only left to till the Land;
‘ Churchmen, even Bishops themselves, enlisting
‘ themselves under my Banners.

‘ The Armies met at *Alwelda*, where we were
‘ discomfited with immense Loss, and nothing but
‘ the lucky Intervention of the Night could have
‘ saved our whole Army.

‘ I retreated to the Summit of a Hill, where I
‘ abandoned myself to the highest Agonies of
‘ Grief, not so much for the Danger in which I
‘ then saw my Crown, as for the Loss of those
‘ miserable Wretches, who had exposed their
‘ Lives at my Command. I could not then avoid
‘ this Reflection; That if the Deaths of these
‘ People in a War, undertaken absolutely for
‘ their Protection, could give me such Concern;
‘ what Horror must I have felt, if, like Princes
‘ greedy of Dominion, I had sacrificed such Num-
‘ bers to my own Pride, Vanity, and ridiculous
‘ Lust of Power.

‘ After having vented my Sorrows for some time
‘ in this manner, I began to consider by what means
‘ I might possibly endeavour to retrieve this Mis-
‘ fortune; when reflecting on the great number of
‘ Priests I had in my Army, and on the prodigious
‘ Force of Superstition, a Thought luckily sug-
‘ gested itself to me, to counterfeit that St. *James*
‘ had appeared to me in a Vision, and had promi-
‘ sed me the Victory. While I was ruminating on
‘ this, the Bishop of *Najara* came opportunely to
‘ me. As I did not intend to communicate the
‘ Secret to him, I took another Method, and in-
‘ stead of answering any thing the Bishop said to
‘ me,

me, I pretended to talk to St. *James*, as if he had been really present; till at length, after having spoke those things, which I thought sufficient, and thanked the Saint aloud for his Promise of the Victory, I turned about to the Bishop, and embracing him with a pleased Countenance, protested I did not know he was present; and then informing him of this supposed Vision, I asked him, if he had not himself seen the Saint? He answered me, he had; and afterwards proceeded to assure me, that this Appearance of St. *James* was entirely owing to his Prayers; for that he was his tutelar Saint. He added, he had a Vision of him a few hours before, when he promised him a Victory over the Infidels, and acquainted him at the same time of the Vacancy of the See of *Toledo*. Now this News being really true, tho' it had happened so lately, that I had not heard of it, (nor, indeed, was it well possible I should, considering the great Distance of the Way) when I was afterwards acquainted with it, a little staggered me, tho' far from being superstitious; till being informed, that the Bishop had lost three Horses on a late Expedition, I was satisfied.

The next Morning, the Bishop, at my Desire, mounted the Rostrum, and trumpeted forth this Vision so effectually, which he said he had that Evening twice seen with his own Eyes, that a Spirit began to be infused through the whole Army, which rendered them superior to almost any Force: the Bishop insisted, that the least Doubt of Success was giving the Lye to the Saint, and a damnable Sin, and he took upon him in his Name to promise them Victory.

The Army being drawn out, I soon experienced the Effect of Enthusiasm, for having contrived

trived another * Stratagem to strengthen what the Bishop had said, the Soldiers fought more like Furies than Men. My Stratagem was this : I had about me a dextrous Fellow, who had been formerly a Pimp in my Amours. Him I drest up in a strange antick Dress, with a Pair of white Colours in his right Hand, a red Cross in his left, and having disguised him so, that no one could know him, I placed him on a white Horse, and ordered him to ride to the Head of the Army, and cry out, *Follow St. James*. These Words were reiterated by all the Troops, who attacked the Enemy with such Intrepidity, that notwithstanding our Inferiority of Numbers, we soon obtained a complete Victory.

The Bishop was come up by the time that the Enemy was routed, and acquainting us, that he had met *St. James* by the way, and that he had informed him of what had past, he added, that he had express Orders from the Saint, to receive a considerable Sum for his Use, and that a certain Tax on Corn and Wine should be settled on his Church for ever ; and lastly, that a Horseman's Pay should be allowed for the future to the Saint himself, of which he and his Successors were appointed Receivers. The Army received these Demands with such Acclamations, that I was obliged to comply with them, as I could by no means discover the Imposition, nor do I believe I should have gained any Credit if I had.

I had now done with the Saint, but the Bishop had not ; for about a Week afterwards, Lights were seen in a Wood near where the Battle was fought ; and in a short time afterwards, they discovered his Tomb at the same Place. Upon this, the

* This silly Story is told as a solemn Truth, (i. e. this *St. James* really appeared in the manner this Fellow is described) by *Mariana*, L. 7. §. 78.

the Bishop made me a Visit, and forced me to go thither to build a Church to him, and largely endow it. In a word, the good Man so plagued me with Miracle after Miracle, that I was forced to make interest with the Pope to convey him to *Toledo*, to get rid of him.

But to proceed to other Matters.—There was an inferior Officer, who had behaved very bravely in the Battle against the *Moors*, and had received several Wounds, who solicited me for Preferment; which I was about to confer on him, when one of my Ministers came to me in a Fright, and told me, that he had promised the Post I designed for this Man to the Son of Count *Alderado*; and that the Count, who was a powerful Person, would be greatly disoblighd at the Refusal, as he had sent for his Son from School to take possession of it. I was obliged to agree with my Minister's Reasons, and at the same time recommended the wounded Soldier to be preferred by him, which he faithfully promised he would; but I met the poor Wretch since in *Elysium*, who informed me he was afterwards starved to Death.

None, who hath not been himself a Prince, nor any Prince, till his Death, can conceive the Impositions daily put on them by their Favourites and Ministers; so that Princes are often blamed for the Faults of others. The Count of *Saldaña*, had been long confined in Prison, when his Son *D. Bernard del Carpio*, who had performed the greatest Actions against the *Moors*, entreated me as a Reward for his Service, to grant him his Father's Liberty. The old Man's Punishment had been so tedious, and the Services of the young one so singularly eminent, that I was very inclinable to grant the Request: but my Ministers strongly opposed it. They told me, *My*
Glory

" Glory demanded Revenge for the Dishonour offered
 " to my Family; that so positive a Demand carried
 " with it rather the Air of Menace than Entreaty.
 " That the vain Detail of his Services, and the Re-
 " compence due to them, was an injurious Reproach.
 " That to grant what had been so haughtily demanded,
 " would argue in the Monarch both Weakness and
 " Timidity; in a Word, that to remit the Punishment
 " inflicted by my Predecessors, would be to condemn
 " their Judgment. Lastly, one told me in a Whisper,
 " his whole Family are Enemies to your House. By
 " these means the Ministers prevailed. The young
 " Lord took the Refusal so ill, that he retired from
 " Court, and abandoned himself to Despair, whilst
 " the old one languished in Prison. By which means,
 " as I have since discovered, I lost the Use of two
 " of my best Subjects.

" To confess the Truth, I had by means of my
 " Ministers conceived a very unjust Opinion of my
 " whole People, whom I fancied to be daily con-
 " spiring against me, and to entertain the most dis-
 " loyal Thoughts; when in reality (as I have
 " known since my Death) they held me in univer-
 " sal Respect and Esteem. This is a Trick, I be-
 " lieve, too often played with Sovereigns, who by
 " such Means are prevented from that open Inter-
 " course with their Subjects, which as it would
 " greatly endear the Person of the Prince to the
 " People, so might it often prove dangerous to a
 " Minister, who was consulting his own Interest
 " only at the Expence of both. I believe I have
 " now recounted to you the most material Passages
 " of my Life; for I assure you, there are some In-
 " cidents in the Lives of Kings not extremely worth
 " relating. Every thing which passes in their Minds
 " and Families, is not attended with the Splendor
 " which surrounds their Throne: indeed, there are
 " some Hours wherein the naked King and the
 " naked

‘ naked Cöbler can scarce be distinguished from
‘ each other.

‘ Had it not been, however, for my Ingratitude
‘ to *Bernard del Carpio*, I believe this would have
‘ been my last Pilgrimage on Earth: for as to the
‘ Story of *St. James*, I thought *Minos* would have
‘ burst his Sides at it: but he was so displeased with
‘ me on the other Account, that with a Frown, he
‘ cried out, Get thee back again, King. Nor
‘ would he suffer me to say another Word.

C H A P. XVIII.

Julian passes into a Fool.

‘ THE next Visit I made to the World, was
‘ performed in *France*, where I was born in
‘ the Court of *Lewis III.* and had afterwards the
‘ Honour to be preferred to be Fool to the Prince,
‘ who was surnamed *Charles the Simple*. But in
‘ reality, I know not whether I might so properly
‘ be said to have acted the Fool in his Court, as to
‘ have made Fools of all others in it. Certain it is,
‘ I was very far from being what is generally under-
‘ stood by that Word, being a most cunning, de-
‘ signing, arch Knave. I knew very well the Folly
‘ of my Master and of many others, and how to
‘ make my advantage of this Knowledge. I was
‘ as dear to *Charles the Simple*, as the Player *Paris*
‘ was to *Domitian*, and, like him, bestowed all
‘ manner of Offices and Honours on whom I
‘ pleased. This drew me a great Number of Fol-
‘ lowers among the Courtiers, who really mistook
‘ me for a Fool, and yet flattered my Understand-
‘ ing. There was particularly in the Court a Fel-
‘ low, who had neither Honour, Honesty, Sense,
‘ Wit, Courage, Beauty, -nor indeed any one
‘ good

A good Quality either of Mind or Body, to recom-
 mend him : but was at the same time, perhaps,
 as cunning a Monster as ever lived. This Gen-
 tleman took it into his head to list under my Ban-
 ner, and pursued me so very assiduously with
 Flattery, constantly reminding me of my good
 Sense, that I grew immoderately fond of him :
 for tho' Flattery is not most judiciously appli-
 ed to Qualities which the Persons flattered possess,
 yet as, notwithstanding my being well assured of
 my own Parts, I past in the whole Court for a
 Fool, this Flattery was a very sweet Morsel to me.
 I therefore got this Fellow preferred to a Bishop-
 ric, but I lost my Flatterer by it : for he never
 afterwards said a civil Thing to me.

I never baulked my Imagination for the Gross-
 ness of the Reflection on the Character of the
 greatest Noble, nay even the King himself ; of
 which, I will give you a very bold Instance.
 One day, his simple Majesty told me, he believed
 I had so much Power, that his People looked on
 me as the King, and himself as my Fool. At
 this I pretended to be angry as with an Affront.
 Why, how now, says the King ; are you ashamed
 of being a King ? No Sir, says I, but I am
 devilishly ashamed of my Fool.

Hebert, Earl of *Vermandois*, had by my means
 been restored to the Favour of *The Simple*, (for
 so I used always to call *Charles*.) He afterwards
 prevailed with the King to take the City of *Arras*
 from Earl *Baldwin*, by which means Hebert in
 exchange for this City had *Peronne* restored to him
 by Count *Altmar*. *Baldwin* came to Court, in
 order to procure the Restoration of his City ;
 but, either through Pride or Ignorance, ne-
 glected to apply to me. As I met him at Court
 during his Solicitation, I told him he did not apply
 the right way ; he answered roughly, he should
 not

‘ not ask a Fool’s Advice. I replied, I did not
‘ wonder at his Prejudice ; since he had miscarried
‘ already by following a Fool’s Advice ; but I told
‘ him, there were Fools, who had more Interest
‘ than that he had brought with him to Court. He
‘ answered me furlily, he had no Fool with him;
‘ for that he travelled alone.—Ay, my Lord, says
‘ I, I often travel alone, and yet they will have it
‘ I always carry a Fool with me. This raised a
‘ Laugh among the By-standers, on which he gave
‘ me a Blow. I immediately complained of this
‘ Usage to *The Simple*, who dismissed the Earl from
‘ Court with very hard Words, instead of granting
‘ him the Favour he solicited.

‘ I give you these rather as a Specimen of my
‘ Interest and Impudence than of my Wit ; indeed
‘ my Jests were commonly more admired than they
‘ ought to be : for, perhaps, I was not in reality
‘ much more a Wit than a Fool. But with the
‘ Latitude of unbounded Scurrility, it is easy
‘ enough to attain the Character of Wit, especi-
‘ ally in a Court, where, as all Persons hate and
‘ envy one another heartily, and are at the same
‘ time obliged by the constrained Behaviour of Ci-
‘ vility to profess the greatest Liking, so it is and
‘ must be wonderfully pleasant to them to see the
‘ Follies of their Acquaintance, exposed by a third
‘ Person. Besides, the Opinion of the Court is as
‘ uniform as the Fashion, and is always guided by
‘ the Will of the Prince or of the Favourite. I
‘ doubt not that *Caligula’s* Horse was universally
‘ held in his Court to be a good and able Consul.
‘ In the same Manner was I universally acknow-
‘ ledged to be the wittiest Fool in the World.
‘ Every Word I said raised Laughter, and was held
‘ to be a Jest, especially by the Ladies ; who
‘ sometimes laughed before I had discovered my
‘ Sentiment,

‘ Sentiment, and often repeated that as a Jest which
‘ I did not even intend as one.

‘ I was as severe on the Ladies as on the Men,
‘ and with the same Impunity ; but this at last cost
‘ me dear : for once having joked the Beauty of
‘ a Lady, whose Name was *Adelaide*, a Favourite
‘ of the *Simples* ; she pretended to smile and be
‘ pleased at my Wit with the rest of the Company ;
‘ but in reality, she highly resented it, and endea-
‘ voured to undermine me with the King. In
‘ which she so greatly succeeded (for what can’t a
‘ favourite Woman do with one who deserves the
‘ Surname of *Simple* ?) that the King grew every
‘ day more reserved to me, and when I attempted
‘ any Freedom, gave me such Marks of his Dis-
‘ pleasure ; that the Courtiers (who have all
‘ Hawk’s Eyes at a Slight from the Sovereign) soon
‘ discerned it : and indeed, had I been blind
‘ enough not to have discovered that I had lost
‘ ground in the *Simple*’s Favour, by his own Change
‘ in his Carriage towards me, I must have found
‘ it, nay even felt it, in the Behaviour of the
‘ Courtiers : for as my Company was two Days
‘ before solicited with the utmost Eagerness, it was
‘ now rejected with as much Scorn. I was now
‘ the Jest of the Ushers and Pages ; and an Officer
‘ of the Guards, on whom I was a little jocose,
‘ gave me a Box on the Ear, bidding me make
‘ free with my Equals. This very Fellow had been
‘ my Butt for many Years, without daring to lift
‘ his Hand against me.

‘ But tho’ I visibly perceived the Alteration in
‘ the *Simple*, I was utterly unable to make any
‘ Guess at the Occasion. I had not the least Sus-
‘ picion of *Adelaide* : for besides her being a very
‘ good-humour’d Woman, I had often made severe
‘ Jest on her Reputation, which I had all the
‘ Reason imaginable to believe had given her no
‘ Offence.

‘ Offence. But I soon perceived, that a Woman
‘ will bear the most bitter Censures on her Morals,
‘ easier than the smallest Reflection on her Beauty :
‘ for she now declared publicly, that I ought to be
‘ dismiss’d from Court, as the stupidest of Fools,
‘ and one in whom there was no Diversion ; and
‘ that she wondered how any Person could have so
‘ little Taste, as to imagine I had any Wit. This
‘ Speech was ecchoed through the Drawing Room,
‘ and agreed to by all present. Every one now
‘ put on an unusual Gravity on their Countenance
‘ whenever I spoke ; and it was as much out of
‘ my Power to raise a Laugh, as formerly it had
‘ been for me to open my Mouth without one.

‘ While my Affairs were in this Posture, I went
‘ one Day into the Circle without my Fool’s Dress.
‘ The *Simple*, who would still speak to me, cried
‘ out, So, Fool, what’s the Matter now ? Sir,
‘ answered I, Fools are like to be so common a
‘ Commodity at Court, that I am weary of my
‘ Coat. How dost thou mean, answered the
‘ *Simple* ; What can make them commoner now
‘ than usual ? — O, Sir, said I, there are Ladies
‘ here make your Majesty a Fool every Day of
‘ their Lives. The *Simple* took no Notice of my
‘ Jest, and several present said my Bones ought to
‘ be broke for my Impudence ; but it pleased the
‘ Queen, who knowing *Adelaide*, whom she hated,
‘ to be the Cause of my Disgrace, obtained me of
‘ the King, and took me into her Service ; so that
‘ I was henceforth called the Queen’s Fool, and in
‘ her Court received the same Honour, and had as
‘ much Wit as I had formerly had in the King’s.
‘ But as the Queen had really no Power unless over
‘ her own Domesticks, I was not treated in general
‘ with that Complacence, nor did I receive those
‘ Bribes and Presents, which had once fallen to
‘ my Share.

‘ Nor did this confined Respect continue long :
 ‘ for the Queen, who had in fact no Taste for Hu-
 ‘ mour, soon grew sick of my Foolery, and for-
 ‘ getting the Cause for which she had taken me,
 ‘ neglected me so much, that her Court grew in-
 ‘ tolerable to my Temper, and I broke my Heart
 ‘ and died.

‘ *Minos* laughed heartily at several things in my
 ‘ Story, and then telling me, No one played the
 ‘ Fool in *Elysiun*, bid me go back again.

C H A P. XIX.

Julian appears in the Character of a Beggar.

‘ I Now returned to *Rome*, and was born into a
 ‘ very poor and numerous Family, which, to
 ‘ be honest with you, procured its Livelihood by
 ‘ Begging. This, if you was never yourself of
 ‘ the Calling, you do not know, I suppose, to be
 ‘ as regular a Trade as any other ; to have its sever-
 ‘ al Rules and Secrets, or Mysteries, which to
 ‘ learn require perhaps as tedious an Apprentices-
 ‘ ship as those of any Craft whatever.

‘ The first thing we are taught is *the Countenance*
 ‘ *miserable*. This indeed Nature makes much
 ‘ easier to some than others : but there are none
 ‘ who cannot accomplish it, if they begin early
 ‘ enough in Youth, and before the Muscles are
 ‘ grown too stubborn.

‘ The second Thing is, *the Voice lamentable*. In
 ‘ this Qualification too, Nature must have her
 ‘ share in producing the most consummate Excel-
 ‘ lence : however, Art will here, as in every other
 ‘ Instance, go a great way with Industry and Appli-
 ‘ cation, even without the Assistance of Genius ;
 ‘ especially if the Student begins young.

‘ There

There are many other Instructions : but these are the most considerable. The Women are taught one Practice more than the Men ; for they are instructed in the Art of Crying, that is, to have their Tears ready on all Occasions ; but this is attained very easily by most. Some indeed arrive at the utmost Perfection in this Art with incredible Facility.

No Profession requires a deeper Insight into human Nature, than the Beggar's. Their Knowledge of the Passions of Men is so extensive, that I have often thought, it would be of no little service to a Politician to have his Education among them. Nay, there is a much greater Analogy between these two Characters than is imagined : for both concur in their first and grand Principle, it being equally their Business to delude and impose on Mankind. It must be confess'd, that they differ widely in the Degree of Advantage, which they make by their Deceit : for, whereas the Beggar is contented with a little, the Politician leaves but a little behind.

A very great *English* Philosopher hath remarked our Policy, in taking Care never to address any one with a Title inferior to what he really claims. My Father was of the same Opinion : for I remember when I was a Boy, the Pope happening to pass by, I attended him with Pray Sir ; for God's sake, Sir ; for the Lord's sake, Sir.—To which he answered gravely, *Sirrah, Sirrah, you ought to be whipt, for taking the Lord's Name in vain* ; and in vain it was indeed, for he gave me nothing. My Father over-hearing this, took his Advice and whipt me very severely. While I was under Correction, I promised often never to take the Lord's Name in vain any more. My Father then said, Child, I do not whip you for

‘ taking his Name in vain : I whip you for not
‘ calling the Pope *his Holiness*.

‘ If all Men were so wise and good to follow the
‘ Clergy’s Example, the Nufance of Beggars would
‘ soon be removed. I do not remember to have
‘ been above twice relieved by them during my
‘ whole State of Beggary. Once was by a very
‘ well-looking Man, who gave me a small Piece of
‘ Silver, and declared, he had given me more than
‘ he had left himself ; the other was by a spruce
‘ young Fellow, who had that very day first put on
‘ his Robes, whom I attended with *Pray, Rever-*
‘ *rend Sir, good Reverend Sir, consider your Cloth.*
‘ He answered, *I do, Child, consider my Office, and*
‘ *I hope all of our Cloth do the same.* He then threw
‘ down some Money, and strutted off with great
‘ Dignity.

‘ With the Women, I had one general Formu-
‘ lary : *Sweet pretty Lady, God bless your Ladyship,*
‘ *God bless your handsome Face.* This generally
‘ succeeded ; but I observed, the uglier the Wo-
‘ man was, the surer I was of Success.

‘ It was a constant Maxim among us, that the
‘ greater Retinue any one travelled with, the less
‘ Expectation we might promise ourselves from
‘ them ; but whenever we saw a Vehicle with a
‘ single, or no Servant, we imagined our Booty
‘ sure, and were seldom deceived.

‘ We observed great Difference introduced by
‘ Time and Circumstance in the same Person : for
‘ instance, a losing Gamester is sometimes gene-
‘ rous ; but from a Winner, you will as easily ob-
‘ tain his Soul, as a single Groat. A Lawyer tra-
‘ velling from his Country Seat to his Clients at
‘ Rome, and a Physician going to visit a Patient,
‘ were always worth asking : but the same on
‘ their Return were (according to our Cant Phrase)
‘ *untouchable.*

‘ The

' The most general, and indeed, the truest
 ' Maxim among us, was, that those who possess'd
 ' the least were always the readiest to give. The
 ' chief Art of a Beggarman is therefore to discern
 ' the Rich from the Poor, which, tho' it be only
 ' distinguishing Substance from Shadow, is by no
 ' means attainable without a pretty good Capacity,
 ' and a vast Degree of Attention : for these two
 ' are eternally industrious in endeavouring to coun-
 ' terfeit each other. In this Deceit the poor Man
 ' is more heartily in earnest to deceive you, than
 ' the Rich ; who amidst all the Emblems of Po-
 ' verty which he puts on, still permits some Mark
 ' of his Wealth to strike the Eye. Thus, while
 ' his Apparel is not worth a Groat, his Finger
 ' wears a Ring of Value, or his Pocket a Gold
 ' Watch. In a word, he seems rather to affect
 ' Poverty to insult, than impose on you. Now
 ' the poor Man, on the contrary, is very sincere
 ' in his Desire of passing for rich ; but the Eager-
 ' ness of this Desire, hurries him to over-act his
 ' Part, and he betrays himself, as one who is drunk
 ' by his over-acted Sobriety. Thus, instead of be-
 ' ing attended by one Servant well mounted, he
 ' will have two ; and not being able to purchase or
 ' maintain a second Horse of Value, one of his
 ' Servants at least is mounted on a hired Rascallion.
 ' He is not contented to go plain and neat in his
 ' Clothes ; he therefore claps on some taudry Or-
 ' nament, and what he adds to the Fineness of his
 ' Vestment, he detracts from the Fineness of his
 ' Linnen. Without descending into more minute
 ' Particulars, I believe I may assert it as an Axiom
 ' of indubitable Truth, That whoever shews you
 ' he is either in himself, or his Equipage, as gaudy
 ' as he can, convinces you he is more so than he
 ' can afford. Now whenever a Man's Expence
 ' exceeds his Income, he is indifferent in the De-

gree; we had therefore nothing more to do with such, than to flatter them with their Wealth and Splendor, and were always certain of Success.

There is, indeed, one kind of rich Man, who is commonly more liberal, namely, where Riches surprize him as it were, in the midst of Poverty and Distress, the Consequence of which is, I own, sometimes excessive Avarice; but oftener extreme Prodigality. I remember one of these, who having received a pretty large Sum of Money, gave me, when I begged an Obolus, a whole Talent; on which his Friend having reproved him, he answered with an Oath, Why not? Have I not fifty left?

The Life of a Beggar, if Men estimated things by their real Essence, and not by their outward false Appearance, would be, perhaps, a more desirable Situation than any of those, which Ambition persuades us with such Difficulty, Danger, and often Villainy, to aspire to. The Wants of a Beggar are commonly as chimerical as the Abundance of a Nobleman; for besides Vanity, which a judicious Beggar will always apply to with wonderful Efficacy, there are in reality very few Natures so hardened, as not to compassionate Poverty and Distress, when the Predominancy of some other Passion doth not prevent them.

There is one Happiness which attends Money got with Ease, namely, that it is never hoarded; otherwise, as we have frequent Opportunities of growing rich, that Canker Care might prey on our Quiet, as it doth on others: but our Money Stock we spend as fast as we acquire it; usually at least, for I speak not without Exception; thus it gives us Mirth only, and no Trouble. Indeed, the Luxury of our Lives might introduce Diseases, did not our daily Exercise prevent them. This gives

gives us Appetite and Relish for our Dainties, and at the same time, an Antidote against the evil Effects which Sloth, united with Luxury, induces on the Habit of a human Body. Our Women we enjoy with Extasies, at least equal to what the greatest Men feel in their Embraces. I can, I am assured, say of myself, that no Mortal could reap more perfect Happiness from the tender Passion, than my Fortune had decreed me. I married a charming young Woman for Love, she was the Daughter of a neighbouring Beggar, who with an Improvidence too often seen, spent a very large Income, which he procured by his Profession, so that he was able to give her no Fortune down; however, at his Death, he left her a very well-accustomed Begging-Hut, situated on the side of a steep Hill, where Travellers could not immediately escape from us, and a Garden adjoining, being the twenty-eighth Part of an Acre, well-planted. She made the best of Wives, bore me nineteen Children, and never failed, unless on her Lying-in, which generally lasted three Days, to get my Supper ready, against my Return home in an Evening; this being my favourite Meal, and at which I, as well as my whole Family, greatly enjoyed ourselves; the principal Subject of our Discourse, being generally the Boons we had that Day obtained, on which Occasions laughing at the Folly of the Donors, made no inconsiderable Part of the Entertainment: for whatever might be their Motive for giving, we constantly imputed our Success to our having flattered their Vanity, or over-reached their Understanding.

But, perhaps, I have dwelt too long on this Character; I shall conclude therefore with telling you, that after a Life of a hundred and two Years Continuance, during all which I had never

known any Sickness or Infirmary, but that which Old Age necessarily induced, I at last, without the least Pain, went out like the Snuff of a Candle.

Minos having heard my History, bid me compute, if I could, how many Lyes I had told in my Life. As we are here by a certain fated Necessity, obliged to confine ourselves to Truth, I answered, I believed about 50,000,000. He then replied with a Frown, Can such a Wretch conceive any Hopes of entering *Elysium*? I immediately turned about, and, upon the whole, was rejoiced at his not calling me back.

CH A P. XX.

Julian performs the Part of a Statesman.

IT was now my fortune to be born of a German Princess; but a Man-Midwife pulling my Head off, in delivering my Mother, put a speedy end to my princely Life.

Spirits, who end their Lives before they are at the Age of five Years, are immediately ordered into other Bodies; and it was now my fortune to perform several Infancies, before I could again entitle myself to an Examination of *Minos*.

At length, I was destined once more to play a considerable Part on the Stage. I was born in England, in the Reign of *Etheldred II*. My Father's Name was *Ulnoth*. He was Earl or Thane of *Sussex*: I was afterwards known by the Name of Earl *Goodwin*, and began to make a considerable Figure in the World, in the time of *Harold Harefoot*, whom I procured to be made King of *Wessex*, or the *West Saxons*, in prejudice of *Hardicanute*, whose Mother *Emma* endeavoured afterwards

terwards to set another of her Sons on the Throne: but I circumvented her, and communicating her Design to the King, at the same time acquainted him with a Project, which I had formed for the Murder of these two young Princes. *Emma* had sent for these her Sons from *Normandy*, with the King's Leave, whom she had deceived by her religious Behaviour, and pretended Neglect of all worldly Affairs; but I prevailed with *Harold* to invite these Princes to his Court, and put them to death. The prudent Mother sent only *Alfred*, retaining *Edward* to herself, as she suspected my ill Designs, and thought I should not venture to execute them on one of her Sons, while she secured the other: but she was deceived, for I had not sooner *Alfred* in my possession, than I caused him to be conducted to *Ely*, where I ordered his Eyes to be put out, and afterwards to be confined in a Monastery.

This was one of those cruel Expedients, which great Men satisfy themselves well in executing, by concluding them to be necessary to the Service of their Prince, who is the Support of their Ambition.

Edward, the other Son of *Emma*, escaped again to *Normandy*; whence, after the Death of *Harold* and *Hardicanute*, he made no scruple of applying to my Protection and Favour, tho' he had before prosecuted me with all the Vengeance he was able, for the Murder of his Brother: but in all great Affairs, private Relation must yield to public Interest. Having therefore concluded very advantageous Terms for myself with him, I made no scruple of patronizing his Cause, and soon placed him on the Throne. Nor did I conceive the least Apprehension from his Resentment, as I

“ knew my Power was too great for him to encounter.

“ Among other stipulated Conditions, one was to marry my Daughter *Editba*. This *Edward* consented to, with great Reluctance, and I had afterwards no reason to be pleased with it: for it raised her, who had been my favourite Child, to such an Opinion of Greatness, that instead of paying me the usual Respect, she frequently threw in my teeth, (as often at least as I gave her any Admonition) that she was now a Queen, and that the Character and Title of Father merged in that of Subject. This Behaviour, however, did not cure me of my Affection towards her, nor lessen the Uneasiness, which I afterwards bore on *Edward's* dismissing her from his Bed.

“ One thing, which principally induced me to labour the Promotion of *Edward*, was the Simplicity or Weakness of that Prince, under whom I promised myself absolute Dominion, under another Name. Nor did this Opinion deceive me: for during his whole Reign, my Administration was in the highest degree despotic, I had every thing of Royalty, but the outward Ensigns: No Man ever applying for a Place, or any kind of Preferment, but to me only. A Circumstance, which as it greatly enriched my Coffers, so it no less pampered my Ambition, and satisfied my Vanity with a numerous Attendance; and I had the pleasure of seeing those, who only bowed to the King, prostrating themselves before me.

“ *Edward* the Confessor, or St. *Edward*, as some have called him in derision, I suppose, being a very silly Fellow, had all the Faults incident, and almost inseparable, to Fools. He married my Daughter *Editba*, from his fear of disobliging me; and afterwards, out of hatred to me, refused
“ even

even to consummate his Marriage, tho' she was one of the most beautiful Women of her Age. He was likewise guilty of the basest Ingratitude to his Mother, (a Vice to which Fools are chiefly, if not only liable) and in return for her Endeavours to procure him a Throne in his Youth, confined her in a loathsome Prison, in her old Age. This, it is true, he did by my Advice: but as to her walking over nine Plowshares red-hot, and giving nine Manors, when she had not one in her Possession, there is not a Syllable of Veracity in it.

The first great Perplexity I fell into, was on the Account of my Son *Swane*, who had deflowered the Abbess of *Leon*, since called *Leominster* in *Herefordshire*. After this Fact, he retired into *Denmark*, whence he sent to me, to obtain his Pardon. The King at first refused it; being moved thereto, as I afterwards found, by some Churchmen, particularly by one of his Chaplains, whom I had prevented from obtaining a Bishopric. Upon this, my Son *Swane* invaded the Coasts with several Ships, and committed many outrageous Cruelties; which, indeed, did his Business, as they served me to apply to the Fear of this King, which I had long since discovered to be his predominant Passion. And at last, he who had refused Pardon to his first Offence, submitted to give it him, after he had committed many other more monstrous Crimes; by which his Pardon lost all Grace to the Offended, and received double Censure from all others.

The King was greatly inclined to the *Normans*, had created a *Norman* Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and had heaped extraordinary Favours on him. I had no other Objection to this Man, than that he rose without my Assistance; a Cause of Dislike, which in the Reign of great and powerful Favourites, hath often proved fatal to the Persons

who

' who have given it, as the Persons thus raised, in-
 ' spire us constantly with Jealousies and Apprehen-
 ' sions. For when we promote any one ourselves, we
 ' take effectual Care to preserve such an Ascendant
 ' over him, that we can at any time reduce him to
 ' his former Degree, should he dare to act in oppo-
 ' sition to our Wills: for which Reason we never
 ' suffer any to come near the Prince, but such as
 ' we are assured it is impossible should be capable of
 ' engaging or improving his Affection; no Prime-
 ' Minister, as I apprehend, esteeming himself to
 ' be safe, while any other shares the Ear of his
 ' Prince, of whom we are as jealous as the fondest
 ' Husband can be of his Wife. Whoever, there-
 ' fore, can approach him by any other Channel
 ' than that of ourselves, is in our Opinion a declared
 ' Enemy, and one, whom the first Principles of
 ' Policy oblige us to demolish with the utmost Ex-
 ' pedition. For the Affection of Kings, is as pre-
 ' carious as that of Women, and the only Way to
 ' secure either to ourselves, is to keep all others
 ' from them.

' But the Arch-Bishop did not let Matters rest
 ' on Suspicion. He soon gave open Proofs of his
 ' Interest with the Confessor, in procuring an Of-
 ' fice of some Importance for one *Rollo*, a *Roman*
 ' of mean Extraction, and very despicable Parts.
 ' When I represented to the King the Indecency
 ' of conferring such an Honour on such a Fellow,
 ' he answered me, that he was the Arch-Bishop's
 ' Relation. Then, Sir, replied I, he is related
 ' to your Enemy. Nothing more past at that time:
 ' but I soon perceived by the Arch-Bishop's Beha-
 ' viour, that the King had acquainted him with
 ' our private Discourse, a sufficient Assurance of
 ' his Confidence in him and Neglect of me.

' The Favour of Princes, when once lost, is re-
 ' coverable only by the gaining a Situation which
 ' may

‘ may make you terrible to them. As I had no
‘ doubt of having lost all Credit with this King,
‘ which indeed had been originally founded and
‘ constantly supported by his Fear, so I took the
‘ Method of Terror to regain it.

‘ The Earl of *Boulogne* coming over to visit the
‘ King, gave me an Opportunity of breaking out
‘ into open Opposition : for as the Earl was on his
‘ return to *France*, one of his Servants, who was
‘ sent before to procure Lodgings at *Dover*, and
‘ insisted on having them in the House of a private
‘ Man in spite of the Owner’s teeth, was, in a
‘ Fray which ensued, killed on the spot ; and the
‘ Earl himself arriving there soon after, very nar-
‘ rowly escaped with his Life. The Earl, enraged
‘ at this Affront, returned to the King at *Gloucester*,
‘ with loud Complaints and Demands of Sa-
‘ tisfaction. *Edward* consented to his Demands,
‘ and ordered me to chastise the Rioters, who were
‘ under my Government as Earl of *Kent* : but in-
‘ stead of obeying these Orders, I answered with
‘ some warmth, That the *English* were not used to
‘ punish People unheard ; nor ought their Rights
‘ and Privileges to be violated : that the Accused
‘ should be first summoned ; if guilty, should
‘ make Satisfaction both with Body and Estate ;
‘ but if innocent, should be discharged. Adding,
‘ with great ferocity, that as Earl of *Kent* it was
‘ my Duty to protect those under my Govern-
‘ ment against the Insults of Foreigners.

‘ This Accident was extremely lucky, as it gave
‘ my Quarrel with the King a popular Colour ;
‘ and so ingratiated me with the People, that when
‘ I set up my Standard, which I soon after did,
‘ they readily and chearfully lifted under my Ban-
‘ ners, and embraced my Cause, which I persuad-
‘ ed them was their own : for that it was to protect
‘ them against Foreigners that I had drawn my
‘ Sword.

• Sword. The word *Foreigners* with an *English-*
 • *man* hath a kind of magical Effect, they having
 • the utmost Hatred and Aversion to them, arising
 • from the Cruelty they suffered from the *Danes*
 • and some other foreign Nations. No wonder
 • therefore they espoused my Cause, in a Quarrel
 • which had such a Beginning.

• But what may be somewhat more remarkable
 • is, that when I afterwards returned to *England*
 • from Banishment, and was at the Head of an
 • Army of the *Flemish*, who were preparing to plun-
 • der the City of *London*, I still persisted that I was
 • come to defend the *English* from the Danger of
 • *Foreigners*, and gained their Credit. Indeed,
 • there is no Lye so gross, but it may be imposed
 • on the People by those whom they esteem their
 • Patrons and Defenders.

• The King saved his City by being reconciled to
 • me, and taking again my Daughter whom he had
 • put away from him; and thus having frightened
 • the King into what Concessions I thought pro-
 • per, I dismiss'd my Army and Fleet, with which
 • I intended, could I not have succeeded otherwise,
 • to have sacked the City of *London*, and ravaged
 • the whole Country.

• I was no sooner re-established in the King's Fa-
 • vour, or, what was as well for me, the Appear-
 • ance of it, than I fell violently on the Arch-
 • bishop. He had of himself retired to his Monas-
 • tery in *Normandy*; but that did not content me,
 • I had him formally banished, the See declared
 • vacant, and then filled up by another.

• I enjoyed my Grandeur a very short time,
 • after my Restoration to it: for the King hating
 • and fearing me to a very great degree, and find-
 • ing no means of openly destroying me, at last
 • effected his Purpose by Poison, and then spread
 • abroad a ridiculous Story of my wishing the next
 • • Morfel

‘ Morsel might choak me, if I had had any hand
 ‘ in the Death of *Alfred*; and accordingly that
 ‘ the next Morsel, by a divine Judgment, stuck
 ‘ in my Throat, and performed that Office.

‘ This of a Statesman was one of my worst
 ‘ Stages in the other World. It is a Post subject-
 ‘ ed daily to the greatest Danger and Inquietude,
 ‘ and attended with little Pleasure, and less Ease.
 ‘ In a word, it is a Pill, which, was it not gilded
 ‘ over by Ambition, would appear nauseous and
 ‘ detestable in the eye of every one; and perhaps
 ‘ that is one reason why *Minos* so greatly compas-
 ‘ sionates the Case of those who swallow it: for
 ‘ that just Judge told me, he always acquitted a
 ‘ Prime-Minister, who could produce one single
 ‘ good Action in his whole Life, let him have com-
 ‘ mitted ever so many Crimes. Indeed, I under-
 ‘ stood him a little too largely, and was stepping
 ‘ towards the Gate: but he pulled me by the
 ‘ Sleeve, and telling me, no Prime-Minister ever
 ‘ entered there, bid me go back again; saying, he
 ‘ thought I had sufficient Reason to rejoice in es-
 ‘ caping the Bottomless Pit, which half my Crimes
 ‘ committed in any other Capacity would have en-
 ‘ titled me to.’

C H A P. XXI.

Julian's Adventures in the Post of a Soldier.

‘ I WAS born at *Caen* in *Normandy*. My Mo-
 ‘ ther's Name was *Matilda*; as for my Father,
 ‘ I am not so certain: for the good Woman on her
 ‘ Death-Bed assured me, she herself could bring
 ‘ her Guess to no greater Certainty, than to five of
 ‘ Duke *William's* Captains. When I was no more
 ‘ than Thirteen (being indeed a surprizing stout
 ‘ Boy of my Age) I enlisted into the Army of
 ‘ Duke

‘ Duke *William*, afterwards known by the Name
‘ of *William the Conqueror*; landed with him at
‘ *Pemesey*, or *Pemsley* in *Suffex*, and was present at
‘ the famous Battle of *Hastings*.

‘ At the first Onset, it was impossible to describe
‘ my Consternation, which was heightened by the
‘ Fall of two Soldiers who stood by me; but this
‘ soon abated, and by degrees as my Blood grew
‘ warm, I thought no more of my own Safety,
‘ but fell on the Enemy with great Fury, and did
‘ a good deal of Execution; till unhappily I re-
‘ ceived a Wound in my Thigh, which rendered
‘ me unable to stand any longer, so that I now lay
‘ among the Dead, and was constantly exposed to
‘ the Danger of being trampled to death; as well
‘ by my Fellow-Soldiers as by the Enemy. How-
‘ ever, I had the fortune to escape it, and continued
‘ the remaining part of the Day, and the Night
‘ following, on the Ground.

‘ The next Morning, the Duke sending out
‘ Parties to bring off the wounded, I was found al-
‘ most expiring with Loss of Blood; notwithstand-
‘ ing which, as immediate Care was taken to dress
‘ my Wounds. Youth and a robust Constitution
‘ stood my Friends, and I recovered, after a long
‘ and tedious Indisposition, and was again able to
‘ use my Limbs and do my Duty.

‘ As soon as *Dover* was taken, I was conveyed
‘ thither with all the rest of the sick and wounded.
‘ Here I recovered of my Wound: but fell after-
‘ wards into a violent Flux, which when it depart-
‘ ed, left me so weak, that it was long before I
‘ could regain my Strength. And what most af-
‘ flicted me was, that during my whole Illness,
‘ when I languished under Want as well as Sick-
‘ ness, I had daily the mortification to see and hear
‘ the Riots and Excess of my Fellow-Soldiers, who
‘ had happily escaped safe from the Battle.

‘ I was no sooner well, than I was ordered into
‘ Garrison at *Dover* Castle. The Officers here
‘ fared very indifferently ; but the private Men
‘ much worse. We had great Scarcity of Provi-
‘ sions, and what was yet more intolerable, were
‘ so closely confined for want of Room (four of us
‘ being obliged to lie on the same Bundle of Straw)
‘ that many died, and most sickened.

‘ Here I had remained about four Months when
‘ one Night we were alarmed with the Arrival of
‘ the Earl of *Boulogne*, who had come over privily
‘ from *France*, and endeavoured to surprize
‘ the Castle. The Design proved ineffectual : for
‘ the Garrison making a brisk Sally, most of his
‘ Men were tumbled down the Precipice, and he
‘ returned with a very few back to *France*. In this
‘ Action however, I had the misfortune to come
‘ off with a broken Arm ; it was so shattered, that
‘ besides a great deal of Pain and Misery, which I
‘ endured in my Cure, I was disabled for upwards
‘ of three Months.

‘ Soon after my Recovery, I had contracted an
‘ Amour with a young Woman, whose Parents
‘ lived near the Garrison, and were in much better
‘ Circumstances than I had reason to expect should
‘ give their Consent to the Match. However, as
‘ she was extremely fond of me, (as I was indeed
‘ distractedly enamoured of her) they were pre-
‘ vailed on to comply with her Desires, and the
‘ Day was fixed for our Marriage.

‘ On the Evening preceding, while I was exult-
‘ ing with the eager Expectation of the Happiness
‘ I was the next Day to enjoy, I received Orders
‘ to march early in the Morning towards *Windsor*,
‘ where a large Army was to be formed, at the
‘ Head of which the King intended to march into
‘ the *West*. Any Person who hath ever been in
‘ love, may easily imagine what I felt in my Mind,

‘ on

on receiving these Orders; and what still heightened my Torments was, that the commanding Officer would not permit any one to go out of the Garrison that Evening; so that I had not even an Opportunity of taking Leave of my Beloved.

The Morning came, which was to have put me in the Possession of my Wishes; but alas! the Scene was now changed, and all the Hopes which I had raised, were now so many Ghosts to haunt, and Furies to torment me.

It was now the midst of Winter, and very severe Weather for the Season; when we were obliged to make very long and fatiguing Marches, in which we suffered all the Inconveniencies of Cold and Hunger. The Night in which I expected to riot in the Arms of my beloved Mistress, I was obliged to take up with a Lodging on the Ground, exposed to the Inclemencies of a rigid Frost; nor could I obtain the least Comfort of Sleep, which shunned me as its Enemy. In short, the Horrors of that Night are not to be described, or perhaps imagined. They made such an Impression on my Soul, that I was forced to be dipped three Times in the River *Lethe*, to prevent my remembering it in the Characters which I afterwards performed in the Flesh.

Here I interrupted *Julian* for the first time, and told him, no such dipping had happened to me in my Voyage from one World to the other: but he satisfied me by saying, That this only happened to those Spirits which returned into the Flesh, in order to prevent that Reminiscence which *Plato* mentions, and which would otherwise cause great Confusion in the other World.

He then proceeded as follows: We continued a very laborious March to *Exeter*, which we were ordered to besiege. The Town soon surrendered,
and

and his Majesty built a Castle there, which he garrisoned with his *Normans*, and unhappily I had the misfortune to be one of the Number.

Here we were confined closer than I had been at *Dover*; for as the Citizens were extremely disaffected, we were never suffered to go without the Walls of the Castle; nor indeed could we, unless in large Bodies, without the utmost Danger. We were likewise kept to continual Duty, nor could any Sollicitations prevail with the Commanding Officer to give me a Month's Absence to visit my Love, from whom I had no Opportunity of hearing in all my long Absence.

However, in the Spring, the People being more quiet, and another Officer of a gentler Temper, succeeding to the principal Command, I obtained Leave to go to *Dover*: but alas! what Comfort did my long Journey bring me? I found the Parents of my Darling in the utmost Misery at her Loss: for she had died about a Week before my Arrival of a Consumption, which they imputed to her pining at my sudden Departure.

I now fell into the most violent, and almost raving Fit of Despair. I cursed myself, the King, and the whole World, which no longer seemed to have any Delight for me. I threw myself on the Grave of my deceased Love, and lay there without any kind of Sustenance for two whole Days. At last Hunger, together with the Persuasions of some People who took pity on me, prevailed with me to quit that Situation, and refresh myself with Food. They then persuaded me to return to my Post, and abandon a Place where almost every Object I saw, recalled Ideas to my Mind, which, as they said, I should endeavour with my utmost Force to expel from it. This Advice at length succeeded; the rather, as the Father and Mother of my Beloved refused to

see

see me, looking on me as the innocent but certain Cause of the Death of their only Child.

The Loss of one we tenderly love, as it is one of the most bitter and biting Evils which attends human Life, so it wants the Benitive which palliates and softens every other Calamity; I mean that great Reliever, Hope. No Man can be so totally undone, but that he may still cherish Expectation: but this deprives us of all such Comfort, nor can any thing but Time alone lessen it. This, however, in most Minds, is sure to work a slow but effectual Remedy; so did it in mine: for within a Twelvemonth I was entirely reconciled to my Fortune, and soon after absolutely forgot the Object of a Passion from which I had promised myself such extreme Happiness, and in the Disappointment of which I had experienced such inconceivable Misery.

At the Expiration of the Month, I returned to my Garrison at *Exeter*; where I was no sooner arrived, than I was ordered to march into the North, to oppose a Force there levied by the Earls of *Chester* and *Northumberland*. We came to *York*, where his Majesty pardoned the Heads of the Rebels, and very severely punished some who were less guilty. It was particularly my Lot to be ordered to seize a poor Man, who had never been out of his House, and convey him to Prison. I detested this Barbarity, yet was obliged to execute it; nay, tho' no Reward would have bribed me in a private Capacity to have acted such a Part, yet so much Sanctity is there in the Commands of a Monarch, or General to a Soldier, that I performed it without Reluctance, nor had the Tears of his Wife and Family any Prevalence with me.

But this, which was a very small Piece of Mischief in comparison with many of my Barbarities afterwards,

‘ afterwards, was however the only one which ever
 ‘ gave me any Uneasiness: for when the King led
 ‘ us afterward into *Northumberland* to revenge
 ‘ those People’s having joined with *Osborn* the
 ‘ Dane in his Invasion, and Orders were given us
 ‘ to commit what Ravages we could, I was forward
 ‘ in fulfilling them, and among some lesser Cruel-
 ‘ ties (I remember it yet with Sorrow) I ravished a
 ‘ Woman, murdered a little Infant playing in her
 ‘ Lap, and then burnt her House. In short, for I
 ‘ have no Pleasure in this Part of my Relation, I
 ‘ had my Share in all the Cruelties exercised on
 ‘ those poor Wretches, which were so grievous,
 ‘ that for sixty Miles together, between *York* and
 ‘ *Durham*, not a single House, Church, or any
 ‘ other public or private Edifice was left stand-
 ‘ ing.

‘ We had pretty well devoured the Country,
 ‘ when we were ordered to march to the Isle of
 ‘ *Ely*, to oppose *Hereward*, a bold and stout Sol-
 ‘ dier, who had under him a very large Body of
 ‘ Rebels, who had the Impudence to rise against
 ‘ their King and Country (I talk now in the same
 ‘ Style I did then) in defence of their Liberties, as
 ‘ they called them. These were soon subdued:
 ‘ but as I happened (more to my Glory than my
 ‘ Comfort) to be posted in that Part thro’ which
 ‘ *Hereward* cut his Way, I received a dreadful Cut
 ‘ on the Forehead, a second on the Shoulder, and
 ‘ was run thro’ the Body with a Pike.

‘ I languished a long time with these Wounds,
 ‘ which made me incapable of attending the King
 ‘ into *Scotland*. However, I was able to go over
 ‘ with him afterwards into *Normandy*, in his Expe-
 ‘ dition against *Philip*, who had taken the Oppor-
 ‘ tunity of the Troubles in *England*, to invade that
 ‘ Province. Those few *Normans* who had sur-
 ‘ vived their Wounds, and had remained in the
 ‘ Isle

* Ifle of *Ely*, were all of our Nation who went,
 * the rest of his Army being all composed of *English*.
 * In a Skirmish near the Town of *Mans*, my Leg
 * was broke, and so shattered that it was forced to
 * be cut off.

* I was now disabled for serving longer in the
 * Army, and accordingly being discharged from
 * the Service, I retired to the Place of my Nati-
 * vity, where in extreme Poverty, and frequent
 * bad Health from the many Wounds I had received,
 * I dragged on a miserable Life to the Age of Sixty-
 * three; my only Pleasure being to recount the
 * Feats of my Youth, in which Narratives I gene-
 * rally exceeded the Truth.

* It would be tedious and unpleasant to recount
 * to you the several Miseries I suffered after my
 * Return to *Caen*; let it suffice, they were so ter-
 * rible, that they induced *Minos* to compassionate
 * me, and, notwithstanding the Barbarities I had
 * been guilty of in *Northumberland*, to suffer me
 * to go once more back to Earth.

C H A P. XXII.

What happened to Julian in the Person of a Taylor.

* FORTUNE now stationed me in a Character,
 * which the Ingratitude of Mankind hath put
 * them on ridiculing, tho' they owe to it not only
 * a Relief from the Inclemencies of Cold, to which
 * they would otherwise be exposed, but likewise
 * a considerable Satisfaction of their Vanity. The
 * Character I mean, was that of a Taylor; which,
 * if we consider it with due Attention, must be
 * confessed to have in it great Dignity and Impor-
 * tance. For, in reality, who constitutes the dif-
 * ferent Degrees between Men but the Taylor?
 * Th^o

‘ The Prince, indeed, gives the Title, but it is
‘ *the Taylor who makes the Man.* To his Labours
‘ are owing the Respect of Crouds, and the Awe
‘ which Great Men inspire into their Beholders,
‘ tho’ these are too often unjustly attributed to other
‘ Motives. Lastly, the Admiration of the Fair is
‘ most commonly to be placed to his Account.

‘ I was just set up in my Trade, when I made
‘ three Suits of fine Clothes for King *Stephen’s* Co-
‘ ronation. I question whether the Person who
‘ wears the rich Coat, hath so much Pleasure and
‘ Vanity in being admired in it, as we Taylors
‘ have from that Admiration; and perhaps a Phi-
‘ losopher would say, he is not so well entitled to
‘ it. I bustled on the Day of the Ceremony thro’
‘ the Croud, and it was with incredible Delight,
‘ I heard several say, as my Clothes walked by,
‘ *Bless me, ’twas ever any thing so fine as the Earl of*
‘ *Devonshire!* *Sure he and Sir Hugh Blgot are the*
‘ *two best-drest Men I ever saw.* Now both those
‘ Suits were of my making.

‘ There would, indeed, be infinite Pleasure in
‘ working for the Courtiers, as they are generally
‘ genteel Men, and shew one’s Clothes to the best
‘ advantage, was it not for one small Discourage-
‘ ment; this is, that they never pay. I solemnly
‘ protest, tho’ I lost almost as much by the Court
‘ in my Life as I got by the City, I never carried
‘ a Suit into the latter with half the Satisfaction
‘ which I have done to the former; tho’ from that
‘ I was certain of ready Money, and from this al-
‘ most as certain of no Money at all.

‘ Courtiers may, however, be divided into two
‘ sorts, very essentially different from each other;
‘ into those who never intend to pay for their
‘ Clothes; and those who do intend to pay for
‘ them, but never happen to be able. Of the lat-
‘ ter sort, are many of those young Gentlemen
‘ whom

‘ whom we equip out for the Army, and who are
‘ unhappily for us cut off before they arrive at
‘ Preferment. This is the Reason that Taylors in
‘ time of War are mistaken for Politicians, by
‘ their Inquisitiveness into the Event of Battles,
‘ one Campaign very often proving the Ruin of
‘ half a dozen of us. I am sure I had frequent
‘ Reason to curse that fatal Battle of *Cardigan*,
‘ where the *Welsh* defeated some of King *Stephen*’s
‘ best Troops, and where many a good Suit of
‘ mine, unpaid for, fell to the ground.

‘ The Gentlemen of this honourable Calling
‘ have fared much better in later Ages than when
‘ I was of it: for now it seems the Fashion is, when
‘ they apprehend their Customer is not in the best
‘ Circumstances, if they are not paid as soon as
‘ they carry home the Suit, they charge him in
‘ their Book as much again as it is worth, and then
‘ send a Gentleman with a small Scrip of Parch-
‘ ment to demand the Money. If this be not im-
‘ mediately paid, the Gentleman takes the Beau
‘ with him to his House, where he locks him up
‘ till the Taylor is contented: but in my Time,
‘ these Scrips of Parchment were not in use; and
‘ if the Beau disliked paying for his Clothes, as ve-
‘ ry often happened, we had no Method of com-
‘ pelling him.

‘ In several of the Characters which I have re-
‘ lated to you, I apprehend, I have sometimes for-
‘ got my self, and considered my self as really in-
‘ terested, as I was when I personated them on
‘ Earth. I have just now caught my self in the
‘ Fact: for I have complained to you as bitterly
‘ of my Customers as I formerly used to do, when
‘ I was the Taylor: but in reality, tho’ there were
‘ some few Persons of very great Quality, and some
‘ others, who never paid their Debts; yet those
‘ were but a few, and I had a Method of repairing
‘ this

* this Loss. My Customers I divided under three
* Heads: those who paid ready Money, those who
* paid slow, and those who never paid at all. The
* first of these, I considered apart by themselves,
* as Persons by whom I got a certain but small
* Profit. The two last I lumped together, mak-
* ing those who paid slow, contribute to repair my
* Losses by those who did not pay at all. Thus up-
* on the whole I was a very inconsiderable Loser,
* and might have left a Fortune to my Family, had
* I not launched forth into Expences which swal-
* lowed up all my Gains. I had a Wife and two
* Children. These indeed I kept frugally enough;
* for I half starved them: but I kept a Mistress in a
* finer way, for whom I had a Country House,
* pleasantly situated on the *Thames*, elegantly fitted
* up and neatly furnished. This Woman might
* very properly be called my Mistress: for
* she was most absolutely so, and tho' her Tenure
* was no higher than by my Will, she domineered
* as tyrannically, as if my Chains had been rivet-
* ted in the strongest manner. To all this I sub-
* mitted, not through any Adoration of her Beau-
* ty, which was indeed but indifferent. Her
* Charms consisted in little Wantonnesses, which
* she knew admirably well to use in Hours of Dal-
* liance, and which, I believe, are of all Things
* the most delightful to a Lover.

* She was so profusely extravagant, that it seem-
* ed as if she had an actual Intent to ruin me.
* This I am sure of, if such had been her real In-
* tention, she could have taken no proper Way to
* accomplish it; nay, I my self might appear to
* have had the same View: for besides this extra-
* vagant Mistress, and my Country House, I kept
* likewise a Brace of Hunters, rather for that it
* was fashionable so to do, than for any great
* Delight I took in the Sport, which I very little

attended; not for want of Leisure; for few Noblemen had so much. All the Work I ever did was taking Measure, and that only of my greatest and best Customers. I scarce ever cut a Piece of Cloth in my Life, nor was indeed much more able to fashion a Coat than any Gentleman in the Kingdom. This made a skilful Servant too necessary to me. He knew I must submit to any Terms with, or any Treatment from him. He knew it was easier for him to find another such a Taylor as me, than for me to procure such another Workman as him: for this Reason, he exerted the most notorious and cruel Tyranny, seldom giving me a civil Word; nor could the utmost Condescension on my side, tho' attended with continual Presents and Rewards, and raising his Wages, content or please him. In a word, he was as absolutely my Master, as was ever an ambitious, industrious Prime-Minister over an indolent and voluptuous King. All my other Journeymen paid more Respect to him than to me: for they considered my Favour as a necessary Consequence of obtaining his.

These were the most remarkable Occurrences while I acted this Part. *Mimis* hesitated a few Moments, and then bid me get back again, without assigning any Reason.

CHAP. XXIII.

The Life of Alderman Julian.

I NOW revisited *England*, and was born at *London*. My Father was one of the Magistrates of that City. He had eleven Children, of whom I was the eldest. He had great Success in Trade, and grew extremely rich, but the large-
ness

‘ nefs of his Family rendered it impossible for him
‘ to leave me a Fortune sufficient to live well on,
‘ independent of Business. I was accordingly
‘ brought up to be a Fishmonger: in which Capa-
‘ city, I myself afterwards acquired very consider-
‘ able Wealth.

‘ The same Disposition of Mind, which in
‘ Princes is called Ambition, is in Subjects named
‘ Faction. To this Temper I was greatly addicted
‘ from my Youth. I was, while a Boy, a great
‘ Partizan of Prince *John*’s against his Brother *Richard*,
‘ during the latter’s Absence in the Holy
‘ War, and in his Captivity. I was no more than
‘ one and twenty, when I first began to make Poli-
‘ tical Speeches in Public, and to endeavour to
‘ foment Disquietude and Discontent in the City.
‘ As I was pretty well qualified for this Office, by
‘ a great Fluency of Words, an harmonious Ac-
‘ cent, a graceful Delivery, and above all, an in-
‘ vincible Assurance, I had soon acquired some Re-
‘ putation among the younger Citizers, and some
‘ of the weaker and more inconsiderate of a riper
‘ Age. This co-operating with my own natural
‘ Vanity, made me extravagantly proud and super-
‘ cilious. I soon began to esteem myself a Man
‘ of some Consequence, and to overlook Persons
‘ every way my Superiours.

‘ The famous *Robin Hood*, and his Companion
‘ *Little John*, at this time made a considerable
‘ Figure in *Yorkshire*. I took upon me to write a
‘ Letter to the former, in the Name of the City,
‘ inviting him to come to *London*, where I assured
‘ him of very good Reception, signifying to him
‘ my own great Weight and Consequence, and
‘ how much I had disposed the Citizens in his fa-
‘ vour. Whether he received this Letter or no, I
‘ am not certain: but he never gave me any Answer
‘ to it.

‘ A Little afterwards, one *William Fitz-Osborn*,
‘ or, as he was nicknamed, *William Long-Beard*,
‘ began to make a Figure in the City. He was a
‘ bold and an impudent Fellow, and had raised
‘ himself to great Popularity with the Rabble, by
‘ pretending to espouse their Cause against the Rich.
‘ I took this Man’s part, and made a public Oration
‘ in his favour, setting him forth as a Patriot, and
‘ one who had embarked in the Cause of Liberty:
‘ for which Service he did not receive me with the
‘ Acknowledgments I expected. However, as I
‘ thought I should easily gain the Ascendant over
‘ this Fellow, I continued still firm on his side, till
‘ the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, with an armed
‘ Force, put an end to his Progress: for he was
‘ seized in *Bow Church*, where he had taken Refuge,
‘ and with nine of his Accomplices hanged in Chains.
‘ I escaped narrowly myself: for I was seized in
‘ the same Church with the rest, and as I had been
‘ very considerably engaged in the Enterprize, the
‘ Archbishop was inclined to make me an Example:
‘ but my Father’s Merit, who had advanced a
‘ considerable Sum to Queen *Eleanor*, towards the
‘ the King’s Ransom, preserved me.

‘ The Consternation my Danger had occasioned,
‘ kept me some time quiet, and I applied myself
‘ very assiduously to my Trade. I invented all
‘ manner of Methods to enhance the Price of Fish,
‘ and made use of my utmost Endeavours to en-
‘ gross as much of the Business as possible in my
‘ own Hands. By these means I acquired a Sub-
‘ stance, which raised me to some little Conse-
‘ quence in the City: but far from elevating me
‘ to that Degree, which I had formerly flattered
‘ myself with possessing, at a time when I was to-
‘ tally insignificant: for in a trading Society, Mo-
‘ ney must at least lay the Foundation of all Power
‘ and Interest.

‘ But

But as it hath been remarked, that the same Ambition which sent *Alexander* into *Asia*, brings the Wrestler on the Green; and as this same Ambition is as incapable as Quicksilver of lying still: so I, who was possessed, perhaps, of a Share equal to what hath fired the Blood of any of the Heroes of Antiquity, was no less restless, and discontented with Ease and Quiet. My first Endeavours were to make myself Head of my Company, which *Richard I.* had just established, and soon afterwards I procured myself to be chosen Alderman.

Opposition is the only State, which can give a Subject an Opportunity of exerting the Disposition I was possessed of. Accordingly King *John* was no sooner seated on his Throne, than I began to oppose his Measures, whether right or wrong. It is true, that Monarch had Faults enow. He was so abandoned to Lust and Luxury, that he addicted himself to the most extravagant Excesses in both, while he indolently suffered the King of *France* to rob him of almost all his foreign Dominions: my Opposition therefore was justifiable enough, and if my Motive from within had been as good as the Occasion from without, I should have had little to excuse: but in truth, I sought nothing but my own Preferment, by making myself formidable to the King, and then selling to him the Interest of that Party, by whose means I had become so. Indeed, had the public Good been my Care, however zealously I might have opposed the Beginning of his Reign, I should have not scrupled to lend him my utmost Assistance in the Struggle between him and Pope *Innocent III.* in which he was so manifestly in the right; nor have suffered the Insolence of that Pope, and the Power of the King of *France*, to have compelled him in the Issue basely to resign his

his Crown into the hands of the former, and receive it again as a Vassal; by means of which Acknowledgment the Pope afterwards claimed this Kingdom as a tributary Fief to be held of the Papal Chair. A Claim which occasioned great Uneasiness to many subsequent Princes, and brought numberless Calamities on the Nation.

As the King had among other Concessions stipulated to pay an immediate Sum of Money to *Pandulph*, which he had great Difficulty to raise, it was absolutely necessary for him to apply to the City, where my Interest and Popularity were so high, that he had no Hopes without my Assistance. As I knew this, I took care to sell myself and Country as high as possible. The Terms I demanded, therefore, were a Place, a Pension, and a Knighthood. All those were immediately consented to. I was forthwith knighted, and promised the other two.

I now mounted the *Hustings*, and without any regard to Decency or Modesty, made as emphatical a Speech in favour of the King, as before I had done against him. In this Speech I justified all those Measures which I had before condemned, and pleaded as earnestly with my Fellow-Citizens, to open their Purses, as I had formerly done to prevail with them to keep them shut. But alas my Rhetoric had not the Effect I proposed. The Consequence of my Arguments was only Contempt to myself. The People at first stared on one another, and afterwards began unanimously to express their Dislike. An impudent Fellow among them reflecting on my Trade, cried out, *Stinking Fish*; which was immediately reiterated through the whole Croud. I was then forced to sink away home, but I was not able to accomplish my Retreat without being attended
by

by the Mob, who huzza'd me along the Street
with the repeated Cries of *Stinking Fish*.

I now proceeded to Court, to inform his Majesty of my faithful Service, and how much I had suffered in his Cause. I found by my first Reception, he had already heard of my Success. Instead of thanking me for my Speech, he said, the City should repent of their Obstinacy; for that he would shew them who he was: and for saying, he immediately turned that Part to me, to which the Toe of Man hath so wonderful an Affection, that it is very difficult, whenever it presents itself conveniently, to keep our Toes from the most violent and ardent Salutation of it.

I was a little nettled at this Behaviour, and with some Earnestness claimed the King's fulfilling his Promise: but he retired without answering me. I then applied to some of the Courtiers, who had lately professed great Friendship to me, had eat at my House, and invited me to theirs: but not one would return me any Answer, all running away from me, as if I had been seized with some contagious Distemper. I now found by Experience, that as none can be so civil, so none can be ruder than a Courtier.

A few Moments after the King's retiring, I was left alone in the Room, to consider what I should do, or whither I should turn myself. My Reception in the City promised itself to be equal at least with what I found at Court. However, there was my Home, and thither it was necessary I should retreat for the present.

But, indeed, bad as I apprehended my Treatment in the City would be, it exceeded my Expectation. I rode home on an ambling Pad through Crouds, who expressed every kind of Disregard and Contempt; pelting me not only

with the most abusive Language, but with Dirt. However, with much Difficulty I arrived at last at my own House, with my Bones whole, but covered over with Filth.

When I was got within my Doors, and had shut them against the Mob, who had pretty well vented their Spleen, and seemed now contented to retire; my Wife, whom I found crying over her Children, and from whom I hoped some Comfort in my Afflictions, fell upon me in the most outrageous manner. She asked me, why I would venture on such a Step, without consulting her; she said, her Advice might have been civilly asked, if I was resolved not to have been guided by it. That whatever Opinion I might have conceived of her Understanding, the rest of the World thought better of it. That I had never failed, when I had asked her Counsel, nor ever succeeded without it; with much more of the same kind, too tedious to mention; concluding, that it was a monstrous Behaviour to desert my Party, and come over to the Court. An Abuse, which I took worse than all the rest, as she had been constantly for several Years assiduous in railing at the Opposition, in siding with the Court-Party, and begging me to come over to it. And especially after my mentioning the Offer of Knighthood to her, since which time she had continually interrupted my Repose, with dinning in my Ears the Folly of refusing Honours, and of adhering to a Party, and to Principles, by which I was certain of procuring no Advantage to my self and my Family.

I had now entirely lost my Trade, so that I had not the least Temptation to stay longer in a City, where I was certain of receiving daily Affronts and Rebukes. I therefore made up my Affairs with the utmost Expedition, and scraping
together

‘ together all I could, retired into the Country ;
 ‘ where I spent the Remainder of my Days, in
 ‘ universal Contempt, being shunned by every
 ‘ body, perpetually abused by my Wife, and not
 ‘ much respected by my Children.

‘ *Minos* told me, tho’ I had been a very vile
 ‘ Fellow, he thought my Sufferings made some
 ‘ Atonement, and so bid me take the other Trial.

Julian recounts what happened to him while he was

C H A P. XXIV.

*Julian recounts what happened to him while he was
 a Poet.*

‘ **R O M E** was now the Seat of my Nativity,
 ‘ where I was born of a Family more remark-
 ‘ able for Honour than Riches. I was intended
 ‘ for the Church, and had a pretty good Education :
 ‘ but my Father dying while I was young, and
 ‘ leaving me nothing, for he had wasted his whole
 ‘ Patrimony, I was forced to enter my self in the
 ‘ Order of Mendicants.

‘ When I was at School, I had a knack of
 ‘ rhiming, which I unhappily mistook for Genius,
 ‘ and indulged to my Cost : for my Verses drew
 ‘ on me only Ridicule, and I was in Contempt
 ‘ called *The Poet*.

‘ This Humour pursued me through my Life.
 ‘ My first Composition after I left School, was a
 ‘ Panegyric on Pope *Alexander IV.* who then pre-
 ‘ tended a Project of dethroning the King of *Sici-*
 ‘ *ly.* On this Subject, I composed a Poem of
 ‘ about fifteen Thousand Lines, which with much
 ‘ difficulty I got to be presented to his Holiness, of
 ‘ whom I expected great Preferment as my Re-
 ‘ ward, but I was cruelly disappointed : for when
 ‘ I had waited a Year without hearing any of the

Q 5 ‘ Commendations.

Commendations I had flattered my self with receiving, and being now able to contain no longer, I applied to a Jesuit who was my Relation, and had the Pope's Ear, to know what his Holiness's Opinion was of my Work; he coldly answered me, that he was at that time busied in Concerns of too much Importance, to attend the reading of Poems.

However dissatisfied I might be, and really was, with this Reception; and however angry I was with the Pope for whose Understanding I entertained an immoderate Contempt, I was not yet discouraged from a second Attempt. Accordingly, I soon after produced another Work, entituled, *The Trojan Horse*. This was an allegorical Work, in which the Church was introduced into the World, in the same manner as that Machine had been into Troy. The Priests were the Soldiers in its Belly, and the Heathen Superstition the City to be destroyed by them. This Poem was written in Latin. I remember some of the Lines:

*Mundanos scandit fatalis Machina Muros,
 Farta Sacerdotum Turmis: exinde per Alvum
 Visti exire omnes, magna cum Murmure olentes.
 Non aliter quam cum Humanis furibundus ab
 Antris
 It Sonus, & Nares simul Aura invadit hiantes.
 Mille scatent et mille alii; trepidare Timore
 Ethnica Gens cœpit: falsi per inano volantes
 Effugere Dei—Desertaque Tempia relinquunt.
 Jam magnum crepitavit Equus, mox Orbis &
 alti
 Ingemuere Poli: tunc tu Pater, ultimus Omnium
 Maxime Alexander, ventrem maturus Equinum
 Deferis, heu Proles meliori digne Parente.*

I believe

I believe *Julian*, had I not stopt him, would have gone through the whole Poem; (for, as I observed, in most of the Characters he related, the Affections he had enjoyed while he personated them on Earth, still made some Impression on him) but I begged him to omit the Sequel of the Poem, and proceed with his History. He then recollected himself, and smiling at the Observation which by Intuition he perceived I made, continued his Narration as follows:

‘ I confess to you, says he, that the Delight in repeating our own Works is so predominant in a Poet, that I find nothing can totally root it out of the Soul. Happy would it be for those Persons, if their Hearers could be delighted in the same manner: but alas! hence that *ingens Solitudo* complained of by *Horace*: for the Vanity of Mankind is so much greedier and more general than their Avarice, that no Beggar is so ill received by them as he who solicits their Praise.

‘ This I sufficiently experienced in the Character of a Poet: for my Company was shunned (I believe on this account chiefly) by my whole House; nay, there were few who would submit to hearing me read my Poetry, even at the price of sharing in my Provisions. The only Person who gave me Audience was a Brother Poet; he indeed fed me with Commendation very liberally: but as I was forced to hear and commend in my turn, I perhaps bought his Attention dear enough.

‘ Well, Sir, if my Expectations of the Reward I hoped from my first Poem had baulked me, I had now still greater Reason to complain: for instead of being preferred or commended for the second, I was enjoined a very severe Penance by my Superior, for ludicrously comparing the Pope to a Fart. My Poetry was now the Jest of every Company,

Company, except some few, who spoke of it with detestation; and I found, that instead of recommending me to Preferment, it had effectually barred me from all Probability of attaining it.

These Discouragements had now induced me to lay down my Pen, and write no more. But, as *Juvenal* says,

—*Si discedas, Laqueo tenet ambitiosi
Consuetudo Mali.*

I was an Example of the Truth of this Assertion: for I soon betook myself again to my Muse. Indeed, a Poet hath the same Happiness with a Man who is doatingly fond of an ugly Woman. The one enjoys his Muse, and the other his Mistress, with a Pleasure very little abated by the Esteem of the World, and only undervalues their Taste for not corresponding with his own.

It is unnecessary to mention any more of my Poems; they had all the same Fate; and tho' in reality some of my latter Pieces deserved (I may now speak it without the Imputation of Vanity) a better Success, as I had the Character of a bad Writer, I found it impossible ever to obtain the Reputation of a good one. Had I possessed the Merit of *Homer*, I could have hoped for no Applause; since it must have been a profound Secret: for no one would now read a Syllable of my Writings.

The Poets of my Age were, as I believe you know, not very famous. However, there was one in some Credit at that time, tho' I have the Consolation to know his Works are all perished long ago. The Malice, Envy, and Hatred I bore this Man are inconceivable to any but an Author, and an unsuccessful one; I never could

bear

• bear to hear him well spoken of, and writ anony-
 • mous Satires against him, tho' I had received
 • Obligations from him; indeed I believe it would
 • have been an absolute Impossibility for him at any
 • rate to have made me sincerely his Friend.

• I have heard an Observation which was made
 • by some one of later Days, that there are no
 • worse Men than bad Authors. A Remark of the
 • same kind hath been made on ugly Women, and
 • the Truth of both stands on one and the same
 • Reason, *viz.* that they are both tainted with that
 • cursed and detestable Vice of Envy; which, as
 • it is the greatest Torment to the Mind it inhabits,
 • so is it capable of introducing into it a total Cor-
 • ruption, and of inspiring it to the Commission of
 • the most horrid Crimes imaginable.

• My Life was but short; for I soon pined my
 • self to death with the Vice I just now mentioned.
 • *Minos* told me, I was infinitely too bad for *Ely-*
 • *sium*; and as for the other Place, the Devil had
 • sworn, he would never entertain a Poet for *Or-*
 • *pheus's* sake: so I was forced to return again to
 • the Place from whence I came.

C H A P. XXV.

Julian performs the Parts of a Knight and a Dancing-
Master.

• I NOW mounted the Stage in *Sicily*, and be-
 • came a Knight Templar: but as my Adven-
 • tures differ so little from those, I have recounted
 • you in the Character of a common Soldier, I
 • shall not tire you with Repetition. The Soldier
 • and the Captain differ in reality so little from one
 • another, that it requires an accurate Judgment to
 • distinguish them; the latter wears finer Clothes,
 • and

and in Time of Success lives somewhat more delicately : but as to every thing else, they very nearly resemble one another.

My next Step was into *France*, where Fortune assigned me the Part of a Dancing-Master. I was so expert in my Profession, that I was brought to Court in my Youth, and had the Heels of *Philip de Valois*, who afterwards succeeded *Charles the Fair*, committed to my Direction.

I do not remember, that in any of the Characters in which I appeared on Earth, I ever assumed to myself a greater Dignity, or thought myself of more real Importance than now. I looked on Dancing as the greatest Excellence of human Nature, and on myself as the greatest Proficient in it. And indeed, this seemed to be the general Opinion of the whole Court : for I was the chief Instructor of the Youth of both Sexes, whose Merit was almost entirely defined by the Advances they made in that Science, which I had the Honour to profess. As to myself, I was so fully persuaded of this Truth, that I not only slighted and despised those who were ignorant of Dancing ; but I thought the highest Character I could give of any Man, was, that he made a graceful Bow : for want of which Accomplishment, I had a sovereign Contempt for many Persons of Learning ; nay, for some Officers of the Army, and a few even of the Courtiers themselves.

Though so little of my Youth had been thrown away in what they call Literature, that I could hardly write and read, yet I composed a Treatise on Education ; the first Rudiments of which, as I taught, were to instruct a Child in the Science of coming handsomely into a Room. In this I corrected many Faults of my Predecessors, particularly that of being too much in a hurry, and instituting

‘ instituting a Child in the sublimer Parts of Dancing,
‘ before they are capable of *making their Honours*.

‘ But as I have not now the same high Opinion
‘ of my Profession, which I had then, I shall not
‘ entertain you with a long History of a Life which
‘ consisted of *Borées* and *Coupées*. Let it suffice,
‘ that I lived to a very old Age, and followed my
‘ Business as long as I could crawl. At length I
‘ revisited my old Friend *Minos*, who treated me
‘ with very little Respect, and bad me dance back
‘ again to Earth.

‘ I did so, and was now once more born an
‘ *Englishman*, bred up to the Church, and at length
‘ arrived at the Station of a Bishop.

‘ Nothing was so remarkable in this Character,
‘ as my always voting ——— *.

* Here Part of the Manuscript is lost, and that a
very considerable one, as appears by the Number of the
next Book and Chapter, which contains, I find, the
History of *Anna Boleyn*: But as to the Manner in
which it was introduced, or to whom the Narrative is
told, we are totally left in the dark. I have only to
remark, that this Chapter is in the Original writ in a
Woman’s Hand: And tho’ the Observations in it are,
I think, as excellent as any in the whole Volume, there
seems to be a Difference in Style between this and the
preceding Chapters; and as it is the Character of a
Woman which is related, I am inclined to fancy it was
really written by one of that Sex.

JOURNEY, &c.

BOOK XIX.

CHAP. VII.

Wherein Anna Boleyn relates the History of her Life.

I AM going now truly to recount a Life, which from the Time of its ceasing, has been, in the other World, the continual Subject of the Cavils of contending Parties; the one making me as black as Hell, the other as pure and innocent as the Inhabitants of this blessed Place; the Mist of Prejudice blinding their Eyes, and Zeal for what they themselves profess, making every thing appear in that Light, which they think most conduces to its Honour.

My Infancy was spent in my Father's House, in those childish Plays, which are most suitable to that State, and I think this was one of the happiest Parts of my Life: for my Parents were not among the Number of those who look upon their Children as so many Objects of a Tyrannic Power, but I was regarded as the dear Pledge of a virtuous Love, and all my little Pleasures were thought from their Indulgence their greatest Delight. At seven Years old, I was carried into France with the King's Sister, who was married to the French King, where I lived with a Person of Quality, who was an Acquaintance of my Father's. I spent my Time in learning those Things necessary to give young Persons of Fashion a polite

a polite Education, and did neither good nor evil, but day passed after day in the same easy way, till I was Fourteen; then began my Anxiety, my Vanity grew strong, and my Heart fluttered with Joy at every Compliment paid to my Beauty: and as the Lady, with whom I lived, was of a gay, chearful Disposition, she kept a great deal of Company, and my Youth and Charms made me the continual Object of their Admiration. I passed some little time in those exulting Raptures, which are felt by every Woman, perfectly satisfied with herself, and with the Behaviour of others towards her: I was, when very young, promoted to be Maid of Honour to her Majesty. The Court was frequented by a young Nobleman, whose Beauty was the chief Subject of Conversation in all Assemblies of Ladies. The Delicacy of his Person, added to a great Softness in his Manner, gave every thing he said and did such an Air of Tenderness, that every Woman he spoke to, flattered herself with being the Object of his Love. I was one of those who was vain enough of my own Charms to hope to make a Conquest of him, whom the whole Court sighed for; I now thought every other Object below my Notice: yet the only Pleasure I proposed to myself in this Design, was, the triumphing over that Heart, which I plainly saw all the Ladies of the highest Quality, and the greatest Beauty would have been proud of possessing. I was yet too young to be very artful, but Nature, without any Assistance, soon discovers to a Man, who is used to Gallantry, a Woman's Desire to be liked by him, whether that Desire arises from any particular Choice she makes of him, or only from Vanity. He soon perceived my Thoughts, and gratified my utmost Wishes, by constantly preferring me before all other Women, and exerting his

his utmost Gallantry and Address to engage my Affections. This sudden Happiness, which I then thought the greatest I could have had, appeared visible in all my Actions; I grew so gay, and so full of Vivacity, that it made my Person appear still to a better Advantage, all my Acquaintance pretended to be fonder of me than ever; though young as I was, I plainly saw it was but Pretence, for through all their Endeavours to the contrary, Envy would often break forth in sly Insinuations, and malicious Sneers, which gave me fresh Matter of Triumph, and frequent Opportunities of insulting them; which I never let slip, for now first my Female Heart grew sensible of the spiteful Pleasure of seeing another languish for what I enjoyed. Whilst I was in the Height of my Happiness, her Majesty fell ill of a languishing Distemper, which obliged her to go into the Country for the Change of Air; my Place made it necessary for me to attend her, and which Way she brought it about I can't imagine, but my young Hero found means to be one of that small Train, that waited on my Royal Mistress, altho' she went as privately as possible. Hitherto all the Interviews I had ever had with him were in public, and I only looked on him as the fitter Object to feed that Pride which had no other View, but to shew its Power; but now the Scene was quite changed. My Rivals were all at a distance: the Place we went to, was as charming as the most agreeable natural Situation, assisted by the greatest Art, could make it; the pleasant solitary Walks, the singing of Birds, the thousand pretty Romantic Scenes this delightful Place afforded, gave a sudden Turn to my Mind, my whole Soul was melted into Softness, and all my Vanity was fled. My Spark was too much used to Affairs of this Nature, not to perceive
this

“ this Change ; at first the profuse Transports of
“ his Joy made me believe him wholly mine, and
“ this Belief gave me such Happiness, that no Lan-
“ guage affords Words to express it, and can be
“ only known to those who have felt it. But this
“ was of a very short Duration, for I soon found I
“ had to do with one of those Men, whose only
“ End in the pursuit of a Woman, is to make her
“ fall a Victim to an insatiable Desire to be admired.
“ His Designs had succeeded, and now he every
“ Day grew colder, and, as if by Infatuation, my
“ Passion every Day increased ; and notwithstand-
“ ing all my Resolutions and Endeavours to the
“ contrary, my Rage at the Disappointment at once
“ both of my Love and Pride, and at the finding
“ a Passion fixed in my Breast I knew not how to
“ conquer, broke out into that inconsistent Beha-
“ viour, which must always be the Consequence
“ of violent Passions. One Moment I reproach’d
“ him, the next I grew to Tenderness, and blamed
“ myself, and thought I fancied what was not true ;
“ he saw my Struggle, and triumphed in it : but
“ as he had not Witnesses enough there of his Vic-
“ tory, to give him the full Enjoyment of it, he
“ grew weary of the Country, and returned to Pa-
“ ris, and left me in a Condition it is utterly im-
“ possible to describe. My Mind was like a City
“ up in Arms, all Confusion ; and every new
“ Thought was a fresh Disturber of my Peace.
“ Sleep quite forsook me, and the Anxiety I suffered
“ threw me into a Fever, which had like to have
“ cost me my Life. With great Care I recovered ;
“ but the Violence of the Distemper left such a
“ Weakness on my Body, that the Disturbance of
“ my Mind was greatly assuaged ; and now I began
“ to comfort myself in the Reflection, that this
“ Gentleman’s being a finish’d Coquet, was very
“ likely the only Thing could have preserved me ;
“ for

for he was the only Man from whom I was ever in any Danger. By that time I was got tolerable well, we returned to *Paris*; and I confess, I both wished and feared to see this Cause of all my Pain: however, I hoped by the Help of my Resentment, to be able to meet him with Indifference. This employed my Thoughts till our Arrival. The next Day, there was a very full Court to congratulate the Queen on her Recovery; and amongst the rest, my Love appeared dressed and adorned, as if he designed some new Conquest. Instead of seeing a Woman he despised and slighted, he approached me with that assured Air which is common to successful Coxcombs. At the same time, I perceived I was surrounded by all those Ladies who were, on his Account my greatest Enemies; and, in revenge, wished for nothing more than to see me make a ridiculous Figure. This Situation so perplexed my Thoughts, that when he came near enough to speak to me, I fainted away in his Arms. (Had I studied which Way I could gratify him most, it was impossible to have done any thing to have pleased him more.) Some that stood by, brought smelling Bottles, and used Means for my Recovery; and I was welcomed to returning Life, by all those ill-natured Repartees, which Women enraged by Envy are capable of venting. One cried, Well, I never thought my Lord had any thing so frightful in his Person, or so fierce in his Manner, as to strike a young Lady dead at the Sight of him. No, no, says another, some Ladies Senses are more apt to be hurried by agreeable, than disagreeable Objects. With many more such Sort of Speeches, which shewed more Malice than Wit. This not being able to bear, trembling, and with but just Strength enough to move, I crawled to my Coach, and hurried home.

When

When I was alone, and thought on what had happened to me in a public Court, I was at first driven to the utmost Despair; but afterwards, when I came to reflect, I believe this Accident contributed more to my being cured of my Passion than any other could have done. I began to think the only Method to pique the Man, who had used me so barbarously, and to be revenged on my spiteful Rivals, was to recover that Beauty, which was then languid, and had lost its Lustre, to let them see I had still Charms enough to engage as many Lovers as I could desire, and that I could yet rival them, who had thus cruelly insulted me. These pleasing Hopes revived my sinking Spirits, and worked a more effectual Cure on me, than all the Philosophy and Advice of the wisest Men could have done. I now employ'd all my Time and Care in adorning my Person, and studying the surest Means of engaging the Affections of others, while I myself continued quite indifferent; for I resolv'd for the future, if ever one soft Thought made its Way to my Heart, to fly the Object of it, and by new Lovers to drive the Image from my Breast. I consult'd my Glass every Morning, and got such a Command of my Countenance, that I could suit it to the different Tastes of Variety of Lovers; and tho' I was young, for I was not yet above Seventeen; yet my public Way of Life gave me such continual Opportunities of conversing with Men, and the strong Desire I now had of pleasing them, led me to make such constant Observations on every thing they said or did, that I soon found out the different Methods of dealing with them. I observed that most Men generally liked in Women what was most opposite to their own Characters; therefore to the grave solid Man of Sense, I endeavour'd to appear sprightly, and full of Spirit;

rit; to the Witty and Gay, soft and languishing;
to the Amorous (for they want no increase of their
Passions) cold and reserved; to the Fearful and
Backward, warm and full of Fire, and so of all the
rest. As to Beaus, and all those sort of Men, whose
Desires are centered in the Satisfaction of their
Vanity, I had learned by sad Experience, the
only way to deal with them was to laugh at them,
and let their own good Opinion of themselves be
the only Support of their Hopes. I knew, while
I could get other Followers, I was sure of them;
for the only sign of Modesty they ever give, is that
of not depending on their own Judgments, but
following the Opinions of the greatest Number.
Thus furnished with Maxims, and grown wise
by past Errors, I in a manner begun the World
again: I appeared in all public Places hand-
somer and more lively than ever, to the A-
mazement of every one who saw me, and had
heard of the Affair between me and my Lord.
He himself was much surprized, and vexed at
this sudden Change, nor could he account how
it was possible for me so soon to shake off those
Chains he thought he had fixed on me for Life,
nor was he willing to lose his Conquest in this
manner. He endeavoured by all means possible
to talk to me again of Love, but I stood fixed to
my Resolution, (in which I was greatly assisted
by the Croud of Admirers that daily surrounded
me) never to let him explain himself: for not-
withstanding all my Pride, I found the first Im-
pression the Heart receives of Love is so strong,
that it requires the most vigilant Care to prevent
a Relapse. Now I lived three Years in a con-
stant Round of Diversions, and was made the
perfect Idol of all the Men that came to Court
of all Ages, and all Characters. I had several
good Matches offered me, but I thought none
of

of them equal to my Merit ; and one of my
greatest Pleasures was to see those Women, who
had pretended to rival me, often glad to marry
those whom I had refused. Yet notwithstanding
this great Success of my Schemes, I cannot
say I was perfectly Happy ; for every Woman
that was taken the least notice of, and every
Man that was insensible to my Arts, gave me as
much Pain as all the rest gave me Pleasure ; and
sometimes little underhand Plots, which were
laid against my Designs, would succeed in spite
of my Care : so that I really began to grow
weary of this manner of Life, when my Father
returning from his Embassy in *France*, took me
home with him, and carried me to a little plea-
sant Country House, where there was nothing
grand or superfluous, but every thing neat and a-
greeable ; there I led a Life perfectly solitary.
At first, the time hung very heavy on my hands,
and I wanted all kind of Employment, and I had
very like to have fallen in the height of the Va-
pours, from no other Reason, but from want of
knowing what to do with myself. But when I
had lived here a little time, I found such a Calm-
ness in my Mind, and such a Difference between
this, and the restless Anxieties I had experienced
in a Court, that I began to share the Tranquilli-
ty, that visibly appeared in every thing round
me. I set myself to do Works of Fancy, and to
raise little Flower-Gardens, with many such in-
nocent rural Amusements ; which, altho' they
are not capable of affording any great Pleasure,
yet they give that serene Turn to the Mind,
which I think much preferable to any thing else
Human Nature is made susceptible of. I now re-
solved to spend the rest of my Days here, and
that nothing should allure me from this sweet Re-
tirement, to be again tossed about with tempestu-
ous

ous Passions of any kind. Whilst I was in this Situation, my Lord *Peirey*, the Earl of *Northumberland*'s eldest Son, by an Accident of losing his way after a Fox-Chace, was met by my Father, about a Mile from our House; he came home with him, only with a design of dining with us, but was so taken with me, that he stay'd three Days. I had too much Experience in all Affairs of this kind, not to see presently the Influence I had on him; but I was at that time so intirely free from all Ambition, that even the Prospect of being a Countess had no Effect on me; and I then thought nothing in the World could have bribed me to have changed my Way of Life. This young Lord, who was just in his Bloom, found his Passion so strong, he could not endure a long Absence, but returned again in a Week, and endeavoured by all the Means he could think of, to engage me to return his Affection. He addressed me with that Tenderness and Respect, which Women on Earth think can flow from nothing but real Love; and very often told me, that unless he could be so happy, as by his Affiduity and Care to make himself agreeable to me, although he knew my Father would eagerly embrace any Proposal from him, yet he would suffer that last of Miseries, of never seeing me more, rather than owe his own Happiness to any thing that might be the least Contradiction to my Inclinations. This manner of proceeding had something in it so noble and generous, that by degrees it raised a Sensation in me, which I know not how to describe, nor by what Name to call it; it was nothing like my former Passion; for there was no Turbulence, no uneasy waking Nights attended it, but all I could with Honour grant to oblige him, appeared to me to be justly due to his Truth and Love,

and

' and more the Effect of Gratitude, than of any
 ' Desire of my own. The Character I had heard
 ' of him from my Father, at my first returning to
 ' *England*, in discoursing of the young Nobility,
 ' convinced me, that if I was his Wife, I should
 ' have the perpetual Satisfaction of knowing every
 ' Action of his must be approved by all the sensible
 ' Part of Mankind; so that very soon I began to
 ' have no Scruple left, but that of leaving my lit-
 ' tle Scene of Quietness, and venturing again into
 ' the World. But this by his continual Applicati-
 ' on, and submissive Behaviour, by degrees entire-
 ' ly vanished, and I agreed he should take his own
 ' Time to break it to my Father, whose Consent
 ' he was not long in obtaining; for such a Match
 ' was by no means to be refused. There remained
 ' nothing now to be done, but to prevail with the
 ' Earl of *Northumberland* to comply with what his
 ' Son so ardently desired; for which purpose, he
 ' set out immediately for *London*, and begged it as
 ' the greatest Favour, that I would accompany
 ' my Father, who was also to go thither the Week
 ' following. I could not refuse his Request, and
 ' as soon as we arrived in Town, he flew to me
 ' with the greatest Raptures, to inform me his Fa-
 ' ther was so good, that finding his Happiness de-
 ' pended on his Answer, he had given him free
 ' Leave to act in this Affair as would best please
 ' himself, and that he had now no Obstacle to pre-
 ' vent his Wishes. It was then the Beginning of
 ' the Winter, and the Time for our Marriage was
 ' fixed for the latter end of *March*; the Consent
 ' of all Parties made his Access to me very easy,
 ' and we conversed together both with Innocence
 ' and Pleasure. As his Fondness was so great, that
 ' he contrived all the Methods possible to keep me
 ' continually in his sight, he told me one Morning,
 ' he was commanded by his Father to attend him

to Court that Evening, and begg'd I would be so good as to meet him there. I was now so used to act as he would have me, that I made no difficulty of complying with his Desire. Two Days after this, I was very much surprized at perceiving such a Melancholy in his Countenance, and Alteration in his Behaviour, as I could no way account for; but by Importunity, at last, I got from him, that Cardinal *Wolfey*, for what Reason he knew not, had peremptorily forbid him to think any more of me: and when he urged that his Father was not displeased with it, the Cardinal in his imperious Manner answered him, he should give his Father such convincing Reasons, why it would be attended with great Inconveniences, that he was sure he could bring him to be of his Opinion. On which he turned from him, and gave him no Opportunity of replying. I could not imagine what Design the Cardinal could have in intermeddling in this Match, and I was still more perplexed to find that my Father treated my Lord *Piercy* with much more Coldness than usual; he too saw it, and we both wondered what could possibly be the Cause of all this. But it was not long before the Mystery was all made clear by my Father, who sending for me one Day into his Chamber, let me into a Secret which was as little wished for as expected; he began with the surprising Effects of Youth and Beauty, and the Madness of letting go those Advantages they might procure us, till it was too late, when we might wish in vain to bring them back again. I stood amazed at this Beginning; he saw my Confusion, and bid me sit down and attend to what he was going to tell me, which was of the greatest Consequence, and he hoped I would be wise enough to take his Advice, and act as he should think best for my future Welfare. He then asked me, if I should

' Should not be much pleased to be a Queen? I answered with the greatest Earnestness, that so far from it, I would not live in a Court again to be the greatest Queen in the World; that I had a Lover who was both desirous and able to raise my Station, even beyond my Wishes. I found this Discourse was very displeasing; my Father frowned and called me a romantic Fool, and said, if I would hearken to him he could make me a Queen; for the Cardinal had told him, that the King, from the Time he saw me at Court the other Night, liked me; and intended to get a Divorce from his Wife, and to put me in her place; and ordered him to find some Method to make me a Maid of Honour to her present Majesty, that in the mean time he might have an Opportunity of seeing me. It is impossible to express the Astonishment these Words threw me into; and notwithstanding that the Moment before, when it appeared at so great a distance, I was very sincere in my Declaration, how much it was against my Will to be raised so high; yet now the Prospect came nearer, I confess my Heart fluttered, and my Eyes were dazzled with the View of being seated on a Throne. My Imagination presented before me all the Pomp, Power, and Greatness that attend a Crown; and I was so perplexed, I knew not what to answer, but remained as silent, as if I had lost the Use of my Speech. My Father, who guessed what it was that made me in this Condition, proceeded to bring all the Arguments he thought most likely to bend me to his Will; at last, I recovered from this Dream of Grandeur, and begged him by all the most endearing Names I could think of, not to urge me dishonourably to forsake the Man, whom I was convinced would raise me to an Empire, if in his Power, and who had enough in his Power to give me all I desired.

‘ But he was deaf to all I could say, and insisted,
‘ that by next Week, I should prepare myself to
‘ go to Court : he bid me consider of it, and not
‘ prefer a ridiculous Notion of Honour to the real
‘ Interest of my whole Family, but above all things
‘ not to disclose what he had trusted me with. On
‘ which, he left me to my own Thoughts. When
‘ I was alone, I reflected how little real Tenderness
‘ this Behaviour shewed to me, whose Happiness he
‘ did not at all consult ; but only look’d on me as a
‘ Ladder, on which he could climb to the Height of
‘ his own ambitious Desires : and when I thought
‘ on his Fondness for me in my Infancy, I could
‘ impute it to nothing, but either the liking me as
‘ a Play-thing, or the Gratification of his Vanity
‘ in my Beauty. But I was too much divided be-
‘ tween a Crown and my Engagement to Lord
‘ *Piercy*, to spend much Time in thinking of any
‘ thing else ; and altho’ my Father had positively
‘ forbid me, yet when he came next, I could not
‘ help acquainting him with all that had passed,
‘ with the Reserve only of the Struggle in my own
‘ Mind on the first mention of being a Queen.
‘ I expected he would have received the News
‘ with the greatest Agonies ; but he shewed no
‘ vast Emotion ; however he could not help turn-
‘ ing pale ; and taking me by the Hand, looked
‘ at me with an Air of Tenderness, and said, If
‘ being a Queen will make you happy, and it’s in
‘ your power to be so, I would not for the World
‘ prevent it, let me suffer what I will. This a-
‘ mazing Greatness of Mind had on me quite the
‘ contrary Effect, from what it ought to have had :
‘ for instead of increasing my Love for him, it al-
‘ most put an end to it ; and I began to think if
‘ he could part with me, the matter was not much.
‘ And I am convinced, when any Man gives up
‘ the Possession of a Woman, whose Consent he
‘ has

' has once obtained, let his Motive be ever so ge-
 ' neros, he will disoblige her. I could not help
 ' shewing my Dissatisfaction, and told him, I was
 ' very glad this Affair sat so easily on him. He had
 ' not power to answer, but was so suddenly struck
 ' with this unexpected ill-natur'd Turn I gave his
 ' Behaviour, that he stood amazed for some time,
 ' and then bowed and left me. Now I was again
 ' left to my own Reflections; but to make any
 ' thing intelligible out of them, is quite impossible;
 ' I wished to be a Queen, and wished I might not
 ' be one; I would have my Lord *Peircy* happy
 ' without me; and yet I would not have the Power
 ' of my Charms be so weak, that he could bear the
 ' Thought of Life after being disappointed in my
 ' Love. But the Result of all these confused
 ' Thoughts was a Resolution to obey my Father.
 ' I am afraid there was not much Duty in the Case,
 ' tho' at that time I was glad to take hold of that
 ' small Shadow, to save me from looking on my
 ' own Actions in the true Light. When my Lover
 ' came again, I looked on him with that Coldness
 ' that he could not bear, on purpose to rid myself
 ' of all Importunity: for since I had resolved to use
 ' him ill, I regarded him as the Monument of my
 ' Shame, and his every Look appeared to me to up-
 ' braid me. My Father soon carried me to Court;
 ' there I had no very hard Part to act; for with the
 ' Experience I had had of Mankind I could find no
 ' great difficulty in managing a Man who liked me,
 ' and for whom I not only did not care, but had an
 ' utter Aversion to: but this Aversion he believed to
 ' be Virtue; for how credulous is a Man who has an
 ' Inclination to believe? And I took care sometimes
 ' to drop Words of Cottages and Love, and how
 ' happy the Woman was who fixed her Affections on
 ' a Man in such a Station of Life, that she might
 ' show her Love, without being suspected of Hypo-

crisy or mercenary Views. All this was swallowed very easily by the amorous King, who pushed on the Divorce with the utmost Impetuosity, although the Affair lasted a good while, and I remained most part of the time behind the Curtain. Whenever the King mentioned it to me, I used such Arguments against it, as I thought the most likely to make him the more eager for it; begging that unless his Conscience was really touched, he would not on my account give any grief to his virtuous Queen; for in being her Handmaid, I thought myself highly honoured; and that I would not only forego a Crown, but even give up the Pleasure of ever seeing him more, rather than wrong my Royal Mistress. This way of talking, joined to his eager Desire to possess my Person, convinced the King so strongly of my exalted Merit, that he thought it a meritorious Act to displace the Woman (whom he could not have so good an Opinion of, because he was tired of her) and to put me in her place. After about a Year's stay at Court, as the King's Love to me began to be talked of, it was thought proper to remove me, that there might be no Umbrage given to the Queen's Party; I was forced to comply with this, though greatly against my Will; for I was very jealous that Absence might change the King's Mind. I retired again with my Father to his Country Seat, but it had no longer those Charms for me which I once enjoyed there; for my Mind was now too much taken up with Ambition to make room for any other Thoughts. During my stay here, my Royal Lover often sent Gentlemen to me with Messages and Letters, which I always answered in the manner I thought would best bring about my Designs, which were to come back again to Court. In all the Letters that passed between us, there was something so kingly and commanding in his, and so deceitful and sub-

missive

“ missive in mine, that I sometimes could not help
“ reflecting on the Difference betwixt this Correspondence,
“ and that with Lord *Peircy*; yet I was so
“ pressed forward by the Desire of a Crown, I could
“ not think of turning back. In all I wrote, I continually
“ praised his Resolution of letting me be at
“ a distance from him, since at this time it conduced
“ indeed to my Honour; but what was of ten times
“ more weight with me, I thought it was necessary
“ for his; and I would sooner suffer any thing in the
“ World than be any means of Hurt to him, either
“ in his Interest, or Reputation. I always gave some
“ Hints of ill Health, with some Reflections how
“ necessary the Peace of the Mind was to that of the
“ Body. By these means, I brought him to recal
“ me again by the most absolute Command, which
“ I for a little time artfully delay’d, (for I knew the
“ Impatience of his Temper would not bear any
“ Contradiction;) till he made my Father in a manner
“ force me to what I most wished, with the utmost
“ Appearance of Reluctance on my side. When
“ I had gained this Point, I began to think which
“ way I could separate the King from the Queen,
“ for hitherto they lived in the same House. The
“ Lady *Mary*, the Queen’s Daughter, being then
“ about Sixteen, I sought for Emissaries of her own
“ Age, that I could confide in, to instil into her
“ Mind disrespectful Thoughts of her Father, and
“ make a Jest of the Tenderness of his Conscience
“ about the Divorce. I knew she had naturally
“ strong Passions, and that young People of that Age
“ are apt to think those that pretend to be their
“ Friends are really so, and only speak their Minds
“ freely; I afterwards contrived to have every Word
“ she spoke of him carried to the King; who took
“ it all as I could wish, and fancied those things
“ did not come at first from the young Lady, but
“ from her Mother. He would often talk of it to
“ me,

me, and I agreed with him in his Sentiments; but then as a great Proof of my Goodness, I always endeavoured to excuse her, by saying, a Lady so long time used to be a Royal Queen, might naturally be a little exasperated with those, she fancied would throw her from that Station she so justly deserved. By these Sort of Plots, I found the way to make the King angry with the Queen; for nothing is easier than to make a Man angry with a Woman he wants to be rid of, and who stands in the way between him and his Pleasures: so that now the King, on the Pretence of the Queen's Obstinacy, in a Point where his Conscience was so tenderly concerned, parted with her. Every thing was now plain before me; I had nothing farther to do but to let the King alone to his own Desires; and I had no reason to fear, since they had carried him so far, but that they would urge him on to do every thing I aimed at. I was created Marchioness of Pembroke. This Dignity sat very easy on me; for the Thoughts of a much higher Title, took from me all feeling of this; and I looked upon being a Marchioness as a Trifle, not that I saw the Bauble in its true Light, but because it fell short of what I had figured to my self I should soon obtain. The King's Desires grew very impatient, and it was not long before I was privately married to him. I was no sooner his Wife, than I found all the Queen come upon me; I felt my self conscious of Royalty, and even the Faces of my most intimate Acquaintance seemed to me to be quite strange. I hardly knew them, Height had turned my Head, and I was like a Man placed on a Monument, to whose Sight all Creatures at a great Distance below him, appear like so many little Pigmies crawling about on the Earth; and the Prospect so greatly delighted me, that

' that I did not presently consider, that in both
 ' Cases descending a few Steps erected by human
 ' Hands would place us in the Number of those ve-
 ' ry Pigmies who appeared so despicable. Our
 ' Marriage was kept private for some time, for it
 ' was not thought proper to make it public (the Af-
 ' fair of the Divorce not being finished) till the Birth
 ' of my Daughter *Elizabeth* made it necessary. But
 ' all who saw me knew it; for my Manner of speak-
 ' ing and acting was so much changed with my Sta-
 ' tion, that all around me plainly perceived, I was
 ' sure I was a Queen. While it was a Secret, I had
 ' yet something to wish for; I could not be perfect-
 ' ly satisfied, till all the World was acquainted with
 ' my Fortune: but when my Coronation was over,
 ' and I was raised to the height of my Ambition,
 ' instead of finding my self happy, I was in reality
 ' more miserable than ever; for besides that the A-
 ' version I had naturally to the King was much more
 ' difficult to dissemble after Marriage, than before,
 ' and grew into a perfect Detestation, my Imagina-
 ' tion, which had thus warmly pursued a Crown,
 ' grew cool when I was in the possession of it, and
 ' gave me time to reflect what mighty matter I had
 ' gained by all this Buffle; and I often used to think
 ' my self in the case of the Fox-hunter, who when
 ' he has toiled and sweated all day in the Chace, as
 ' if some unheard-of Blessing was to crown his Suc-
 ' cess, finds at last, all he has got by his Labour is
 ' a stinking nauseous Animal. But my Condition
 ' was yet worse than his; for he leaves the loath-
 ' some Wretch to be torn by his Hounds, whilst I
 ' was obliged to fondle mine, and meanly pretend
 ' him to be the Object of my Love. For the whole
 ' time I was in this envied, this exalted State, I led
 ' a continual Life of Hypocrisy, which I now know
 ' nothing on earth can compensate. I had no Com-
 ' panion but the Man I hated, I dared not disclose
 ' my

my Sentiments to any Person about me; nor did
 any one presume to enter into any freedom of
 Conversation with me; but all who spoke to me,
 talked to the Queen, and not to me; for they
 would have said just the same things to a dress'd-
 up Puppet, if the King had taken a fancy to call
 it his Wife. And as I knew every Woman in the
 Court was my Enemy, from thinking she had
 much more right than I had to the Place I filled,
 I thought myself as unhappy, as if I had been
 placed in a wild Wood, where there was no hu-
 man Creature for me to speak to, in a continual
 fear of leaving any Traces of my Footsteps, lest
 I should be found by some dreadful Monster, or
 stung by Snakes and Adders: for such are spiteful
 Women to the Objects of their Envy. In this
 worst of all Situations, I was obliged to hide my
 Melancholy, and appear chearful. This threw
 me into an Error the other way, and I sometimes
 fell into a Levity in my Behaviour, that was after-
 wards made use of to my disadvantage. I had a
 Son dead-born, which I perceived abated some-
 thing of the King's Ardor; for his Temper could
 not brook the least Disappointment. This gave
 me no Uneasiness; for not considering the Con-
 sequences, I could not help being best pleased
 when I had least of his Company. Afterwards I
 found he had cast his Eyes on one of my Maids of
 Honour; and whether it was owing to any Arts
 of her's, or only to the King's violent Passions,
 I was in the End used even worse than my for-
 mer Mistress had been by my means. The
 Decay of the King's Affection was presently
 seen by all those Court-Sycophants, who conti-
 nually watch the Motions of Royal Eyes;
 and the Moment they found they could be heard
 against me, they turned my most innocent Acti-
 ons and Words, nay even my very Looks, into

Proofs of the blackest Crimes. The King, who was impatient to enjoy his new Love, lent a willing Ear to all my Accusers, who found ways of making him jealous, that I was false to his Bed: He would not so easily have believed any thing against me before, but he was now glad to flatter himself that he had found a Reason to do just what he had resolved upon without a Reason; and on some slight Pretences, and hear-say Evidence, I was sent to the Tower, where the Lady, who was my greatest Enemy, was appointed to watch me and lie in the same Chamber with me. This was really as bad a Punishment as my Death; for she insulted me with those keen Reproaches, and spiteful Witticisms, which threw me into such Vapours and violent Fits, that I knew not what I uttered in this Condition. She pretended, I had confess'd talking ridiculous Stuff with a Set of low Fellows, whom I had hardly ever taken notice of, as could have imposed on none but such as were resolved to believe. I was brought to my trial, and to blacken me the more, accused of conversing criminally with my own Brother, whom indeed I loved extremely well, but never looked on him in any other Light than as my Friend. However, I was condemn'd to be beheaded, or burnt, as the King pleased; and he was graciously pleased, from the great Remains of his Love, to chuse the mildest Sentence. I was much less shocked at this manner of ending my Life, than I should have been in any other Station: but I had had so little Enjoyment from the Time I had been a Queen, that Death was the less dreadful to me. The chief Things that lay on my Conscience, were the Arts I made use of to induce the King to part with the Queen, my ill Usage of Lady Mary, and my jilting Lord Peirce. However, I endeavoured

I voured to calm my Mind as well as I could, and
 hoped these Crimes would be forgiven me: for
 in other respects I had led a very innocent Life,
 and always did all the good-natur'd Actions I
 found any opportunity of doing. From the Time
 I had it in my power, I gave a great deal of Mo-
 ney amongst the Poor, I prayed very devoutly,
 and went to my Execution very composedly. Thus
 I lost my Life at the Age of Twenty-nine, in
 which short time I believe I went through more
 variety of Scenes, than many People who live to
 be very old. I had lived in a Court, where I spent
 my Time in Coquetry and Galety. I had experi-
 enced what it was to have one of those violent
 Passions which makes the Mind all Turbulence
 and Anxiety. I had had a Lover whom I esteem-
 ed and valued, and at the latter part of my Life;
 I was raised to a Station as high as the vainest
 Woman could wish. But in all these various
 Changes, I never enjoyed any real Satisfaction;
 unless in the little time I lived retired in the Coun-
 try free from all Noise and Hurry; and while I
 was conscious, I was the Object of the Love and
 Esteem of a Man of Sense and Honour.

On the Conclusion of this History, *Minos* paused
 for a small time, and then ordered the Gate to be
 thrown open for *Anne Boleyn's* Admittance; on the
 Consideration, that whoever had suffered being a
 Queen for four Years, and been sensible during all
 that time of the real Misery which attends that ex-
 alted Station, ought to be forgiven whatever she had
 done to obtain it *.

* Here ends this curious Manuscript; the rest being destroyed in
 rolling up Pens, Tobacco, &c. It is to be hoped, heedless People
 will henceforth be more cautious what they burn or use to other vile
 Purposes; especially when they consider the Fate which had likely
 have befallen the Divine *Milton*; and that the Works of *Homer*
 were probably discovered in some Chandler's Shop in *Gravel*.



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